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THE
UNITED IRISHMEN
THEIR
LIVES AND TIMES

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Viscount Kilwarden

Chief Justice of the King's Bench. After an Engraving by Hall, from a Painting in Trinity College, Dublin

THE
UNITED IRISHMEN

THEIR LIVES AND TIMES

BY

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN

M.D., F.R.C.S., M.R.I.A.

NEWLY EDITED

WITH NOTES, BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX

BY

VINCENT FLEMING O'REILLY

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THE CROPPY BOY

BY CARROLL MALONE

Very little is known of this writer, who was an early contributor to "The Nation." His real name was William B. McBurney. He died somewhere in the United States in 1902. The revolutionary party in Ireland at this period, 1798, wore their hair short—hence the term "crop" or croppy.

Good men and true! in this house who dwell,
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell
Is the Priest at home? or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green.

The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait, 'till I go and see
If the holy Father alone may be.

The youth has entered an empty hall—
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.
Nomine Dei, the youth begins;
At *mea culpa* he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest:

At the siege of Ross did my father fall;
And at Gorey my loving brothers all.
I alone am left of my name and race;
I will go to Wexford and take their place:

I cursed three times since last Easter Day—
At Mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so.

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise,
Made the youth look above in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse;
'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive;
For one short hour is your time to live.

Upon yon river three tenders float;
The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot;
We hold his house for our Lord the King.
And—"Amen," say I—may all traitors swing!

At Geneva barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy boy.

REPORT ON THE INVESTIGATION TO DETERMINE THE BURIAL PLACE OF ROBERT EMMET

BY THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M.D.

For a year or more previous to the centenary of Robert Emmet's death the writer was the recipient of a number of communications from widely different portions of the world, urging that steps should be taken to determine accurately his burial place and it was held the initiative could only be made by the family.

The writer had already made the attempt, in 1880, to begin such an investigation at Glasnevin but had met with so discourteous a response from the Rector at that time as to render him unwilling to place himself again in a false position.

It happened by good fortune the writer was last winter in correspondence with Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, the editor of the Ulster Archæological Journal of Belfast, and other friends in Ireland and by them it was represented the difficulties supposed to exist were in all probability exaggerated.

In addition, David A. Quaid, Esq., a noted solicitor of Dublin, presented me at the time with a copy of his admirable work "Robert Emmet," in which he presents an accumulation of evidence to show that Emmet's remains were at some time placed in the family vault, St. Peter's Church-yard, Dublin. This view was so

in accord with my own convictions that I determined to act.

This decision was hastened by the promised assistance of Messrs. Bigger and Quaid. Without further delay a personal application through them was made by me, as the representative of the family, early in the present year to obtain the necessary permission for beginning the investigation at St. Peter's and, as I resided in New York and Mr. Bigger in Belfast, the work in detail was placed in Mr. Quaid's hands.

At the beginning of the investigation it became evident the examination would be confined to three places —the family vault, St. Peter's Church-yard; the uninscribed grave in St. Michan's Church-yard, which had for years been accepted by a great portion of the Irish people as the hallowed spot; and, finally, to open the uninscribed grave in Glasnevin parish church-yard.

After some delay all obstacles were removed. Mr. Bigger's influence was most important at the beginning, the indefatigable energy of Mr. Quaid advanced the undertaking in detail, and finally, success was achieved by the co-operation of Mr. G. F. Fuller, architect of the Representative Church Body. In fact I fully realize that, without the earnest co-operation of this gentleman difficulties, which were easily overcome by his aid, would otherwise have been almost insurmountable. On the report of these gentlemen it is but a just tribute to acknowledge the great courtesy and consideration shown by all in authority, from his Grace the Archbishop, the Church authorities of St. Peter's; with the good wish of the rector, the Rev. Mr. Mahaffy and

during his absence, the valuable co-operation of his assistant the Rev. Mr. Robinson.

Before entering upon the report of the examination made, the reader should gain a knowledge of some other details.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Emmet family of Dublin resided on Stephen's Green, West, and Lamb's Lane, near the corner of York Street adjoining the present College of Surgeons, where the house still stands, though having undergone some alterations.

The parish church was St. Peter's, fronting on Aungier's Street. According to a map used by "The Wide Street Commissioners" between 1790 and 1800, the plot of the church-yard may be described as a parallelogram obliquely truncated on the west boundary. Aungier's Street running north and south, the north boundary being at a right angle and extending to Peter's Row or White Friars Street and this thoroughfare intersected the plot by an oblique course from N. W. to S. E., taking off a good portion of the length of the south wall, which was parallel to the north one. The church at that time occupied the middle third of the plot in the shape of a parallelogram extending east and west with an addition to the north of an incomplete transept extending nearly to the north wall.

At a later period and subsequent to 1860 a similar addition to the church was made southward to complete the shape of the cross. At one time outside the south wall of the yard extended Church Alley, from Aungier's to White Friars Street, which seems to have

the Emmet burial-place in the southeast corner of the yard close to the south wall and about ten feet west from the remains of the foundation of the guard-house. The excavation was thus extended from the uncovered foundation of the guard-house along the south wall until the line of the west wall of the new portion of the transept had been reached and across nearly to the south wall of the church.

This exposed a concrete surface of from eight to twelve inches thick, which had been laid over the original surface of the ground after the head and foot-stones, with some of the coverings of the vaults, had been removed and on this was placed the earth used to fill in, the depth increasing towards the west. This uncovered vault projected above the surface of the concrete and its top was but a few inches below the present surface of the yard. It was opened at each end, to expedite the examination and to remove the necessity for disturbing the contents, and in addition the concrete and refuse filling in the original stone steps were cleared away so that a depth was reached nearly to the level of the vault floor.

The vault contained four coffins, two of which were in a fair state of preservation; on two of these were coffin-plates bearing different names and from the dates it was thought that these bodies were among the last buried before the prohibitory law went into operation and the conclusion was reached that this had been the receiving vault of the church. After a search of five days nothing was found in connection with the Emmet family. The vault was carefully closed but before

filling in the trench where the concrete had been removed, at different points the ground beneath in every direction was sounded by means of an iron bar introduced to a depth of several feet.

It was the opinion of all if another vault had been below it would certainly have been found by this means, while in no instance were the remains in any grave disturbed nor even reached by the iron bar from above. It is proper to state during the whole time of exploration Mr. Quaid or Mr. Robert Emmet, with one or more of the other gentlemen present at the beginning, attended and directed the work.

On the following day, after completing the search first undertaken, Mr. Robert Emmet, thinking an additional exploration might be in accord with Dr. Madden's statement, directed that another trench be extended along the south wall of the church to the right of the church entrance but nothing was found. The only conclusion to be drawn from this investigation is that, if other vaults were formerly situated in this portion of the church-yard, the tops, with a portion of the side walls must have been broken down and the vaults then filled in. The broad stone which Dr. Madden described as covering the Emmet vault must have been buried elsewhere, after the destruction of the vaults or it certainly would have been found by means of the iron bar and, as a proof of this supposition, one large flat stone with the inscription perfect and portions of broken ones were found which had been used to fill in with.

The earnest effort to find the Emmet family vault in St. Peter's Church-yard was not pursued simply

for the purpose of determining its site, however gratifying such a result might have been, but in the firm belief that if it ever be found the final resting-place of Robert Emmet will be demonstrated.

In a work just published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, "Ireland under English Rule, a Plea for the plaintiff," I have detailed at some length in the Appendix my reasons for believing that Robert Emmet's body was finally placed with the remains of his father, mother, brother, sister and other relatives in the family burial-place but to enter on any consideration of this subject would be out of place here.

At my request Mr. Fuller took charge of my application to make the exploration in St. Michan's Churchyard and on his report I beg to acknowledge my thanks for the courtesy and promptness with which the needed permission was granted. The charge of this examination was but a just tribute to Mr. Fuller who had felt justified, on the testimony collected by him, in the belief that this spot was the burial-place of Robert Emmet. As a distant connection, through the Mason family, of Robert Emmet's mother, Mr. Fuller long cared for this grave which he had enclosed and covered with a marble slab bearing only the inscription—"September 20th, 1803."

After my departure from Dublin this uninscribed grave was opened on Saturday, August 3d, 1903, in the presence of Messrs. Fuller, Quaid, two churchwarders of the church, and others. Before the excavation had been completed Sir Lambert Ormsby, M. D., the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dub-

lin, attended, and to him was submitted for examination the remains here found, after they had been photographed. It was decided best to obtain the services of Professor Alec Fraser in addition before the examination was made and, in accord with this agreement, on the following day these gentlemen attended and their conclusion was so readily reached that the remains were soon replaced, the grave refilled and the original uninscribed stone was put back in the same place it had occupied so many years.

Mr. Fuller had also discovered in the receiving vault under St. Michan's Church a skull, having a piece of crape tied around it to hide the eye cavities. It has been believed by many that the elder Petrie had carried Emmet's head away to take a plaster cast and that Petrie did not return with it until after the coffin containing the body had been removed by the Rev. Mr. Gamble of St. Michan's Church, from the Gate House at Bully's Acre on the night of Emmet's execution.

With a knowledge of this tradition and that in this vault it was supposed the Rev. Mr. Gamble had deposited for some time Robert Emmet's body, the possibility suggested itself that this might be Emmet's skull which Dr. Madden or some one else knowing its history had placed there. On being submitted, however, to the judgment of the above-mentioned gentlemen, it was decided at once that the skull could not have been that of Robert Emmet.

Before the reception of the report of these gentlemen my son, Mr. Robert Emmet, who had a medical train-

ing, and I reached the same conclusion from a careful inspection of the photographs sent us of this skull and our testimony is offered in corroboration.

The following reports I have received from these gentlemen and I wish to express my sincere thanks not only for the personal favour but for the great service rendered by them to the public in determining beyond question that this uninscribed grave, so long cherished as the hallowed spot, does not contain the body of Robert Emmet.

REPORT ON THE SKELETON AND OTHER BONES SUBMITTED TO ME FOR INSPECTION IN ST. MICHAN'S CHURCH-YARD, DUBLIN, BY MR. J. F. FULLER, F.S.A., ARCHITECT, AND MR. DAVID A. QUAID, SOLICITOR, AUGUST 3D, 1903:

On Monday, August 3d, I met by appointment at 4.30 P. M., both the above named gentlemen, and they submitted to me for my inspection and opinion several human bones taken out of a grave which was alleged to be that of Robert Emmet, who it was alleged was placed in this grave some time in the year 1803.

The skull that was submitted to me I immediately stated was the skull belonging to an aged man and could not have been that of Robert Emmet, who had not reached his 25th year. The lower jaw fitted the skull and in my opinion belonged to the same person. In addition to these bones and which were found in the same grave were portions of a parietal bone of the skull of a young child, and portions of ribs of same. I stated to the above two gentlemen that I would far prefer, before I gave a definite opinion and report in writing, to have every bone that could be found in the

grave removed therefrom and placed in order on a flat slab so that I could examine the skeleton as a whole and then compare accurately each bone separately of the skeleton submitted. Accordingly on Tuesday, August 4th, at the hour of 5 o'clock, I again attended at St. Michan's Church-yard, being accompanied by Prof. Alec Fraser, F. R. C. S., Professor of Anatomy, Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, in order that he should act with me in this important and far-reaching investigation. We then carefully examined the skull, lower jaw, vertebræ, and long bones of the limbs taken out of the grave and laid out in order as directed by me and we had no hesitation in saying that the skeleton belonged to an old man and one who must have been at least six feet in height and therefore could not possibly have belonged to Robert Emmet, who was a young man of short stature. I am therefore of opinion that Robert Emmet could not have been interred in this particular grave in St. Michan's Church-yard. I also certify that another skull was submitted to me which I was informed was found in the vault under St. Michan's Church by itself, and for the same anatomical reasons already stated I adjudged that the individual to whom it belonged died at an advanced age.

(Signed) LAMBERT H. ORMSBY,
M. D., F. R. C. S., KT.,
President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. August 12th, 1903.

REPORT OF PROFESSOR ALEC. FRASER, PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN IRELAND:

Having been asked by Sir Lambert H. Ormsby, President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, to inspect and give my opinion upon certain remains in the church-yard of St. Michan's, Dublin, I went there at 5 P. M., on the 4th of August, 1903, and in his, and in the presence of two other gentlemen, was shown,

First. A skull with lower jaw, the latter though separate belonged to the same head. From the absorption of the alveolar arches of the upper jaw bones, the partial disappearance of the cranial sutures, and from other characteristics, there was no difficulty in deciding that these belonged to the head of an aged male.

Second. Spread out on a slab, were seen the bones of the trunk, and of the fore and hind limbs, almost complete. There was no difficulty in determining from the length of the long, and the size of the trunk bones, as well as from other features that these belonged to a man over six feet in height. There were also seen here a few human bones which had belonged to a female skeleton and also some bones from the skeleton of an animal.

Third. A second skull was examined and there was little difficulty in concluding that it also was from a male past the meridian of life, although not so aged as the first skull shown.

(Signed) ALEC FRASER,
Professor of Anatomy Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. August 22nd, 1903.

Recently the supposed grave of Robert Emmet in the Glasnevin Parish Church-yard has been built upon by enlarging the chancel to within a foot and a half of the uninscribed head-stone.

Through fear of injury to this building the authorities have been unwilling to grant permission for opening this supposed grave to the full length, as a pathway nearly to the former rear of wall of the church extended across the uninscribed stone which was placed to indicate the head and direction of the grave.

September 1st last, Mr. David A. Quaid undertook an exploration within the limits permitted by the authorities and to the depth of six feet without finding any remains. I have no faith in the claim that Robert Emmet was buried at Glasnevin, but I regard the restricted exploration as being too incomplete to be accepted as a final settlement of the question.

Fortunately this may not be so necessary as I have in New York an original letter written previous to 1880 by the Rev. Mr. Carroll, the former rector, to Dr. Madden, in which he states distinctly that when he was placed in charge of the parish he attempted to clean up the graveyard which had been open and neglected for years. A number of head-stones had fallen and had been displaced. Many of these he set up wherever he found space and this particular uninscribed stone, which has for years been supposed to mark the grave of Emmet, he claims he placed there himself having found it in a path around nearly in front of the church.

This letter was given to me by Dr. Madden just before his death with other papers connected with my disagreeable experience in 1880 and he had evidently

forgotten its existence. I made at the time but a casual examination of the contents which seemed to relate to an incident which I did not care to recall. I had forgotten the circumstance until this letter was accidentally found by me just before leaving home, among a mass of papers which had been laid aside. As my visit was made to Ireland for the purpose of opening this grave, if possible, to obtain the only positive proof, I did not consider the letter of any special weight at the time. On my return, if the examination at Glasnevin has not been completed I will send a copy of this letter for publication that the statement of the Rev. Mr. Carroll may be taken for what it is worth. For myself, while I have no pleasant recollection of his courtesy, I have too much respect for his calling to doubt his veracity.

In conclusion I can but express my great disappointment in many respects but, as a whole, the investigation has not been without profit and I am well satisfied that every effort has been made to obtain a successful result. By exclusion, the claims of St. Peter's are increased but the question remains as much of a mystery as before. The only solution rests in the hope that, through agitation of the public press, some forgotten document or correspondence may be brought to light by which positive information may be obtained as to the final resting place of Robert Emmet.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET.

This report was first published in October 1903.

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UNITED IRISHMEN
THEIR
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Robert Emmet

From a Miniature Painted by Comeford, in the Possession of the Emmet Family. Reproduced from a Photograph by Anna Frances Levins

MEMOIR OF
ROBERT EMMET

CHAPTER IV

EMMET IN IRELAND, 1802

IN the month of March, 1798, the government was in possession of the secrets of the organization of the Society of United Irishmen, and had the leaders and principal members of the executive directory in their power. Mr. Thomas Reynolds had "made the atonement" for his treasons—of one category—and having thus made a clean breast of it, the government desired to have his information corroborated by the testimony of men worthy of belief. They, therefore, entered into the compact with the state prisoners, of which an account has been given in a preceding memoir. The state prisoners complied with all the obligations they had contracted for the fulfilment. The government unfortunately violated the terms they had undertaken to carry into effect, namely, the liberation of the state prisoners, coupled with the condition of exile. The refusal of the American minister in London to sanction the state prisoners being sent

to America, was made a pretext for their prolonged detention. When the time had come for carrying into effect the terms of the compact, and the government plainly manifested their intention of violating them, by still detaining the state prisoners in confinement, and removing them to Fort George, renewed communications immediately resulted with the accredited agent of the United Irishmen in Paris, and with members of the Society of United Irishmen who had escaped to the continent, and were then sojourning in Hamburgh and Paris.

"Honesty is the best policy after all," to use a common aphorism. The English government might have been spared a great deal of the difficulties it had to encounter with French diplomacy in the latter part of 1802 and beginning of 1803, were it not for the renewed efforts of the emissaries and agents of the United Irishmen in France.

The persons of respectability, and those of influence among the middle classes in Dublin and the adjoining counties, who were associated with Robert Emmet in his attempt, were the following:

Thomas Russell, formerly lieutenant of the 64th regiment of foot; John Allen, of the firm of Allen and Hickson, woollen drapers, of Dame-street, Dublin; Philip Long, a general merchant, residing at No. 4, Crow-street; Henry William

Hamilton (married to Russell's niece), of Enniskillen, barrister-at-law; William Dowdall, of Mullingar (natural son of Hussey Burgh, formerly secretary to the Dublin Whig Club); M. Byrne, of Wicklow; Colonel Lumm, of the county Kildare; —— Carthy, a gentleman farmer, of Kildare; Malachy Delany, the son of a landed proprietor, county Wicklow; the Messrs. Perrot, farmers, county Kildare; Thomas Wylde, cotton manufacturer, Cork-street; Thomas Lenahan, a farmer, of Crew-hill, county of Kildare; John Hevey, a tobacconist, of Thomas-street; Denis Lambert Redmond, a coal factor, of Dublin; —— Branagan, of Irishtown, timber merchant; Joseph Alliburn, of Kilmacud, Windy-harbour, a small land holder; Thomas Frayne, a farmer, of Boven, county of Kildare; Nicholas Gray, of Wexford—had been Harvey's aide-de-camp at the battle of Ross; John Stockdale, printer, Abbey-street; and John Madden, Donnybrook. There were, moreover, several persons of respectability, some of distinction, who were cognizant of his plans, and supposed to be favourably disposed towards them, but who took no prominent part in their execution. Among these were the Earl of Wycombe (a little later Marquess of Lansdowne); a brother of The Knight of Glynn; John Keogh, Esq., of Mount Jerome. I do not add to this list the late Lord Cloncurry, though he certainly

him, "Why not burn them?" He looked at the grate, and said, "If they came here to examine my papers, that is one of the first places they would look at, to see if anything had been burned there lately" (no fires having been used, the bars of the grate were polished). While they were conversing, some noise was heard at the gate; the separated papers were put back in the desk, and, in a few minutes, a well known magistrate (accompanied with one or two attendants) was announced, with whom Mr. Keogh was acquainted. The object of the magistrate's visit was publicly communicated to Mr. Keogh. He came for the papers of the latter, and they were immediately delivered up to him duly sealed, and a receipt given for them.

Mr. Keogh proceeded to the Castle, and sought an interview with the secretary, who was not visible. Mr. Keogh returned to his office, and renewed his application for an interview, expressing his desire to give him the fullest information about every paper of his. He returned a third time to the office, reiterating his request to have not only his papers but himself examined. He was entreated to give himself no further concern about a mere matter of form; he had not yet seen the secretary. He intimated his intention of returning early the following day. Before he could carry his purpose into effect, his papers, with the seals unbroken, were

returned to Mr. Keogh. There were papers amongst them which would have compromised him gravely had they been examined.

These circumstances were communicated by Mrs. Keogh to my informant, Dr. Breen, of Dublin. The fact of John Keogh's connection with the Society of United Irishmen has been noticed in the former series of this work (vol. ii. p. 37). The same sagacity to which he owed his safety in 1798 preserved him from peril in 1803.

In Major Sirr's papers, deposited in Trinity College library, there is a very remarkable memorandum in his handwriting appended to an information respecting Robert Emmet's insurrection in 1803. In this memorandum, which I copied in the latter part of 1857, but unfortunately have mislaid, he states that the government had been apprized, previously to the outbreak, that a conspiracy was on foot for its overthrow; but the information given was discredited, and no action whatever was taken on it—such was the false security of the government of that day. But he had reason to believe that in future no similar information would be so neglected by the Irish government.

In the same collection of papers of Major Sirr, in the volume for 1803, and a succeeding volume containing miscellaneous letters, of dates from 1798 to 1803, I find various letters of spies

and informers, of the old battalion of testimony of 1798, giving information to the major of treasonable proceedings, meetings, preparing pikes, &c., being in existence in the three months preceding the outbreak of the insurrection of the 23rd July, 1803. In the latter volume are many similar letters from a Roman Catholic gentleman in Monastereven, suggesting arrests to the major, and amongst others the arrest of a gentleman of some standing in society, a Brigadier Major Fitzgerald.

A month before the outbreak, notice was given to government by two members of the Merchants' Yeomanry Corps, Messrs. Hawkesley and Rutherford, respectable merchants, who had been deputed by their corps to wait on Lord Hardwicke, to acquaint him with the intended revolt. An interview was granted; and they stated that their representations were not believed. It was no wonder if they were not; for there probably had not been a week, for the last half century, when the government had not received some alarming intelligence of an intended disturbance of the peace—a tumult, a riot, a conspiracy of some kind, or an insurrection. Nevertheless, there are proofs on record that cannot be denied, that the authorities (that is to say, Mr. Wickham, the chief secretary, and Mr. Marsden, the under secretary) did know certainly, for four months previously to the out-

break, that preparations were making for an insurrection. The papers of Major Sirr, which will be found in the Appendix, can leave no doubt on that point. The parliamentary debates in 1803-4, moreover, prove that *some members* of the government unquestionably had a knowledge of the preparations. In all probability the British ministry had much ampler information on that subject from their agents in Paris, than Lord Hardwicke, at an early period, had in Ireland. The policy of the British minister seems to have been, to allow the conspiracy to go on of which he held the threads in his hand and therefore could eventually count on its defeat, in order to derive the benefit which would accrue from the suppression of an abortive insurrection, and thus to deter the people from a similar attempt at a moment more unfavourable for England to cope with it —the moment so long apprehended of an invasion of some part of the United Kingdom. Castlereagh's practised hand was manifest enough in this procedure in 1803.

John Stockdale, of Abbey-street, the printer of "The Press," was cognizant of Robert Emmet's plans; he was implicated in the insurrection of 1803, and charged with printing Emmet's proclamation. He remained in prison till the period of Pitt's death, without being brought to trial, or any proof ever being adduced of having

had any knowledge of the offence ascribed to him. Poor Stockdale was an honest, truthful, independent-minded man—a good sample of a good class of his countrymen—a straightforward, manly Englishman. He died poor—abandoned and neglected by the survivors of his early associates.

Stockdale died the 11th of January, 1813; in 1797 he was committed to Kilmainham gaol for refusing to answer questions put to him to implicate his friends; he remained imprisoned for six months. During his confinement, his house in Abbey-street, his printing offices, with his presses and implements of trade, were visited with the sword-law vengeance of Camden's government. Alderman William Alexander, a banker, at that time chief of police, presided officially at this raide. Much of the property of Mr. Stockdale in his trade that was not destroyed was carried away by the military officers of justice.

Mr. William Connor, who lived with the Stockdales in Abbey-street for some years prior and subsequently to 1798, has a lively recollection of the parties who were in the habit of meeting at Stockdale's—of seeing there in the early part of 1798, on many occasions, Arthur O'Connor and Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and in 1803, previous to the insurrection, of seeing Robert Emmet and Dowdall there frequently; and the night of the insurrection of hearing a great com-

motion, and of learning the day following that Dowdall had come there to take leave of Miss Sally Stockdale, one of the daughters of Stockdale, to whom he had been paying his addresses.

Dowdall contrived to effect his escape, and died in France. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, and of some notoriety for his great prowess as a hurler, and for his great agility and cleverness in all kinds of field sports.

The appearance of Robert Emmet was altogether different from that of Dowdall; he was rather of a slight make, of a sombre aspect, somewhat pock-pitted. He usually wore a stock, which gave him rather a soldierlike air.

Mr. Stockdale had a country house at Dundrum, at that time and some years previously, which was called Greenmount, near the church and burial place in that locality. Subsequently Stockdale took a country place at Pagestown, about seven miles from Dunboyne, and of equal distance from Dangan. There they were in the habit of going on Sundays, dining, and returning to town the day following. So far for Mr. Connor's recollections.

Richard M'Cormick, who fled to France in 1798—Tone's early friend, the Magog of his journals—was cognizant of the projected revolt of 1803, but did not approve of it or take part in it. M'Cormick was a man of a very vigorous understanding. He visited England in 1814,

and shortly after returned to Ireland, where he died about 1820.

In 1814, Richard M'Cormick came over to England from France, and subsequently returned to his native country. He was visited in London, in 1814, by some of his Irish friends and his cousin, a Miss Randell, who states in a letter that she saw him at the Guildhall Coffee House, and found there with him Mr. John Sweetman and a little girl (a daughter of John Tennant) he had placed in his charge to be sent to Belfast. Miss M'Cormick, a sister of Richard, inherited all his property, and was living in extreme old age, in 1831, in a state of imbecility of mind.

Mr. Patten tells me, when he came over to Ireland he, M'Cormick, informed him, that Robert Emmet, shortly before he quitted France on his fatal expedition, in the autumn of 1802, came to him, M'Cormick, and said he had a matter of vast importance to communicate with him about. He then asked M'Cormick would he take part in a project for the deliverance of Ireland; that one was organizing and about to be put in execution. M'Cormick said: "Before I would answer that question, I would require to know the plans and the persons engaged in them." Robert Emmet urged in vain on M'Cormick a promise of support previous to that disclosure. M'Cormick declined to give that

promise previously to being informed on all these points, and there the matter ended.

In the government paper, "The Freeman's Journal," of 19th July, 1803, there is an account of a very strange circumstance that took place on Sunday morning, the 17th instant, about four o'clock, A.M. Two men were stopped by the watchmen in Patrick-street, carrying a cask. On their way to the watchhouse these men asked to be brought to some place near New-row, where all things would be satisfactorily explained. They were brought to the door of one Palmer, a retailer of spirits, corner of New-row, and while the watchmen were rapping at the door, the two men, having thrown down the cask, ran off and escaped. The cask was broken by the fall—some gun-flints, and iron rings, loose powder, and ball-cartridges fell, and the cartridges were made in parcels of twelve rounds. The watchmen, on their way to the watchhouse with their capture, were assailed by a mob of about 200, and the cask with the ammunition was rescued.

On the night before, namely on the 16th of July, 1803, "The Freeman's Journal" of the 19th further states, that an explosion of gunpowder took place in Patrick-street, and goes on to describe all the circumstances elsewhere detailed by me. "The Freeman" ends its account of the

two occurrences above-mentioned in these words: "From further investigations which are to take place in this very extraordinary affair, it will no doubt appear that this has been a very fortunate discovery."

John M'Intosh, examined before Major Sirr, the 3rd of August, 1803, said he lived at 26, Patrick-street, and had a lease of the house for twenty-seven years from Mr. Hugh Holmes. Kept no lodgers, but let the shop and two back rooms up stairs to James Williamson, who said he lived on the Coombe, and was a silk-dyer to William Patten, a northern.

We need not be surprised to hear that the attention of the government was turned to Robert Emmet even prior to the date of the explosion in Patrick-street, and that inquiries were actively made after him. But we may well be surprised to find the provost of Trinity College, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Elrington, D.D., acting the part of a common setter of police, and communicating to Town Major Sirr the marks, signs, and tokens by which one of the most distinguished of the pupils of that university was to be recognised, apprehended, and hanged in due season.

Reader, peruse the following letter and memorandum, and never speak one word in honour of the memory of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Elrington, provost of Trinity College:

LETTER FROM THE REV. THOMAS ELRINGTON, D.D., PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TO MAJOR SIRR.

7th June, 1803.

Dear Sir—Miss Bell having mentioned to me that you wished for a description of Robert Emmet, I send the best I can get of what he was five years ago. I know no person who can give you an account of the alteration that may have taken place in his figure since. —Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,

THOMAS ELRINGTON.

In 1798, was near twenty years of age; of an ugly, sour countenance; small eyes, but not near-sighted; a dirty brownish complexion; at a distance looks as if somewhat marked with the small pox; about five feet six inches high; rather thin than fat, but not of an emaciated figure—on the contrary, somewhat broad made; walks briskly, but does not swing his arms.

When Robert Emmet arrived in Dublin, in October, 1802, from the Continent, his father and mother were residing at Casino, near Miltown. There Robert remained for some weeks in seclusion, and evidently with good reasons for it. The town residence of Dr. Emmet had been given up.

Dr. Emmet had a country seat near Dublin, at Clonskeagh, on the Dundrum-road, not far from Miltown, which is now in the possession of Mr. Meldon. In this house Robert Emmet, for some time, had managed to elude the vigilance of the authorities, subsequently to his arrival

from the Continent—for even then, it seems, he was an object of suspicion to the government.

An old and faithful servant of Dr. Emmet, Michael Leonard, a gardener, informed me, in 1836, that after the doctor's death a member of the family still resided there, and Robert Emmet remained there for some time: he had made trap doors and a passage under the boards of one of the rooms on the ground floor, which could not be detected by any one who was not aware of their existence, which he thought he would be still able to point out to me. I visited the house, then in the possession of Mr. George Stapleton, with Leonard, and found his account was in every respect true. In the ceiling, over the passage leading from the hall-door towards the kitchen, he pointed out to me the place where the boards overhead were sawed through; the square portion, thus cut, was sufficiently large to allow a person to pass through when the boards were removed which formed the trap-door, communicating from the upper part of the house to the hall. If attention had not been directed to it, no one would have observed the cutting in the boards. On the ground floor, on the left-hand side of the hall, there is a small room adjoining the kitchen, which was called "Master Robert's bed-room." In this room, Leonard likewise pointed out to me the place where the boards had been evidently cut through, in a similar way

to the trap-door in the ceiling in the passage. This aperture, he said, led to a cavity under the parlour floor, sufficiently large to admit of a person being placed there in a sitting posture, and was intended to communicate, under the flooring, with the lawn. A servant woman of Mr. Stapleton said there were some old things in a cellar, which were said to have served for enabling Mr. Emmet to descend from the upper floor to the passage near the hall-door, through the aperture in the ceiling. On examining those things, they turned out to be two pullies, with ropes attached to them, nearly rotten. The house, in 1803, was inhabited by a member of the family; and a man who was employed there as a gardener at that time, of the name of John Murray, stated the house had been visited and searched by Major Sirr, for Mr. Emmet. The major was unsuccessful; he was greatly disappointed, and said, "The nest is here, but the bird has flown."

The fact of Dr. Emmet's house near Miltown, Casino, being visited and searched was correctly stated by Murray—but it was not in 1803, nor by Major Sirr; it was in the latter part of 1802, and the person who visited the house and searched the premises was Major Swan. This I state on the authority of Mr. Patten, who has recently informed me he was then staying at Casino. Major Swan came there late in the day,

saw Dr. Emmet, and asked to see his son Robert. Dr. Emmet said that he had gone into town early that morning. Major Swan looked into some rooms on the ground floor, but merely, as it seemed, *pro forma;* he conducted himself in the most gentlemanly manner, and when he was going away he said in a low tone, "I am very glad I did not find your son Robert at home." To my inquiry if Dr. Emmet knew what was going on at that time—namely, that Robert was engaged in a conspiracy—Mr. Patten replied he was quite sure Dr. Emmet knew nothing of it. He thought it very likely, whenever war broke out again between France and England, that Ireland would be invaded, and T. Addis and his associates would be connected with the invasion; but of the actual conspiracy in which Robert was engaged he had no knowledge.

Dr. Emmet had strange notions about Robert: he frequently spoke to Mr. Patten of the difference of manner and appearance of Robert from his brothers. He had not the gravity and sedateness of Temple and Thomas Addis Emmet; his boyishness of air, and apparent unfitness for society, or unwillingness to engage in active intercourse with men of the world, made the poor old doctor uneasy about Robert's destiny. I take this account word for word from a statement recently made to me by Mr. Patten. On one occasion, when Dr. Emmet was

talking in this strain at Casino to Mr. Patten, the latter said that he attributed the peculiarities noticed by the doctor to the extreme diffidence of Robert—he was so modest, reserved, and retiring, that he seemed unconscious of his own powers. The old doctor said such was not the case when Robert's mind *was* made up on any point—he had no diffidence—no distrust—no fear of himself. "If Robert," said his father, "was looking out of that window, and saw a regiment passing that was about to be reviewed, and was informed the colonel had just fallen from his horse, and was incapacitated for his duty, and it was intimated to him that he might take the colonel's place, and put his taste for the reading of military tactics and evolutions to the test, Robert would quietly take his hat, place himself at the head of the regiment, and give the necessary commands without any misgivings or *mauvaise honte.*"

I asked Mr. Patten what did this kind of self-confidence arise from—was it from vanity? was Robert personally vain? was he vain of his talents —of his intellectual superiority over others in any attainment, in argument or discourse? Mr. Patten's answer was in these words:

From vanity! Oh! dear, no—Robert had not a particle of vanity in his composition. He was the most free from self-conceit of any man I ever knew. You might live with him for five years—aye, for ten years—

in the same house—in the same room even, and never discover that he thought about himself at all. He was neither vain of his person nor his mind.

NOTICE OF JOHN PATTEN.

John Patten, the son of the Rev. J. Patten, Presbyterian minister of Clonmel (deceased in 1787), by his marriage with Miss Colville (born in 1725), was the youngest of the children by this marriage. He was born the 16th of August, 1774, and is consequently now (in 1859) eighty-five years of age. His sister Jane, married to T. A. Emmet, was born 16th of August, 1771. His brother, William Patten, was born in 1775. Mr. John Patten married, about 1822, Miss Orr, a Scotch lady, and by this marriage had a son, John Patten, born in 1823, who died about fifteen years ago.

Mr. Patten, late librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, was the brother of Mrs. Emmet, the wife of Thomas Addis Emmet. This venerable man, now in his eighty-fifth year, still survives, and resides in Dublin, honoured and revered for his sterling worth and integrity by his fellow-citizens of all creeds and parties, and for that rare virtue of consistency that is the same in all circumstances and in either fortune.[1] It has been exhibited by him in early life as it is found in his old age, and all who know the brother-in-

[1] Mr. Patten died in 1864.

law of Thomas Addis Emmet recognize in him one whose equanimity of mind is the result of practical religion—whose philosophy is shown in the tolerance of his opinions, the moderation of his desires, the calmness of his spirit, and the contentment of a good conscience. True to his early friendships, to his simple tastes, to the interests of his country—which he espoused in youth, and clings to in his declining years with the temperate ardour of a Christian patriot, but with unshaken fidelity, after all his sufferings for them—few men have been so faithful to their principles, throughout a long and chequered career as John Patten. In July, 1803, he was thrown into prison, and remained in confinement till the 26th of November, 1805, a term of imprisonment of two years and four months. To the honour, be it said, of an Orangeman and a grand master of Orangemen, to John Claudis Berresford, he owed his office of librarian of the Royal Dublin Society.

On the marriage of Miss Maryanne Emmet, in 1800, with Counsellor Robert Holmes, poor old Dr. Emmet shared his favourite country seat, Casino, near Miltown, with his newly married daughter and her husband, and ceased to reside altogether at his town residence. After his death Mrs. Emmet left Casino; she went to reside at a place on the Donnybrook-road, which stood on the grounds belonging to and in

the immediate vicinity of the Quakers' hospital.

In December, 1802, Thomas Addis received, at Brussels, the intelligence of his father's death, and addressed a letter to his mother on that subject, in keeping with his character, a passage from which may be recalled and read with advantage by those who have become familiar with the sneers which the biographers of Curran and Grattan have indulged in, with equal flippancy and injustice, at the character and political principles of Dr. Robert Emmet:

"That his seventy-five years," says Thomas Addis Emmet, "were unostentatiously, but inestimably filled with perpetual services to his fellow-creatures; that although he was tried (and that severely) with some of those calamities from which we cannot be exempted, yet he enjoyed an uncommon portion of tranquillity and happiness, for, by his firmness and understanding, he was enabled to bear like a man the vicissitudes of external misfortune; and from within no troubled conscience, or compunctions of self-reproach, ever disturbed his peace."

His family circle was then broken up, and both his surviving sons lost to him; for Thomas Addis was in exile—and a warrant was in the hands of Major Sirr, on what sworn information I know not, for the apprehension of Robert Emmet, on a charge of being implicated in treasonable practices, so early as the beginning of the

year 1800. This fact was only recently discovered by me in the original MS. papers of Major Sirr, deposited in Trinity College library, and it explains the cause of Robert Emmet's apprehension of arrest from the period of his return to Ireland in the autumn of 1802, when he deemed it necessary to live in strict seclusion at his father's former country seat, Casino, in the vicinity of Miltown.

Dr. Robert Emmet died at his house, near Miltown, the 9th of December, 1802.

On erroneous information, it was stated in a former edition of this work that Dr. Robert Emmet was buried in one of the vaults of the church of St. Anne, in Dawson-street, Dublin. Having reason to believe that information was not correct, I made searches in several churches and churchyards in this city for the place of burial of Dr. Emmet, and at length found it in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Aungier-street, on the south side, near the wall, with the following inscription:

"Here lie the remains of Robert Emmet, Esq., M.D., who died the 9th of December, 1802, in the 73rd year of his age."

Here also, in the same grave, are deposited the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Emmet, the widow of Dr. Robert Emmet. There is no mention of her name on the tombstone, but I found in the registry of burials of that church an entry of her

burial on the 11th of September, 1803. This poor lady died, desolate and forlorn, the 8th or 9th of September, at her new place of abode on the Donnybrook road.

Both the names are erroneously entered in the Registry; the Christian name should have been Elizabeth, not Emilia—the surname, Emmet, not Emmitt. But, at the time of the burial, not one member of the family, with the exception of Mrs. Holmes, was at large, and could have attended to the funeral arrangements.

The Rev. Mr. Coghlan, curate of Peter's church, certifies that search was made by him, and "there is no entry of burial of any person of the name of Robert Emmet in the register, in the year 1803."

The resources at the command of Robert Emmet, when he determined on going to war with English power in Ireland, were very limited, probably not exceeding £1,500. While he was on the Continent his means were very limited.

In an account in my possession of all the monies of Thomas Addis Emmet, received by his brother-in-law, Mr. John Patten, 5th May, 1800, to 17th October, 1806, I find the following item:

"22nd April, 1802.—Amount of Fine from Mr. Sherlock for house in the Green, £850."

The sum above specified was the produce of

the sale of the house of Thomas Addis Emmet to Mr. Sherlock, whose brewery premises were at the rere of the houses of T. A. Emmet and his father, Nos. 109 and 110, Stephen's-green, west.

There is a previous item which has reference to arrangements entered into for the disposal of the house in the Green, which probably were not carried into effect:

"26th August, 1801.—Received of I. Jones his joint bond with Richard Norman for balance of the fine of house in the Green, £108 8*s.* 3*d.*"

In the same account current of Mr. Patten with T. A. Emmet of receipts and payments of monies of the latter, from the month of August, 1800, I find the following items of payments and remittances made to Robert Emmet:

	£	s.	d.
1st September, 1801.—Remitted to Robert Emmet (Irish - -	67	15	0
10th February, 1802.—Sent to Robert Emmet (on acct. Dr. Emmet) - - - - - -	67	10	0
4th April, 1802.—Robert Emmet	101	5	10
19th July, 1802.—Robert Emmet	56	0	0
13th August, 1802.—Robert Emmet - - - - - - - - -	45	3	2

The resources of the power Robert Emmet had to contend with, were not only vast, but could be continually augmented.

Twenty-one days after the outbreak of the insurrection on the 23rd July, the government could count on 81,785 effective men, "fit for duty," and the number on paper was 94,785; and of this number "the garrison of Dublin consisted of about 3,000 men." (See "Memoir and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh," vol. iv. p. 320.) It was a formidable force, duly provided with artillery, arms, and ammunition, and unfailing resources at the disposal of its commissariat, to take the field against, with eighty men in arms of all weapons—a few blunderbusses, no muskets, in different depots some thousands of pikes, no artillery at all, no commissariat, no military chest.[1] Extracts from an official statement made to the lord lieutenant of the transactions which took place in Dublin on the 23rd of July, 1803, drawn up by Mr. Alexander Marsden, possessing all the government sources of information on the subject, of much value notwithstanding the mutilation it has undergone, will be found in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh," vol. v. page 316. But the original document *in extenso*, from which these extracts are taken, will be found in the Appendix.

[1] Mr. Marsden, in the official document above cited, states that the number of pikes was 3,000, but Emmet's associates state, the number in the different depots previously to the night of the 23rd of July, 1803, was from eight to ten thousand.

CHAPTER V

THE EMMET OUTBREAK

THE 23rd July, 1803, was fixed upon by Robert Emmet for carrying his long meditated purpose into effect. It was nine months since he had arrived in Ireland with the design of renewing the efforts of the United Irishmen; and however strenuously it may be denied by some amongst them that the attempted insurrection of 1803 was part and parcel of their system, Robert Emmet's attempt must be considered as the last effort of the Society of the United Irishmen, and the death-blow to its objects. Emmet's active preparations had been carried on from the month of March. The government appeared to be entirely ignorant of their existence; nevertheless, events happened which could not leave them in ignorance of machinations being in progress, the aim of which was the overthrow of the government. On the 14th of July, the anniversary of the French revolution, bonfires were very general throughout the city. The explosion which took place in the depot in Patrick-street, on the 16th of July, 1803, was an occurrence which could not fail to

excite the suspicion of government; for the premises were visited by Major Sirr immediately after the occurrence; and although he did not discover the concealed store in which the greater portion of the combustible materials were secreted, he discovered some fragments of unfinished weapons. One of the attendants of the store who had been wounded had been taken to an hospital, and fell into the hands of the authorities.

Emmet's object was to defer his attempt till the month of August, when he fully expected England would be invaded. The last occurrence determined him on making an immediate effort. He had pikes in abundance, a great deal of ammunition, few firearms, but a variety of combustible materials. His principal magazine contained the following warlike stores and implements: 45lbs. of cannon powder in bundles; eleven boxes of fine powder; one hundred bottles filled with powder, surrounded with musket balls, and covered with canvass; two hundred and forty-six hand-grenades formed of ink bottles, filled with powder, and encircled with buckshot; sixty-two thousand rounds of musket ball-cartridge; three bushels of musket balls; a quantity of tow, mixed with tar and gunpowder and other combustible matter, for throwing against woodwork, which when ignited would cause an instantaneous conflagration; sky-rockets and other

signals, &c.; and false beams filled with weapons; a number of blunderbusses, not less than eight or ten thousand pikes.

Emmet, after the explosion in Patrick-street, took up his abode in the depot in Marshalsea-lane. There he lay at night on a mattrass, surrounded by all the implements of death, devising plans, turning over in his mind all the fearful chances of the intended struggle, well knowing that his life was at the mercy of upwards of forty individuals, who had been or still were employed in the depots; yet confident of success, exaggerating its prospects, extenuating the difficulties which beset him, judging of others by himself, thinking associates honest who seemed to be so, confiding in their promises, and animated, or rather inflamed by a burning sense of the wrongs of his country, and an enthusiasm in his devotion to what he considered its rightful cause. Feelings such as these had taken possession of all his faculties, and made what was desirable seem not only possible, but plausible and feasible.

The following paper was found after the failure, in the depot, in Emmet's handwriting:

I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my wishes: that those difficulties will likewise disappear I have ardent and, I trust, rational hopes; but if it is not

to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection; and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opening under my feet from which duty will not suffer me to run back, I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the visions of happiness that my fancy formed in the air.

The morning of the 23rd of July found Emmet and the leaders in whom he confided not of one mind: there was division in their councils, confusion in the depots, consternation among the citizens who were cognizant of what was going on, and treachery, tracking Robert Emmet's footsteps, dogging him from place to place, unseen, unsuspected, but perfidy nevertheless, embodied in the form of patriotism, employed in deluding its victim, making the most of its foul means of betraying its unwary victims, and counting already on the ultimate reward of its treachery. Portion after portion of each plan of Robert Emmet was defeated, as he imagined, by accident, or ignorance, or neglect, on the part of his agents; but it never occurred to him that he was betrayed, that every design of his was frustrated, every project neutralized, as effectually as if an enemy had stolen into the camp of an opponent, seduced the sentinels, corrupted the guards, discovered the actual resources of the party, bewrayed the plans, disconcerted the

projects, and then left the adversary to be forced into the field, and discomfited there.

Various consultations were held on the 23rd, at the depot in Thomas-street, at Mr. Long's in Crow-street, and Mr. Allen's in College-green, and great diversity of opinion prevailed with respect to the propriety of an immediate rising, or a postponement of the attempt. Emmet and Allen were in favour of the former, and, indeed, in the posture of their affairs, no other course was left, except the total abandonment of their project, which it is only surprising had not been determined on. The Wicklow men, under Dwyer, on whom great dependence was placed, had not arrived: the man who bore the order to him from Emmet neglected his duty and remained at Rathfarnham. The Kildare men came in, and were informed, evidently by a traitor, that Emmet had postponed his attempt, and they went back at five o'clock in the afternoon. The Wexford men came in and, to the number of 200 or 300, remained in town the early part of the night to take the part assigned to them, but they received no orders. A large body of men were assembled at the Broadstone, ready to act when the rocket signal agreed upon should be given, but no such signal was made.

It is evident that Emmet to the last counted on large bodies of men being at his disposal, and that he was deceived. At eight o'clock in the

evening, he had eighty men nominally under his command, collected in the depot in Marshalsea-lane. In the neighbourhood, several of the leaders were assembled at Mr. John Hevey's house, 41, Thomas-court, and refreshments were not wanting, while messages were passing backwards and forwards between his house and the depot. At a public house in Thomas-street, kept by John Rourke, there were crowds of country people drinking and smoking, in the highest spirits, cracking jokes, and bantering one another, as if the business they were about to enter on was a party of pleasure. Felix Rourke kept constantly passing backwards and forwards between this house and his brother's, dressed in plain clothes; at no period was he dressed in the rebel uniform, as had been sworn by the approvers on his trial. About nine o'clock, when Robert Emmet was beginning to reflect on the failure of all his preparations, the holding back of the people on whom he mainly reckoned, Michael Quigley rushed into the depot,[1] and gave an alarm, which turned out to be a false one. He said, "We are all lost, the army is coming on us." Then it was that Robert Emmet determined to

[1] This was the first but not the only act of Quigley, which caused some of the most reflecting and trustworthy of his associates to suspect his fidelity. Notice the confirmation of the statement of one of Emmet's associates, as to the false alarm at the depot the evening of the 23rd July, in Mr. Marsden's account of the insurrection.

meet death in the street, rather than wait to be cooped up with his followers in his den, and massacred there or captured and reserved for the scaffold. He put on his uniform, gave his orders to distribute the arms, and, after sending up a single rocket, sallied into Thomas-street with about eighty men, who were joined there, perhaps, by as many more, before they were abreast of Vicar-street. The design of Emmet was to attack the castle. The greater part of the gentlemen leaders were not with Robert Emmet; several remained at Hevey's, others were at the house of John Palmer, in Cutpurse-row, and elsewhere, in the immediate vicinity of the scene of action—waiting, I presume, to see if there was any prospect of success, or any occasion for their services that was likely to make the sacrifice of their lives of any advantage to their cause.

The motley assemblage of armed men, a great number of whom were, if not intoxicated, under the evident excitement of drink, marched along Thomas-street without discipline, with their ill-fated leader at their head, who was endeavouring to maintain order, with the assistance of Stafford, a man who appears to have remained close to him throughout this scene, and faithful to him to the last. Between the front ranks and the rear there was a considerable distance, and it was in vain that Stafford and others called on

them repeatedly, and sometimes with imprecations, to close their ranks, or they would be cut to pieces by the army. They were in this state about half-past nine, when Robert Emmet, with the main body, was close to the old market-house. The stragglers in the rear soon commenced acts of pillage and assassination. The first murderous attack committed in Thomas-street was not that made on Lord Kilwarden, as we find by the following account in a newspaper of the day.

A Mr. Leech, of the Custom-house, was passing through Thomas-street in a hackney-coach, when he was stopped by the rabble; they dragged him out of the coach without any inquiry, it seemed enough that he was a respectable man; he fell on his knees, implored their mercy, but all in vain: they began the work of blood, and gave him a frightful pike wound in the groin. Their attention was then diverted from the humbler victim by the approach of Lord Kilwarden's coach. Mr. Leech then succeeded in creeping to Vicar-street watch-house, where he lay a considerable time apparently dead from loss of blood, but happily recovered from his wound.

The carriage of Lord Kilwarden had hardly reached that part of Thomas-street which leads to Vicar-street, when it was stopped and attacked; Lord Kilwarden, who was inside with his daughter and his nephew, the Rev. Richard Wolfe, cried out, "It is I, Kilwarden, Chief

Justice of the King's Bench." A man, whose name is said to have been Shannon, rushed forward, plunged his pike into his lordship, crying out, "You are the man I want." A portmanteau was then taken out of the carriage, and broken open, and rifled of its contents; then his lordship, mortally wounded, was dragged out of the carriage, and several additional wounds inflicted on him. His nephew endeavoured to make his escape, but was taken, and put to death. The unfortunate young lady remained in the carriage, till one of the leaders rushed forward, took her from the carriage, and led her through the rabble to an adjoining house; and it is worthy of observation, that in the midst of this scene of sanguinary tumult no injury or insult was offered to her, or attempted to be offered to her, by the infuriated rabble. Mr. Fitzgerald states that the person who rescued her from her dreadful situation was Robert Emmet.

Miss Wolfe, after remaining some time in the place of refuge she was placed in, proceeded on foot to the Castle, and entered the Secretary's office in a distracted state, and is said to have been the first bearer of the intelligence of her father's murder. Lord Kilwarden was found lying on the pavement dreadfully and mortally wounded. When the street was cleared of the insurgents he was carried almost lifeless to the watch-house in Vicar-street.

I have made many inquiries of persons who were present when this barbarous act was committed; of others, who, though not present, were with Robert Emmet, and had been subsequently informed of the particulars of this murder. I never met with one who said he knew the persons by whom it was committed, or, from his own knowledge, who could tell what part of the country they came from; whether they were natives of Dublin, or whether the act was one of private vengeance, of unpremeditated ferocity, or of brutal drunkenness. It has been stated that his lordship was mistaken for Lord Carleton. It is likewise stated, as we find, that the relative of a convicted prisoner, who harboured malice against his lordship, was the murderer. My opinion is, there is no truth in these reports, but that the sacrifice of the most merciful, just, and humane judge in the land, and therefore the most popular, was carried into effect by monsters in the human form, who mixed in the ranks of the insurgents, but were not of them, for the purpose of bringing the greatest possible obloquy on the people, and doing the greatest possible mischief to the prospects of their leader, and the character of his undertaking.

The murder of the innocent men in the barn of Scullabogue; the massacre of the defenceless Protestant prisoners on the bridge of Wexford; the murder of Lord Mountjoy, the strenuous

supporter of the claim of the Roman Catholics; the murder of Lord O'Neil, the early advocate of the same cause; the murder of Lord Kilwarden, the most upright and humane of all the judges on the bench, and deservedly respected of the public men of his day—these are acts which are involved in mystery, which time, perhaps, will yet unveil. I do not believe the murder of Lord Kilwarden was "the unpremeditated act of a ferocious rabble." I believe it was the act of wicked men in the ranks of the insurgents—an ingenious device of Orangeism for the purpose of disgracing their proceedings. Indeed we have a slight proof of this in the admission of one of the approvers on the trial of Redmond; he swore that he was present at the attack on Lord Kilwarden, and that when Mr. Wolfe tried to make his escape he (the witness) ordered the people to bring him back. The poor gentleman was accordingly brought back and piked to death; but this latter circumstance the approver discreetly declined to touch on. There was frightful perfidity had recourse to in the encouragement of the hopes of the conspirators at the beginning, in the affected ignorance of their machinations, and in the character given to them at their close.

Emmet halted his party at the market-house with the view of restoring order, but tumult and insubordination prevailed. During his inef-

fectual efforts, word was brought that Lord Kilwarden was murdered; he retraced his steps, proceeded towards the scene of the barbarous outrage, and in the course of a few minutes returned to his party: from that moment he gave up all hope of effecting any national object. He saw that his attempt had merged into a work of pillage and murder. He and a few of the leaders who were about him abandoned their project and their followers. A detachment of the military made its appearance at the corner of Cutpurse-row, and commenced firing on the insurgents, who immediately fled in all directions. The route was general in less than an hour from the time they sallied forth from the depot. The only place where anything like resistance was made was on the Coombe, where Colonel Brown was killed, and two members of the Liberty Rangers, Messrs. Edmonston and Parker. The guard-house of the Coombe had been unsuccessfully attacked, though with great determination; a great many dead bodies were found there. The mayoralty house had been attacked and robbed of its arms.

Lieutenant Colonel Lyde Browne, of the 21st foot, was killed in Dirty-lane by Henry Howley, who was subsequently executed. He (Colonel Browne) left a widow and infant daughter. Mrs. Browne was the sister of the gallant Captain Rion, R.N., who was killed at Copenhagen.

In some notes of Major Sirr, at the foot of John Fleming's sworn information, dated 2nd September, 1803, the major says that Fleming had stated to him: Robert Emmet, when he sallied out of the depot, and proceeded along Thomas-street at the head of his men, wore a green uniform with gold lace, a white waistcoat, and a cocked hat, and had a sword in his hand.

A gentleman who witnessed the execution of Robert Emmet, and was one of two persons supporting in their arms Lord Kilwarden, in Vicar-street watch-house, on the night of the 23rd of July, has given me some valuable information on these subjects. My informant, Mr. John Fisher, No. 14, Inns'-quay, is the son of Mr. William Fisher, sometime an officer of excise quartered in Dublin, who died in 1784, leaving a son, the above-mentioned John Fisher, born 1778, who, consequently, in the year of the rebellion was about 20 years of age:

I knew Robert Emmet's person very well. In 1803, he appeared to be not more than 26 years of age, of gentlemanly appearance, possessing handsome features, inclined to a dark complexion; not exceeding in stature five feet six inches. I saw him on the night of the 23rd July, 1803; was then looking out of my own drawing-room window at 89, Thomas-street; an oil lamp was lighting immediately under me, a little on one side. Emmet came up, a crowd following him, principally

Kildare men; heard him say to the men, "Come on, boys, we'll take the Castle;" saw them then pass by the market-house, which lay between Francis-street and John-street.

Lieutenant Colonel Brown, commanding the 21st Fusiliers, was killed on that night by the rebels, at the top of Dirty-lane, on his way from his lodgings on Usher's-island to his barracks on the Coombe, now partly occupied by the premises of Mr. Parks and Mr. Mahony (Nos. 110 to 112). A man of the name of Parker, one of the Liberty Rangers, met the same fate from the insurgents; and a Mr. Edmonson, a linen-draper of High-street; they also piked Mr. Henry Doolittle, a silk-mercer of Lower Bridge-street, but the latter recovered from his wounds. When the barracks in the Coombe were assailed by the insurgents, it is believed, about sixty of the Fusiliers were killed, and that the government made an erroneous return of the loss sustained by the military. The celebrated Justice Drury, nicknamed "Run-away-lane Drury," a superannuated exciseman turned into a trading Justice, and a Captain of the Liberty Rangers then residing on the Coombe, distinguished himself on that occasion in a novel manner, by seeking the shelter of his house when his troops were about to assail the insurgents, and giving the word of command to the men from his windows, "Fire away, boys!" by which fire it is certain that a great many of the rebels were killed and totally defeated. Drury was looked on with contempt by his corps for his cowardice. He was patronised however by the authorities, and considered a military hero by the Orangemen of Dublin. Mr. Fisher saw the carriage of Lord Kilwarden assailed,

and saw the pikes of the rebels round it, brandishing in all directions. When the rebels fled, and Mr. Fisher ventured forth into the street, he ascertained that the carriage was Lord Kilwarden's; that his nephew had been killed, and his lordship, badly wounded, had been carried to the watch-house in Vicar-street. Mr. Fisher, on hearing that some wine was wanted for him, brought over a bottle of his own port, and pouring some into a glass put it to his lordship's lips, but he barely touched it, he was evidently dying. Some of the military, at that moment, were vowing vengeance on the people for the atrocious act committed on his lordship. Lord Kilwarden heard their words, and raising himself up, said deliberately, "Let no man suffer without a fair trial." Mr. Fisher was then supporting him, and was assisted in so doing by some other person. There were eight or ten respectable persons present in plain clothes. His lordship lived for about an hour after he had been carried to the watch-house.

The Dowager Lady Kilwarden survived her husband one year and seven days. She died at Bath, the 30th July, 1804.

The Hon. Arthur Wolfe, second son of the late Lord Kilwarden, Lieutenant Colonel of the 70th Foot, died at Jersey, on the 29th July, 1805.

Miss Elizabeth Wolfe, youngest daughter of Lord Kilwarden, who was in the carriage with her father when he was massacred in July, 1803, died at Clifton, near Bristol, in May, 1806. Her remains were interred on the 17th of May,

by the side of those of her mother, in St. James's burial ground, Bath.

Robert Emmet had arrived in Dublin from the Continent in the month of October, 1802. Where he lived immediately after his arrival, my information does not enable me to state with certainty. He was at Miltown at some period between October and the month of March following. In the latter month, he was residing at Mrs. Palmer's, Harold's-cross, under the name of Hewit.

The house in Harold's-cross where Robert Emmet lodged soon after his arrival in Ireland, and a second time, after the failure in July, is situated on the left-hand side of the road, at a short distance from the Canal-bridge. The house is a small one, a little farther back from the road-side than the adjoining ones, and had wooden palings in front of it. The owner of the house, in 1803, was a Mrs. Palmer, whose son was a clerk in the mercantile house of the late Mr. Colville, of the Merchants'-quay. The wife of Thomas Addis Emmet was the niece of this gentleman, and first-cousin of Mr. W. C. Colville, of the Bank of Ireland.

Robert Emmet left Mrs. Palmer's in the course of the same month, and on the 27th of April got possession of a house in Butterfield-lane, in the vicinity of Rathfarnham, which was taken on lease in the name of Ellis; and while

Emmet remained there he went by the name of Robert Ellis. The same contrivances which poor Emmet had recourse to in his former abode were vainly put in practice at his lodgings in Harold's-cross. In the back parlour, which was his sitting room, he made an aperture in the wall, low down, nearly on a level with the flooring, large enough to admit a man's body; the masonry had been excavated inwards, in a slanting direction; there was sufficient space thus made to enable him to draw his body in, and to place a board painted the colour of the wainscot against the open aperture, when he had thus drawn himself in. His active preparations commenced in the month of March, and the most authentic account of them that I have been able to obtain, was communicated to me by James Hope.

STATEMENT OF JAMES HOPE.

The following account, is designed to give you an idea of Robert Emmet's business in 1803, from the commencement to its close and discovery:

Mr. Emmet was not, as has been supposed, the originator of the preparations of 1803. These had been begun in Dublin, to second an effort in England, expected by some Irishmen, under Colonel Despard. This information found its way from Ireland to the British government, through the imprudence of Dowdall in Dublin, who was Colonel Despard's agent—namely, that some preparation had been begun there to second the colonel's effort. Information of Dowdall's proceedings,

on the other hand, had reached the refugees in Paris, by whom Robert Emmet was sent to Dublin to ascertain the state of things then. He fell into the hands of men by whom he was advised to go on with the necessary preparations for an effectual rising, with a solemn promise of every assistance in money and advice. Mr. Emmet came over first, Hamilton next came, and Quigley about the same time. Hamilton was sent back to Paris to bring over Russell, who came over immediately, and I soon was placed in close communication with him. Mr. Emmet, soon after his arrival, had lodgings at Harold's-cross, in the house in which he was ultimately taken after having quitted Butterfield-lane. Both Emmet and Russell were strongly opposed to the party called "foreign aid men," and I had been so from the beginning.

Situated as the Irish exiles were in Paris, they were easily duped into a fresh struggle, by the information they received from some of the higher order in Ireland, who had some suspicion of what was going on, but no precise knowledge of the design.

Some persons in connection with Talleyrand, in 1802, gave the Irish refugees to understand that Buonaparte was in treaty with the British government to banish them from France, their residence there not being considered favourable to Buonaparte's imperial views. A fabricated letter came to the north, dated from Paris, about this time, purporting to be from a captain of a French lugger, off the Giant's Causeway, having 10,000 stand of arms on board, for the service of the United Irishmen. The letter was in bad English; the paper, however, was English manufacture—it was

fabricated by our enemies. The fire of 1798 was not quite extinguished—it smouldered, and was ready to break out anew. There were persons of distinction in the confidence of our leaders, who kept up communication with them in exile, and were in league with the oligarchy at home, which Russell and Emmet, from the purity of their intentions, never suspected.

At my first interview with Mr. Emmet, on his arrival from France, he told me that "some of the first men of the land had invited him over;" he asked me my opinion, "was I for an appeal to arms?" I replied "I was." After some further conversation, he said, "his plan was formed."

On my second interview with Mr. Emmet, he told me he would require my constant assistance, and said that two stores were taken, and workmen had been selected. Mr. Emmet engaged in this attempt in consequence of promises, from the upper ranks, of assistance to make the preparation general over the island. When money failed, however, treachery in the upper ranks began to appear, as in all former struggles. No money was forthcoming, and Mr. Emmet had no alternative but to shut the stores and discharge the men, which must be attended with the worst consequences; or go to work with what resources he had, which, if properly directed, were fully sufficient to take the city and Castle of Dublin.

On making a remark to Mr. Emmet respecting the defection of Colonel Plunket, he said: "There were many who professed to serve a cause with life and fortune, but if called on to redeem their pledge, would contrive to do it with the lives and fortunes of others.

For my part," said he, "my fortune is now committed; the promises of many whose fortunes are considerable are committed likewise, but their means have not been as yet forthcoming. If I am defeated by their conduct, the fault is not mine. Even my defeat will not save the system which I oppose; but the time will come when its greatest advocates cannot live under the weight of its iniquity; until which time my reasons for the present attempt will not be fully understood, except by the few who serve and may suffer with me. The elements of dissolution are gathering round the system by which these three islands are governed, and the Pitt system will accelerate its fall."

Having been Mr. Emmet's constant attendant for some months, on our way from the depot in Dublin to his house in Butterfield-lane,[1] many conversations of this kind have passed, and many things that I learned from him are sealed up by his last request. In conversing on the state of the country, I expressed an opinion to Mr. Emmet on the subject of the rights of the people in relation to the soil, which, until they were recognized, it would be in vain to expect that the north would be unanimous. On expressing this opinion at some length to Mr. Emmet, his answer was: "I would rather die than live to witness the calamities which that

[1] I am indebted to Colonel Caulfield, governor of the Marshalsea prison, for the lease of the premises in Butterfield-lane, made by James Rooney and Michael Frayne, as executors of the late Michael Martin, to Robert Ellis (Robert Emmet), dated 10th June, 1803. Rent of premises, £69 7*s.* 9*d.*, and over and above said sum £25 a-year for every acre of land that shall be converted into tillage. Signatures to lease, James Rooney, Robert Ellis. Signatures of witnesses, William Dowdall, George Tyrrell. —R. R. M.

course would bring on helpless families; let that be the work of others—it shall never be mine. Corruption must exhaust its means before equity can establish even its most reasonable claims."

Russell and Hamilton were of Mr. Emmet's opinion on that subject. "This conspiracy," said Russell, "is the work of the enemy; we are now in the vortex—if we can swim ashore let it not be through innocent blood; if the people are true to themselves, we have an overwhelming force; if otherwise, we fall, and our lives will be a sufficient sacrifice." "One grand point," said Mr. Emmet, "at least will be gained. No leading Catholic is committed—we are all Protestants—and their cause will not be compromised." Shortly after the preceding conversation, I was ordered to go with Russell to the north a week before the outbreak, and on the following morning Russell and I left Mr. Emmet's house before day. When I left Dublin, Arthur Devlin was appointed in my place to attend Mr. Emmet. There was a gentleman from Cork, and also one from the county Meath, in Mr. Emmet's company the day before we left him.[1]

[1] Hope says the only two persons of distinction he saw at Emmet's were Mr. Fitzgerald, the brother of the Knight of Glynn, and a nobleman, Lord Wycombe, the son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who subsequently, in the county of Meath, offered him, through his steward, the means of leaving the country, which Hope declined to accept. John Henry, Earl of Wycombe, born 1765, succeeded to the title of Marquis of Lansdowne, May the 7th, 1805. His lordship married the widow of Duke Gifford, Esq., of Castle Jordan, county of Meath, in 1805; died without issue 15th November, 1809, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Lord Henry Petty, the present marquis. The Earl of Wycombe, in 1803, was thirty-nine years of age. There is no doubt that he was cognizant of Robert Emmet's plans in 1803,

Mr. Emmet's great object was to attack the Castle, and make hostages of the viceroy and officers of government, but the Kildare men were the only men who were at hand; there was a party of Wexford men under Michael Byrne, now in France, at Ringsend, or the neighbourhood of it. Mr. Emmet relied too much on the north when he sent Russell there. The man who was to supply my place, and entrusted with the arrangements between the people of Dublin and those who were expected from Wicklow, was sent to communicate with Dwyer, but that man remained at Rathfarnham, and his doing so caused all the plans to fail, for instead of the organized party which was expected, a body of stragglers only appeared in Thomas-street, who killed Lord Kilwarden and a clergyman named Wolfe (whom they should only have detained as prisoners); and Mr. Emmet seeing nothing but disorder, and having no communication with any regular body, some of whom remained all night under arms, he, with a few friends, returned to Rathfarnham, and the people shifted for themselves. The reason he went to Rathfarnham was, that he had despatched the messenger (Arthur Devlin)

and privy to his preparations for insurrection while they were carrying on at the depot in Thomas-street. He was of very decided republican principles, and so was known to be in 1803 to my informant, Mr. J. Patten, the brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet. James Hope, who worked in the depot in Thomas-street, and was one of the trusty and trusted friends of Robert Emmet, told me he saw Lord Wycombe there with Mr. Emmet, and also the brother of the Knight of Glynn. The notorious Higgins, of "The Freeman's Journal," in May, 1798, was evidently on the track of the earl, and desirous of disposing of him as he had done in the case of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He pointed him out to government as a person closely to be watched and looked after as a covert traitor.—R. R. M.

to Dwyer in the Wicklow mountains, and expected him by day-light, but Dwyer got no intelligence until he heard of the defeat, or rather miscarriage of Emmet's attempts on Dublin. Arthur Devlin was a relative of Dwyer's, and went with him to Botany Bay. Another man, a cousin of his, named Michael Dwyer, had been likewise sent on a message to Dwyer, and he also neglected his orders; he pretended to go, and stopped near Dublin.

In the several depots there was no less, to my knowledge, than forty men employed, only three or four of whom became traitors, and that not till their own lives were in danger. The men behaved with the greatest prudence, none seeming to wish to know more than concerned their own department; each man's duty was kept separate and secret from the other. I was first attached to the rocket depot in Patrick-street, and then had to superintend the ammunition in its making up and delivery, and the transporting arms and gunpowder to the country. Barney Duggan was chiefly an out-door emissary, employed in carrying on communications. I was in the habit of calling on Mr. Emmet when I wanted instructions through the day, and reporting progress at night. Mr. Emmet had arranged with H. Howley to take the store in Thomas-street in the name of the latter. In this store the pikes, fire-arms, and various implements of war were deposited. M'Intosh, a Scotchman, about forty years of age, took the house in Patrick-street for another store, for the rockets, grenades, and a depot for gunpowder.[1]

[1] The Dublin papers of the 4th of October, 1803, state that John M'Intosh, lately convicted of high treason, was executed

Michael M'Daniel, a dyer by trade, who had some chemical knowledge, made the rockets. It was by his misconduct the explosion took place in Patrick-street. He was arrested in Wicklow, in November, 1803, and sent up from Rathdrum to Dublin. The depot of Robert Emmet, Marshalsea-lane, was at the rear of the Bull Inn, kept by Mrs. Dillon (on the right hand side of a court off Thomas-street, between the numbers 138 and 139). There was a private entrance to the depot from this inn; the chief entrance was from Marshalsea-lane.[1]

Owen Kirwan, was a tailor by trade, a dealer likewise

in Patrick-street, opposite the depot, of which he had the charge. "The London Chronicle" of 8th October, 1803, states that "M'Intosh made an important communication to Sheriff Pounden, in consequence of which Major Sirr repaired to M'Intosh's former residence (I presume the house which was the depot in Patrick-street), where he discovered a concealed door, artfully formed by bricks built in a frame, plaistered over to resemble the adjoining wall, which was covered with shelves, and turned out upon hinges and castors. Upon opening this door a tier of closet rooms appeared, communicating by trap doors and scaling ladders through the different stories of the house. They were spacious enough to conceal forty men, and were provided with air holes communicating with the outer wall. In these rooms were found from 300 to 400 pikes of a peculiar construction, having an iron hinge at about half their length, by which they doubled up; and though when extended they were six feet long, yet by this contrivance it was possible to carry one of them undiscovered under a man's coat. A quantity of sulphur was likewise found, and every appearance of much more serious preparations having gone forward in the house. Major Sirr brought away the door as a curiosity—it now lies at his office in the Castle."

[1] There is a small room in the house which was the Bull Inn, on the ground floor, where Robert Emmet was in the habit of writing, and in that room he is said to have written his manifesto, on the eve of the 23rd of July.

in cast-off clothes, and lived in Plunket-street. Information was given against him by a neighbour, who appeared as a witness against him. When under sentence, his wife went to the gaol to take leave of him. They were a very good-looking couple, and both of them devoted to the cause for which the former was then suffering imprisonment, and soon suffered on the scaffold. The wife was heard saying to her husband, at parting with him, in reference probably to some proposal made to him, "Owen, dear, I hope you will never disgrace your name and your family." The young woman was dashed away with great violence, without giving her leave to say another word. The husband stripped off his coat, and threw it to his wife at the door of the cell, saying to her, "Sell that for something for our children." He appeared at the place of execution without a coat. His body was given up to the family. His wife, by her industry, contrived to rear two daughters respectably in Dublin. I saw them both, married women, and heard since that they all went to London.

The extent of the preparations in Dublin will never be fully known. Considerable quantities of gunpowder were sent to the country, and one stout party in particular, who had defied the power of government for five years, in the mountains of Wicklow, was amply supplied with ammunition and arms.

STATEMENT OF BERNARD DUGGAN.

Bernard Duggan, one of the superintendents of the depots, informs me that:

Shortly after Mr. Emmet's arrival a message came to him by one "Jemmy Hope," of Belfast, to call on

Mr. Emmet. Quigley had come over from France at that time; he had been one of the state prisoners of 1798. He (Duggan) is not certain whether Counsellor William Henry Hamilton came over with Quigley or before him. John Mahon and Thomas Wylde were sent down to the county of Kildare, to Naas, Maynooth, Kilcullen, and several other towns, to inform those whom they conceived might be depended on that there would be a meeting of "the friends of Ireland" on Patrick's day, at John Rourke's,[1] who then kept a public-house in Thomas-street. When the time fixed for the meeting arrived, about forty or fifty persons came there, and were waiting for the business to be opened; but some of the true men to the cause, who were firmly attached to Emmet, seeing some persons there in whom they did not place implicit confidence, gave word to Emmet not to appear, and then caused it to be reported that it was all a delusion. This account was also given to the several persons who came into town, and who were met in different parts of the city, before they came to the house; so there was no meeting that day. Mr. Emmet began his active preparations on 21st March, 1803, having got several of the most confidential men of 1798 to join him, and to assist in the work carried on in the different depots, and in other capacities. Among them were Michael Quigley, of Rathcoffy, who had surren-

[1] This poor man, John Rourke, now a comb-maker by trade, the brother of Felix Rourke, I lately found living in the greatest distress, with a large family, in the Liberty, in Dublin, in a place called Tripoli. He bears a most excellent character. He lost his little property in 1798, suffered years of imprisonment, and came out of jail a ruined man.—R. R. M.

dered in 1798, and had gone to France immediately after the peace of Amiens; Bernard Duggan, Henry Howley, Edward Condon, George and Richard Eustace, Thomas Wylde, and John Mahon; occasionally Finerty, John Rourke, Christopher Nowlan, Owen Kirwan, Michael M'Daniel, Joseph White, M'Intosh, and the two Keenans. These men, and many others, assisted in the different depots in constructing pikes, making ball-cartridges, and several other combustibles. There was a depot in Marshalsea-lane, at the rear of the Bull Inn, Thomas-street. There was another depot in Patrick-street, another in Smithfield, another in Winetavern-street (in the vaults of an old building, formerly an inn, opposite Christ's Church), and another in Irishtown. There were no arms kept either in Winetavern-street or Smithfield. M'Intosh and the two Keenans, Kirwan and M'Daniel, were employed in Patrick-street; Joseph White, in Thomas-street; Burke, Duggan, Condon, and Quigley visited the several depots, as they were ordered, to see how the work went on there and elsewhere.

Michael Quigley, of Rathcoffy, had been, in 1798, in business as a master bricklayer. Quigley, after having escaped from his pursuers for a long time, was at length taken. He made a full confession of all he knew of the affairs of 1798 and 1803. There was a stop to prosecutions, and no more innocent men suffered. He was imprisoned in Kilmainham till 1806.

Henry Howley was a carpenter, born in the Queen's county; had been in the 1798 rebellion. It was he who shot Colonel Brown in Bridgfoot-street. Ned Condon, of Kildare, was a cabinet-maker; he was the

person who shot Mr. Darragh, a justice of the peace, living near Athy. He came alone to Mr. Darragh's hall door, mounted on horseback.[1]

Joe White was a hedge-carpenter, from Rathcoffy. He was not in the 1798 business, and was never taken up. John Burke was a carpenter from Naas. He escaped to America; he had not been in the 1798 movement. —— Dunne, a carpenter, of Naas, was never taken up. George Eustace, of Dirty-lane, roller-maker, was never taken up; he was not in the business of 1798. John Walsh, of Celbridge, a shopkeeper, taken up in 1803, escaped. Dick Eustace, of Naas, a carpenter, was not in 1798. The other occasional assistants were men from Palmerstown and Prosperous. M'Daniel was usually employed in the rocket depot in Patrick-street.

In the afternoon of the 23rd, Mr. Emmet sent a sum of sixty guineas to pay for some arms, blunderbusses, and pistols, which he had bought in Dame-street, and was in immediate want of. One of Emmet's confidential men declined going, on account of fatigue; and then Michael M'Daniel, the man who was in the Patrick-street depot when the explosion

[1] Mr. Darragh, of Eagle Hill, county Kildare, was one of the terrorists of the time. Musgrave, at page 193, gives an account of this atrocious act. Mr. Darragh is reported to have said he would wade ankle-deep in Popish blood. Mr. Darragh denied on oath having said so. In March, 1798, a man rode up to him, in front of his house, and, on pretence of presenting him with a letter, drew a pistol, and shot him in the groin; then drew another, and shot him in the back. He languished for a long time, and eventually died from the effects of the wounds he then received.

took place, when making the fusees of the rockets (and drinking at the same time), offered to go for the arms. He took the sixty guineas, and never returned more to the depot with the money or arms. Even this contributed to the failure.

Pat Finerty, who turned approver, was a carpenter. After the business of 1803, he was on board the guard-ship at Plymouth. Subsequently he was employed at Woolwich, where I lost sight of him; but I suppose he sold the secret of making rockets to Congreve. The rockets were first tried near Irishtown by Emmet and some of his companions; they went in a horizontal direction a great distance. General Coote was the first man who employed them in India—Emmet told me this, and that he had improved on them; and another has improved on Emmet's, and Congreve has improved on both. The rockets were of the same nature as those called Congreve rockets, but not so perfect. Finerty and Condon were employed a good deal in the making of the rockets, under Mr. Emmet's orders. It was after Finerty's arrest that he turned informer. I think that he would not inform if he had not been arrested. Finerty was detained in the "stag-house," opposite to Kilmainham gaol, a place for housing informers. He was to give evidence on Emmet's trial, but was not called.

At my return from Lisbon, many years after, I called to see a friend of mine, that was master of arms in the "Salvador" guard-ship, in dock at Plymouth, one evening; and the first man I met in the ship was Finerty, who affected to be glad to see me. I stopped

awhile with my friend, and returned to dine next day, and when I came, found that Finerty had left the ship, and gone I think to Woolwich.

Counsellor Hamilton was appointed, with one Smith, to raise the county of Fermanagh and county Cavan; Russell and James Hope were appointed to the county Down for the same purpose; Mr. Nicholas Gray, an attorney, the aid-de-camp of B. B. Harvey at the battle of New Ross, for the county Wexford; Dwyer for the county Wicklow; Mr. Athy for the county Galway; Quigley, Mahon, and Wylde, for Kildare; others for different counties, all depending on the taking of Dublin. The quantity of arms and ammunition was very great: a great quantity of ball cartridges, packed in chests, with various sorts of combustibles, about 70,000 pikes and muskets, blunderbusses and pistols. A quantity of these were dispersed among different persons throughout the country, as well as in Dublin; combustibles of various descriptions were prepared to explode in the streets, among the troops, when assembled. Most of the powder and ball was got from Mr. Hinchey's, but as for the money, I cannot tell how or where it was obtained. Mr. Hinchey was a grocer, and lived at the corner of Cuffe-street, and was licensed to sell powder; he got the balls run, or cast, in his own place, and a Mr. Byrne, of New-street, gave a good deal of ball.

All these preparations were kept a profound secret from the government and their adherents, until the very day of the turn-out. On the Saturday-night week previous to the turn-out, an explosion of some combustibles took place in the depot of Patrick-street,

which gave some alarm in the neighbourhood. Major Sirr came to examine the house—previous to his coming, our friends removed the remaining powder, arms, &c., and all matters which were moveable in the place, notwithstanding some obstruction given by the watchmen. Other arms were secreted on the premises, and were not discovered until some time afterwards. It was concluded that the affair was only some chemical process, which had accidentally caused the explosion.[1]

This unfortunate occurrence caused a premature rising, which proved abortive. It must be here remarked that those in charge of the depot in Patrick-street did not know or frequent the depot in Marshalsea-lane, but those in Marshalsea-lane had recourse to the depot in Patrick-street.[2]

Mr. Emmet had three plans that would effect a revolution without bloodshed, if put into execution at any period; and the reason that none of them were resorted to was, the timidity of some of his own staff or

[1] The house was slightly injured by the explosion; it has been new fronted. I visited it some years ago—it is on the right-hand side of Patrick-street, going from Thomas-street, very nearly opposite Patrick's Church. There are very extensive vaults, and an entrance to the house, like all the depots of Emmet's, from a dark court or narrow lane.—R. R. M.

[2] The depot at Irishtown, alluded to by Duggan, was in charge of a timber merchant, Mr. Thomas Brangan, who resided in that village. His daughter, Mrs. Martin, informs me he was very intimate with Robert Emmet, and was engaged in the business of 1803. He had under his charge the district of Sandymount, the Rock, Merrion, and Miltown, and the intended execution of the plan to take the Pigeon House. Robert Emmet was frequently at Brangan's, and on several occasions they walked across the strand, when the tide was out, to take plans of the Pigeon House, and make observations.—R. R. M.

advisers, the general officers of districts and counties—such as Lord Edward Fitzgerald had to contend with.

A few evenings before the outbreak, I was informed by Robert Emmet, I would be called on a very important service—namely, to make a prisoner of the commander-in-chief, who was in the habit of walking very early every morning on the Circular-road, in the neighbourhood of Kilmainham. I was to be accompanied by another person, and six more of our associates were to be stationed at a short distance, and to be ready, when called on, to lend assistance to me and my companion. We were to accost the commander-in-chief, and inform him we had a writ against him, and that we were sheriff's officers, and, by compulsion or otherwise, we were to force him into a carriage, and carry him off to Mr. Emmet's. Emmet's staff, from timidity, upset this plan like all his others. I was told that night, when I had made all necessary preparations, that the plan had been abandoned.

To my knowledge, Mr. Emmet had secret friends connected with the government, who gave him intelligence of all the movements about the castle. Mr. Emmet, during the preparations making in the depot, had a house in Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham; the officers of the counties and several gentlemen often had interviews with him there, but none of those connected in the depots, unless occasionally to carry a message to him, went there. Mr. Emmet went often to the head depot—both by day and by night the writer was often called to attend him, to act as a body guard through the streets, walking on the other side of the way as he went along, and occasionally some men of

the former were ready at a moment's notice to defend Mr. Emmet. Previous to the turn-out Mr. Emmet remained almost entirely in the depots, continually seeing regimentals making, writing proclamations, and receiving communications from the officers of the different counties. In his expectations of assistance in the country he was totally disappointed, which was the chief cause of the failure on the night of the 23rd. It had been arranged that a number of armed men were to march in from the adjacent counties, either to join in the attack to be made that night in Dublin, or to cause a diversion, by withdrawing the troops from the city, while those collected in the depots sallied out, and distributed arms to the persons gathering in from the county of Dublin, and the adjacent parts of the county of Kildare. Dwyer promised to march down from the mountains with 500 at least that evening, and appear near the city; likewise Mr. Nicholas Gray promised to come with a large force of Wexford men, consisting of thousands, by a different direction. All these persons failed to do so at the time appointed. In the course of the day of the 23rd, it was whispered about that there was to be a general rising that night in Dublin. The alarm reached the Castle. A Mr. Clarke of Palmerstown, a manufacturer, and a Mr. Wilcock, a gentleman, living between Palmerstown and Chapelizod, seeing a bustle among the workmen of the neighbourhood, and a number of men passing from other parts to Dublin, those two gentlemen rode up to the Castle and made a report of their apprehensions of some disturbance. As they both were returning home, passing along Arran Quay, Mr. Clarke was fired

at and slightly wounded, by some person who effected his escape. Both then went back to the Castle, or at least Mr. Clarke did, and a reward of £300 was immediately offered for information against the man who had fired at Clarke. In the course of an hour or so after, Henry Howley came along, in the direction of the Queen's Bridge, with one of the double coaches, which were to convey Mr. Emmet and a number of his most determined followers inside the Castle Yard, as if they were entering with persons going to a party. They were to be all well armed with blunderbusses, they were to gain possession of the Castle, and to seize on the privy council, who it was expected would have been sitting that evening, for Mr. Emmet had private information of that matter, and of every movement going on in the Castle. When Howley was coming over the Queen's Bridge, and entering Bridgfoot-street, he saw a countryman and a soldier fighting; he stopped the coach to see how the battle ended, and, in the meantime, an officer, Colonel Brown, who was passing by chance, interfered in favour of the soldier. Henry Howley, seeing this, leaped out of the coach, and cried out "Fair play for the countryman." Colonel Brown drew his sword, and Howley pulled out a pistol and shot him. Howley, observing a sergeant's guard coming over the bridge, thought it prudent to make his escape; he fled, and left the coach there, which caused a terrible disappointment to Mr. Emmet, who was anxiously waiting for the coaches, as Howley was the person appointed to procure them. The object was to secure the viceroy, and keep him and his family as hostages; plenty of people were ready to pour into the

Castle, once possession was gained of the courtyards by Emmet and his party. Howley was to bring the coaches one after the other from Essex Bridge stand, along the quay, and over the Queen's Bridge. The drivers were to be dressed in liveries. Had the Castle been seized, the country was sufficiently prepared—all depended on the Castle.

The plan was to attack the entrance publicly, and at the same time on the Ship-street side, from a house alongside the wall, an entrance was to be made by breaking through the wall, and a party of men were to be pushed in by this entrance. Several houses besides in that neighbourhood were secured, and were to be occupied by Mr. Emmet's people. This disappointment of the coaches, together with the failure on the part of the Wicklow and Wexford men—for Mr. Emmet counted on Dwyer's party, and also on Mr. Gray's—determined him to abandon the depot, and make the best he could of such an embarrassing situation, finding he could not conceal the business any longer. While some of the people were gathering about the depot in Marshalsea-lane and arming themselves, one of the outposts or sentinels, who was placed to watch or reconnoitre messengers or despatches coming or going between the Royal Hospital, the different barracks, and the Castle, saw a trooper coming with despatches from the Castle towards the commander-in-chief, and the trooper was shot dead by the outpost above-mentioned.

In the afternoon of the 23rd of July, when Mr. Emmet was informed that Mr. Clarke and Mr. Wilcock were on their way to the Castle, to give informa-

tion of the suspected proceedings, Mr. Emmet ordered me to set steady men to guard the different roads from the Castle to Island-bridge, where the artillery lay, and from the adjoining barracks, and from the Royal Barracks to the Castle, so that no express could pass to either of these places from the Castle, or from the commander-in-chief, who resided at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, where I remained, watching the movements of the general, after placing guards on all the passes, from seven to eleven o'clock that night; and when I returned to the depot all were gone; the place was in darkness, as the lamps were not lit up that night —it looked dismal.

I lost no time in quitting Dublin, and making the best of my way to Rathcoffy, in the county of Kildare, where I joined my comrades. They had sent a message to Mr. Emmet, desiring he would come amongst them, and see what could be done; but he did not then come. They remained together, to the number of fifteen, his staff (as they called themselves); but after his death, they separated, and went amongst their friends. In the meantime a great number of persons were arrested, tried, convicted and put to death; the innocent as well as the guilty. Of all they hung for that business, there were only four who knew anything of it, and numbers were put to death who had no hand in it. This they continued to do until Quigley was arrested, along with three others, in the county of Galway. A stop was then put to the executions.

At all times Mr. Emmet seemed cool, tranquil, and determined; even to the last moment of my seeing him, which was at seven o'clock that evening of the 23rd of

July. He appeared to be confident of success; he was never light or thoughtless in his manner, nor absent nor agitated in his mind. He talked familiarly with the men, but still with something of seriousness—nothing of jocularity. The men never received any pay for their services—they all acted for the cause, and not for money—their diet and lodging, and sometimes only the latter, was their sole remuneration. The people had great confidence in him; they would venture their lives for him.

After the failure of Robert Emmet's business I escaped into Galway, remained there for eighteen months, came up to Dublin in 1805, and the second day after my arrival was arrested. I was charged with the crime of shooting at Mr. Clarke, of Palmerstown, on the afternoon of the 23rd of July, 1803. Mr. Clarke was brought to the Tower to see me, accompanied by Mr. Wilcock. Mr. Clarke said, "You fired at me, in 1803, when you passed me on the quay, as I was riding along with Captain Wilcock." I said to the gentleman, "I would not have passed and fired at you, Mr. Clarke."

James Hope and Bernard Duggan, in the preceding statements, refer to the part taken by Quigley in the affairs of Robert Emmet, and to some equivocal acts of his in relation to them, and finally to his arrest in the county Galway.

November 1st, 1803, Quigley and Stafford, who had been arrested about the middle of October, were arraigned *pro forma,* at the court of Oyer and Terminer, Green-street. The trial was put off, and on the following day Quigley

was brought before the privy council, "and it is believed," says "The London Chronicle," has given "the fullest and most efficient information. He is said to have stood high in the confidence of Emmet." "The London Chronicle" of the 7th of December states, that Quigley had again been examined before the privy council, and also a young man of the name of Daly, from the county Kilkenny.

Quigley remained a prisoner in Kilmainham gaol till 1806.

Michael Quigley, *alias* Captain Graham, died in great poverty, in September, 1842. His widow furnished the following particulars of the last struggle "the old rebel" of Rathcoffy was engaged in, to Mr. C. G. Duffy, to whom I am indebted for them:

Quigley held a farm at Rathcoffy, another at Raheen, in the county Kildare. A rack rent, heavy rates, failure of crops, and loss of cattle, had left him two years in arrear, and his landlord, some months since, went through the necessary juggling to enforce his "rights." Quigley was at this time bedridden. There was a crop on the ground, value about two-thirds of the rent; and he wrote, asking to surrender all the crops and the second farm, provided his wife and children were allowed to remain on the fourteen acres that he and his family for a hundred years back had held at Rathcoffy. And in this memorial the landlord was reminded how his father-in-law, Sir F. A——'s life had been

saved at Ovidstown by Thomas Wylde, brother to Mrs. Quigley, one of the most chivalrous of the peasant leaders of '98; how in 1803, he had also preserved another of the landlord's family, Mr. (since General) Cole, from the fate of Kilwarden; how she had thus strong personal claims upon his justice and forbearance. This was all in vain. Tricked into leaving the house one day, for the purpose of effecting an arrangement with the landlord, she found it in the possession of bailiffs on her return, and was denied admittance. The old man was too ill to bear removal, and to the day of his death his wife, or any of his family, save one young child, never saw him more. For several weeks of a painful illness he lay alone, suffering such aggravated agony as God only knew of, and strictly denied the access of his wife or family —to such excess did the barbarity go, that the bailiffs have repelled her from the window of his bedroom, when she was come there seeking to speak to him. So Michael Quigley died.

"The name of his landlord is A——, John A——, Captain, &c., of C——, county Kildare."

No information has been hitherto published, respecting the source from which the means were procured, that enabled Robert Emmet to commence and carry on his operations. Lord Castlereagh stated erroneously in the House of Commons, that they were entirely supplied by Emmet—that he had come into the possession of the sum of £3000, by his father's death, which he had invested in his revolutionary speculation.

Now the friends of Robert Emmet state, that the sum which came into his possession, on the death of his father, was under £1500. The following statement contains the most important information on that subject that has been yet laid before the public; and I am indebted for it to the late David Fitzgerald, Esq., of Fleet-street, Dublin, father of J. D. Fitzgerald, Esq., the eminent barrister. Mr. Fitzgerald was a near relative of Mr. Philip Long of Crow-street, and of the house of Roche and Long, and had the chief management of his business in 1803. He was arrested after Emmet's failure, as was likewise Mr. Long; but Mr. Fitzgerald, in consideration of his youth, was soon liberated. He was then about eighteen years of age.

Mr. Fitzgerald was a mercantile gentleman of respectability, with the clearest recollection of the events in question of any person I ever conversed with in relation to them. His knowledge of the subject, was that of a person who was intimately acquainted with the origin and the proceedings of the prime mover of that conspiracy, and with every act in furtherance of it, on the part of the main supporter of his enterprise. This valuable information was communicated to me at several interviews, and written down by me at each communication. Many weeks had not passed over after procuring this information, which no other living person could afford, when

Mr. Fitzgerald was seized with a paralytic stroke, which broke down his health; and in a few months this amiable gentleman was in the grave.

Robert Emmet came over from France, in October, 1802. Very soon after his arrival, he dined at Mr. Philip Long's, in Crow-street, of the house of Roche and Co., general merchants. Long was a first cousin of Fitzgerald, and both were intimately acquainted with Mr. Emmet. When he arrived in Dublin, he professed to have come over about his private affairs, and not about public matters. He went into society, and visited people of consequence: he dined occasionally at James Ryan's, of Marlborough-street—the gentleman who was styled Duke of Marlborough—and also at Mr. George Evan's.

The preliminary articles of peace were signed the end of October, 1801. This had put an end to any idea of attempting a new struggle at that period; but when war was about to be declared in March, 1803, this altered the aspect of affairs in Ireland. Then Emmet began to talk seriously of preparations. Mr. Long contributed the funds. All the money transactions between Mr. Emmet and him passed through Fitzgerald's hands. Mr. Long advanced altogether to Emmet about £1,400, which passed through Fitzgerald's hands. The first money advanced to Mr. Emmet was in May, 1803. All the money thus advanced was lost. Mr. Long was then rich—he was always generous. He died in reduced circumstances, but not in absolute poverty.

The 23rd of July, Mr. Long came to the office in Crow-street, from the country, about twelve o'clock at

mid-day. He said to Fitzgerald, "There will be a rising to-night." He then went to his desk, and searched among his papers for his will, which he sent to Mr. Patten to keep for him. He, Mr. Long, told Fitzgerald there were three separate attacks to be made—one on the Pigeon House, another on the Castle, and one on the Park battery. There were 1500 men to come in from Kildare; vast numbers from other parts; but most reliance was placed on the men of Kildare. The Kildare men were to be formed in Thomas-street, and marched to the Castle, which was to be attacked and seized on. This plan was objected to by Fitzgerald. He said he could not see what use there could be in parading along Thomas-street—why not begin the attack from Palace-street, where there was a waste house, close to the Castle-yard. This was however no time for new proposals. The expectation of the country rising generally, when the Castle was taken, was not an idle one. That day a number of strange people came to Mr. Long's. Dowdall came there six or seven times. Clarke, of Palmerstown, had been in, to the government in the course of the day, on the 23rd of July. His men had demanded their wages in the morning, instead of the evening. This caused him to suspect and to watch their movements; he was shot at, coming along the quay, by some unknown person. When he came to the Castle, the viceroy and commander-in-chief were absent. He saw Mr. Marsden, and informed him of his suspicions; he had done so before, and Mr. Marsden treated it as a joke.

The privy council was summoned. Lord Kilwarden, [1]

[1] Lord Kilwarden was the nephew of the celebrated Theobald

living at Newlands, county of Kildare, was sent for. He got the communication at six o'clock in the evening; he started for Dublin soon after, and was passing through Thomas-street when he was attacked, about nine. When attacked, Emmet was at Corn-market, with his men in full march, without having encountered any opposition. Emmet being informed that a gentleman and lady had been attacked by the rear body, instantly halted his men, and returned to stop the work of murder. He took the lady out of the carriage, and placed her in safety near the corner of Vicar-street; he returned to his men, and by this time, numbers had drawn off; and Stafford, the baker, who subsequently married John Hevey's sister, refused to let Emmet go on—"there was no use in his going on." Stafford was taken long after, and was to have been tried, but a flaw was discovered in the indictment. He and Quigley were to be tried together, but in consequence of that flaw the indictment was quashed; they were to have been tried again, but never were. The two fittest men for the work were Stafford and Allen —the two most unfit were Emmet and Long. Emmet had no knowledge of the world. He placed trust in every man; but he was the most honest and single-minded of human beings. Mr. Long was an excellent man in council, a good speaker, a good reasoner, and a good writer, a strong-minded man; but in action he

Wolfe, one of the eminent lawyers of his day, the gentleman after whom T. W. Tone was called. The seat of Lord Kilwarden, Newlands, on the Naas Road, was about 4½ miles from Dublin. When the summons reached him he was spending the evening at Corkagh, the seat of Colonel Finlay, adjacent to his own demesne.

wanted nerve—he was easily frightened. He was most devotedly attached to his country, and most honest to its cause—he would have made any sacrifice for it. He never went to the depot in Thomas-street—neither did Fitzgerald, nor Mr. Allen. Meighan was a fellow-clerk with Fitzgerald, in the service of Mr. Long. He was a young man of great determination, had a turn for military affairs, and subsequently entered the army. He took a deep interest in the business of the 23rd of July.

On that night, sixteen of the leaders were supping with Hevey, in St. Thomas-court, opposite Mass-lane, when the firing commenced. In fact, when they ought to have been with their men, they were carousing with Hevey. While the preparations were going on, Allen's warehouse, in College-green, opposite King William's statue, was a rendezvous for the initiated.

At half-past seven in the evening of the 23rd of July, Fitzgerald walked through the Castle-yard. There were no preparations; the place was perfectly quiet and silent; the gates were wide open!

At half-past five in the evening, he had visited the old Custom-house barracks; saw General Dunn apparently employed in taking precautions; and heard him ordering some soldiers to put the women out of the barracks, and to allow no men in: he then galloped off. Fitzgerald and Meighan were present when he gave the orders and rode off.

At half-past seven, a body of workmen, linked two and two, about twenty-four in number, attacked the Mansion-house, seized the arms, and came away, marching down Dame-street, and passing by the lower Castle-

yard and the Exchange, on their way to Thomas-street.

On the 23rd of July, Robert Emmet sent to Mr. Long for £500. Mr. Long sent Fitzgerald to Robert Fyan, an eminent merchant then living on Usher's Quay, for the money, which was due by Fyan to Long. Much delay ensued in giving a draft for the amount; and when given, the bank was closed—the business hours were past. Fyan knew the runners of the bank; and he went with Fitzgerald to the runners' office, where they are accustomed to be after bank hours, to receive payment of bills before handed over to the public notary. At six o'clock precisely, Fitzgerald received the money, and was just going out of the bank, when one of the runners said news of an intended insurrection had reached government: the guards were doubled. The Castle gates, nevertheless, were wide open at half-past seven. In consequence of this intelligence, the money was not taken to Emmet, and he never received it.

The explosion of the depot in Patrick-street took place on the 18th of July. The roof was partly blown off; one man was killed and another wounded and taken to the hospital. The day of the explosion, Robert Emmet, William Dowdall, John Allen, John Hickson, John Hevey, and John Madden,[1] were dining at Joe Alleyburne's at Kilmacud. Mr. Long went to them, to inform them of the explosion. All the materials saved were conveyed to John Palmer's of Cutpurse-row; but in the removal of a bag of flints, a great

[1] The late Mr. John Madden, of Donnybrook, a cousin of the author, was engaged in Emmet's projects and cognizant of all his movements, from the period of his return to Ireland to his arrest.

number had dropped out of the bag near his door, and on the following Monday Palmer was arrested on suspicion by Justice Bell, and released the day following. In one of the Orange Dublin papers, some days after the explosion, that affair was noticed: "The government," it said, "was sleeping over a mine; for what purpose but for insurrection were these combustibles preparing?" Government took no steps.

Emmet's intention was not to commence for some months later, waiting till the greater part of the troops should be drawn off for the French war. He counted on the accomplishment of Buonaparte's threat to invade England. Mr. Long, after the explosion, hid himself for some time in the house of William Cole, a shoemaker, on Ormond-quay.

The proclamation by common report assigned to Emmet, was written by Mr. Long in his own house in Crow-street; it was dictated by him to Meighan.[1] It was written on Friday evening, the 22nd of July, and was printed at Stockdale's in Abbey-street, and the porter waited till they were struck off, and carried a basket of the proclamations to Long's. Old John Palmer, of Cutpurse-row, was frequently employed carrying messages from Mr. Emmet to Crow-street. A great deal of money passed through his hands.[2]

[1] This proclamation is a totally different document to that one headed "Manifesto of the Provisional Government."—R. R. M.

[2] He had been imprisoned in 1798 for three months, for having a seditious pamphlet in his possession. His son John, who was drowned in Holland, had to fly the country for the part he took in 1798. The father's business was ruined by his long

Miss Biddy Palmer, his daughter, was a confidential agent both of Emmet and Russell. She was sister to young Palmer who took a prominent part in the affairs of 1798. Biddy Palmer was a sort of Irish Madame Roland; she went about when it was dangerous for others to be seen abroad, conveying messages from Emmet, Long, Hevey, Russell, and Fitzgerald, to different parties. When Russell was concealed, she came to Fitzgerald and said Russell wished to see him; that he wanted money to take him off. Fitzgerald sent forty guineas to him by Miss Palmer, and either that day or on the next, Russell was arrested; but in the meantime Russell sent a gentleman to Fitzgerald, and that gentleman said that Russell had received neither message nor money from him.

The gentlemen chiefly in Emmet's confidence were Allen, Long, Russell, Dowdall, Norris of the Coombe, and J. Hevey. [1]

Mr. Putnam M'Cabe came over to Ireland first in 1801. He came over again in 1802; his wife followed him over about June, 1802; he stopped about a month at Long's. There was a subscription set on foot for him. M'Cabe wanted to borrow a sum of £300 to set up a factory in France. His wife went sometimes by the name of Mrs. Maxwell, and at other times by the name of Mrs. Lee; she was then young and handsome.

imprisonment, from 1803 till 1806; and the daughter ten years ago was living in poverty in Cumberland street, Curtain-road, London.—R. R. M.

[1] A man of the name of Barrett, of Cutpurse-row, is said to have been a liberal contributor to the objects of the men of 1798 and 1803.—R. R. M.

Long gave her letters of credit on England; she drew £250; and besides this sum, Mr. Long gave her £500 in England when he went over.

Mr. Long was arrested three weeks after the outbreak, 13th August, 1803. He was in gaol two years and seven months, never having been brought to trial. He was liberated the 8th of March, 1806.

Fitzgerald was arrested the 23rd of November, 1803, and was liberated the 1st of June, 1804. He was confined in Kilmainham, and Long likewise. Before Fitzgerald's arrest, he was visiting Mr. Long in Kilmainham, when Robert Emmet was brought into the gaol and seemed greatly agitated. When he noticed Fitzgerald in the passage, he approached and shook hands with him, saying, "How is our friend Long—is he here?" After that Fitzgerald visited the prison frequently, and suggested to Robert Emmet a plan for his escape. That suggestion was conveyed to him in a note describing the means to be employed. Robert Emmet returned an answer on the back of the same note, "I have another and a better plan." The turnkey, M'Sally, communicated to Fitzgerald his readiness to effect the escape of Emmet; he, Fitzgerald, refused to listen to him, fearing treachery. The first proposition made to Emmet, for a sum of money for the purpose in question, was made to him by M'Sally.[1]

Mr. Philip Long died in 1814, aged 42; he was a native of Waterford; a Catholic; he was not married: his remains were buried in James's-street. Meighan indulged his military taste—he entered the British

[1] M'Sally was the first person who intimated to Robert Emmet the possibility of effecting his escape.—R. R. M.

army—served with distinction on the Continent—was at the battle of Salamanca—he was wounded at Waterloo, and raised to the rank of captain.

A few weeks had only elapsed after my last interview with the upright, truthful, self-reliant, and consistent man to whom I am indebted for so much valuable information—Mr. David Fitzgerald, formerly of the house of Long and Roche of Crowe-street—when I received the intelligence of his death, which took place the 22nd of July, 1843, in his sixtieth year, having survived the insurrection with which he was so intimately acquainted exactly forty years.

Major Sirr, in a memorandum dated 29th July, 1803, on the back of one of the official papers respecting some of the gentlemen implicated, or denounced as so being, in Emmet's insurrection, notes the ages of three of them—David Fitzgerald, aged eighteen; Robert Holmes, aged thirty-seven; Thomas Cloney, aged thirty.

A daughter of Mr. Fitzgerald informs me she had learned from the present Judge O'Brien, that his grand-uncle, Mr. Roche, the partner of Mr. Long, being anxious for the liberation of the latter, who was his nephew, and to whom he had intended to have left his enormous wealth, made an application to Lord Chancellor Clare in behalf of Mr. Long, and stated his readiness to

give any amount of security that might be required on his liberation. Lord Clare in reply said: "My dear Roche, your nephew is far better and safer as he is. Do not trouble yourself about his liberation now." Mr. Roche then said: "Well, you can't refuse bail for that child, David Fitzgerald, whom he has involved in all this trouble." Lord Clare replied: "Child, indeed! We have had 'that child' for two hours under cross-examination before the privy council, and although the young fellow is quite cognizant of all their plans, not a word can we elicit from him. If we had many such *children* it's a short time *I'd* be here."

The connection of Mr. Long with Emmet led, it is said, to the dissolution of the partnership of Messrs. Roche and Long.

A very remarkable letter was addressed by Judge Day, in May, 1804, to the attorney-general, the Hon. Standish O'Grady, subsequently Lord Guillamore, for the use of which, and memoranda accompanying this document I am indebted to a daughter of Mr. Fitzgerald—Mrs. Moylan:

I enclose you a copy of Judge Day's letter to the then attorney-general, O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guillamore), soliciting my father's liberation when a state prisoner at Kilmainham.

The charge against my father arose out of the following circumstances: My father, then a lad of seven-

teen, had but recently returned from Stoneyhurst College, where he was educated, and went to reside with his relative, Mr. Long. Mr. Long had been engaged in the purchase of a considerable quantity of materials for the manufacture of military stores, &c., for which he passed bills. Long had paid those bills, which were amongst his papers at the time of his arrest in 1803. Whilst his house was being searched by Major Sirr, my father contrived to get possession of the bills, and swallowed them—Sirr being present at the moment, no other means of destruction presenting itself. It was known that he had got possession of some important papers which it was supposed he had concealed. He was arrested and conveyed to Birmingham Tower, and detained there for some time. Sirr endeavoured in vain to procure by terror the disclosure he desired. Failing in this, he resorted to different means, and frequently came to sup with my father whilst a prisoner, and endeavoured to lead him into intoxication. Disappointed in procuring the much coveted information, his prisoner was sent to Kilmainham, where he remained for a period of ten months.

O'Grady's reply to Judge Day's letter was a verbal one: "God forbid we had many such boys to deal with." Eventually the judge's application met with success.

Emmet and my father were most intimate friends. I have often heard my grandmother say: "Robert used to dine with me often three days in the week."

To be enabled to form an opinion of Robert Emmet's conspiracy there are two kinds of evidence to take into consideration—namely, that

which is to be found in government documents adduced in its defence, and that which is to be found in Emmet's statement of his plans. And first let us refer to the official documents above noticed.

In an original document, now first published *in extenso* in the appendix much valuable information exists. And whoever compares this document with the extracts from Mr. Secretary Marsden's official statement to the lord lieutenant, published in the Castlereagh Memoirs and Correspondence, will see there can be very little doubt but that the original document drawn up by Mr. Marsden, is that which is inserted in the appendix to this volume.

Here it is only necessary for me to call attention to a few passages in that published official statement made to the lord lieutenant by Secretary Marsden (see vol. iv. p. 316, "Memoir and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh"), thus headed:

EXTRACT FROM A STATEMENT MADE TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST LAST, RESPECTING THE TRANSACTIONS WHICH TOOK PLACE IN DUBLIN, JULY 23RD, 1803. SIGNED A. M.:

The commander of the forces I knew was to be with your excellency by appointment, on other business, in the Phœnix-park at two o'clock on that day, and at

the same time that I wrote to your excellency, informing you of the apprehensions which I entertained, I recommended to you to bring General Fox to the Castle in your excellency's carriage; stating at the same time "that I made this request upon no light grounds." At the same time, I wrote also to Major-general Sir Charles Asgill, who commanded in the district of Dublin, requesting him to call upon me at the Castle.

At this interview I could not pronounce that the danger was absolutely certain; nor did I apprehend that any attempt could be made which would not readily be defeated. I therefore thought it best to state the particulars of the information which I had received, especially as General Fox had returned from the country but a day or two before (much of which had from time to time been communicated to your excellency); submitting to the judgment of the persons whom I addressed the probable result, and at the same time showing it to be my opinion that a rising, that night, was much to be apprehended.

Among other things, I recollect having stated that a person in the north of Ireland, who formerly gave me information, had by letter assured me that Dublin and Belfast were to be attacked at the same time on the Saturday or Sunday following; and also that a gentleman who had come from the north informed me he had heard the same thing.

To the first I did not attach implicit credit, for reasons which I then explained, and Mr. Atkinson had his intelligence two or three degrees removed. I mentioned, however, that a person who was in the secrets of the disaffected, and with whom I frequently com-

municated, had come to me very soon after I reached the Castle that morning in much alarm, and assured me that the danger was imminent. . . . . .

It was known to General Fox that the garrison at Naas had been under arms the night before, from an apprehension of being attacked by the townspeople who had quitted the place. These, I was informed by others as well as by Colonel Wolfe and Mr. Aylmer, had come, some into, and others towards Dublin.

The latter gentleman had left Naas at eight o'clock in the morning; the town was then deserted by its inhabitants. As he came to Dublin he had not seen any men, but had met many women going from thence. The fact was beyond question, and so I stated it to be, that an extraordinary number of people had come into town. This circumstance scarcely left a decision with the leaders, who, I think I mentioned, were at that time divided in their councils whether or not an attempt should be made. [1]

Your excellency and General Fox paid every attention to this statement, occasionally making observations upon it. It was impossible to represent the extent of the disturbance which it was supposed would take place.

No apprehension was entertained of any degree of success of the insurgents, on account of the several military posts stationed in the city; and from the strength of the Castle guard, and its vicinity to the barracks in Parliament-street, where the 62nd regi-

[1] "It is now known that it was only on the night of 22nd July the rising was determined upon, and that at two o'clock on the 23rd the Kildare leaders declined to act, and left the city."—A. M.

ment was stationed, it could not be imagined that the Castle or the public offices in its neighbourhood were to be attacked. . . .

Soon after this the alarm increased, and several magistrates and captains of yeomanry came to the Castle, desiring to be informed how they were to act. It was thought prudent to restrain the yeomen from assembling their men and by their so doing increasing the alarm; as well because it was known that few of the yeomen had arms and none of them ammunition (no general delivery having been made to the corps), as because it was conceived that the troops in the barracks of Dublin and at the several posts had received orders to hold themselves in readiness, and were probably at the instant engaged. . . . .

Several accounts reached the Castle of the number of the mob increasing in Thomas-street and James's-street. A magistrate, who had left the Castle a short time before it grew dark, returned, he having been fired at and wounded near the Queen's Bridge. Not long after this it was reported that Lord Kilwarden and his nephew had been killed, and also that a dragoon had been piked. . . .

For the actual safety of the Castle no apprehension of danger was entertained. Early in the evening the usual guard, sufficiently strong, was reinforced by thirty men, which Major Donnellan, of the 2nd regiment, brought from that regiment, consisting of about 600 men, quartered at the Old Custom House, within two hundred yards of the Castle. Two pieces of cannon were got to the gates, and the yeomanry, be-

ginning to assemble, came to the Castle for ammunition and arms. The quantity there was, however, inconsiderable. . . . .

One of the first concerns felt was for your excellency and your family, who were in the Park, as the ordinary guard stationed for the protection of the lodge was by no means sufficient for your safety. A request was sent both to the Royal Hospital and the barracks that a reinforcement might be despatched to your excellency's lodge, which was immediately done.

At about eleven o'clock an account was brought to the Castle that a firing had commenced. This was from a party of the 21st regiment, belonging to the barracks in Cork-street, which had been sent to escort an officer of the regiment from his lodgings to the barracks. This party fell in with the mob in Thomas-street, and firing upon them, as afterwards proved to be the case, routed them from thence.

At eleven they were again fired upon by a party belonging to the guard on the Coombe, in which direction the mob had fled after quitting Thomas-street; and they did not afterwards appear anywhere in a body throughout the night.

While the mob remained in force in the street, it was hoped at every moment that an account would arrive of the army having marched from the barracks. Between nine and twelve o'clock several letters and notes were addressed to Sir Charles Asgill and the officer commanding at the barracks, both by Sir E. Littlehales and myself, urging, in the most earnest manner, that the troops should be sent into the streets. A note from Sir Charles Asgill, dated half-past one o'clock, gave

the first intimation that they had done so. Two hours before that the mob had been finally routed.

The army and the yeomen patrolled during the rest of the night; and, after clearing the streets, searched suspected places, and discovered many persons who had been concerned in the violent scenes of the night, as well as concealed pikes and other weapons. The principal depot of arms in Bridgefoot-street had been discovered before, about the time that Colonel Browne was killed nearly opposite to it, as he walked, attended only by a servant, towards his barracks. It was not till about one o'clock that Lord Kilwarden's body was known to have been found, nor for a considerable time after that of his nephew, Mr. Wolfe.

It is very doubtful whether those in arms exceeded 300. Great efforts were used by their leaders to rally them, but the numbers decreased as the night advanced; *and had not a false alarm* on that evening occasioned them to break forth when they did, it is supposed that the numbers at a later hour would have been still fewer. . . . .

Of the insurgents, it is supposed that about twenty-nine were killed—few of the wounded were found in Dublin, but according to the usual proportion they must have been considerable. Colonel Browne, of the 21st regiment, was killed as he walked the streets; Cornet Cole, passing in a carriage from the Canal Harbour, was dragged out and badly wounded; two dragoons of the 16th regiment, carrying expresses, were killed; and a private of the 21st, who was attacked by one of the pikemen, is since dead of his wounds.

The yeomen could not assemble so as to make any

attack in a body, and therefore were not engaged until the mob was routed; but, most unfortunately, Messrs. Edmonson and Parker, of the Liberty Rangers, were killed as they endeavoured to join a party of their friends; and three others were wounded.

The next part of Mr. Marsden's statement, in which his views of Emmet's plans and preparations are given, is headed,

GENERAL STATEMENT OF THE MATTERS RELATING TO THE INSURRECTION OF THE 23RD OF JULY, 1803.

It is now known that the design of the attempt, which was afterwards made in July, was conceived in France about the middle of the last winter. . . . .

There is reason to think that the ill-judged exaggerations of mail robberies, and particularly of the disorderly scenes which took place in the county of Limerick, were relied upon by Mr. Emmet as sufficient proofs of a revolutionary disposition ready to act and generally pervading the country.

Many exiled Irish were then on the Continent; but it appears that Mr. Emmet did not succeed in getting more than Russell and Quigley to engage in the expedition to Ireland. . . . .

Russell engaged his nephew, a Mr. Hamilton, a man who, it now appears, had served in the French armies, to join him, and measures were settled for the journey of the whole party to Ireland. Emmet and Russell reached Dublin early in the year. Hamilton gave Quigley and two others, his companions from Kilmain-

ham, ten guineas each to bear their expenses to Ireland. They proceeded as far as Rouen, where Quigley's two companions left him, and returned to Paris; he was, however, joined there by Hamilton, and they travelled together to Ireland, where they arrived early in the month of March. On their arrival in Dublin they met Emmet, and the three together consulted on their future operations. From that time it does not appear that they were joined by any others of the exiled Irish. Neither Emmet nor Hamilton were of this class, and they appeared here openly. The former was connected with a most respectable merchant in Dublin, who gave the strongest assurances of the proper demeanour of his relation.

The report of Russell's return attracted attention, and Quigley's having gone into the county of Kildare soon made his arrival public. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension, and repeated communications had with the gentlemen of the county on the means of having him taken. . . . .

Mr. Emmet was a very young man; he had been expelled from the university of Dublin, during the time of the rebellion of 1798, for seditious practices. He fled from the country, and had not until this year returned. He conceived the design of providing arms for those whose assistance he relied upon, and full of the opinion that the disposition to revolt was as strong amongst the lower orders of the people as in his own mind, he relied upon it that the whole would be effected if he could secure a magazine, from which on a sudden the mob might be armed. The scene of this exploit was fixed in Dublin, and although he held communica-

tion with parts of Ireland more distant, it does not appear that they were organized, or that he had made connections with more than a very few of the rebels of 1798. . . . .

While the favourite object of constructing this depot was thus forwarded by Emmet's zealous friends, he also made connections among the disaffected here, who were known to himself or to his brother on the former occasion. Soon after Lord Whitworth's return in May, it was perceived that some cabal had commenced among men who were before suspected, and whose conduct soon attracted a stricter observation. One of this party held a direct communication with government, and meetings and conversations were often reported, but they led to nothing material; no organization nor system was attempted—no person who could be seized and detained by law could be discovered—and nothing but general expression of hopes and an increased rumour of danger could be learned. . . . .

It is a matter much to be regretted, and almost complained of, that this depot was not early discovered by the immediate agents of government or by the police. It can only be accounted for by the great secrecy with which it was conducted; that the persons admitted to it were closely attached to their leader or to his cause; that living for the most part withinside of it they avoided observation and that intercourse which, by the most accidental circumstances, leads to detection; but particularly Mr. Emmet had an advantage which few conspirators are so fortunate as to possess—he had a command of money. His father died in December last,

and left him a sum of about £2,000. This money was paid to him in March; and there is reason to think that the whole was expended before the middle of July. He was thus his own treasurer. . . . .

Although it is sufficiently certain that Mr. Emmet had made connections with some persons not in the lowest orders of life, of this, however (with very few exceptions), no decided proof appears; and it has not been very easy to distinguish between those who, having been formerly partizans of a revolution in this country, still bore good will towards it, and those who were actually embarked in the visionary projects of Mr. Emmet. This branch of the subject cannot however be fully entered upon, as the utmost extent of such connections is still to be ascertained.

In the counties of Ireland, with the exception of Kildare and Wicklow, it now appears that very few had been gained over by the conspirators. In the north it is evident that but little preparation was made. . . . .

According to Quigley's testimony, nothing had been done in Connaught. With the people of Wexford, Emmet had had communications; he was offered support from but one barony of that county, and he gave up the hope of a rising in that quarter. Both Emmet and Quigley concur in stating that Meath (a county by no means considered as secure) would not rise. In the midland counties, and in Limerick and Cork, persons resided with whom Emmet communicated, and who were informed of the intended rising a few days before it took place—little exertion, however, had been made to prepare for a rising in those places. . . . . It was

assumed, however, and positively not without sufficient reason, that had the attack in Dublin succeeded, risings would have taken place in many other quarters.

To aid the attack in Dublin, it now appears that only Kildare, Wicklow, and Wexford were relied upon. From the latter county Emmet supposed that 300 came in, but it does not appear in any way that such was the case. Dwyer from Wicklow, was to have aided, but by the mistake of a messenger, or more probably from doubts entertained by Dwyer of the success of the enterprise, no move took place in that quarter. From Kildare many came into Dublin, as well as from the small towns which lay on that side of Dublin.

In the week which followed this explosion in Patrick-street, Emmet determined to attempt an insurrection; he sent into the country notices to this effect, and concurrent circumstances indicated that something was speedily to be attempted by the disaffected.[1]

It was however too late to recede, and he decided upon a prompt effort, against the opinion of some of his associates. At two o'clock on Saturday, the persons from Kildare, on whom he most relied, met him at an inn in Thomas-street. They required him to satisfy them as to his means of being able to go on with the insurrection; they required him to show them the fire-arms and the men, which he could not do, and, not being satisfied with a speech which he made to them, they quitted him to return home to the country; some remained behind,

[1] Wilde was not sent into the county Kildare, to announce the period of the intended rising, till the Thursday evening, or early on the Friday morning, the day preceding Saturday the 23rd.

and many of the lower orders were mixed with the Dublin mob in the excesses of the night.

At nine o'clock, as near as it can be ascertained, Emmet and his associates sallied forth from the depot in Mass-lane. Pikes were delivered out in large quantities from this secret magazine, but they wanted men and order, and a plan which was practicable with such raw troops and rude implements. Emmet and his party paraded, with their swords drawn and firing pistols, in Thomas-street. He could count but eighty followers at the time he left the depot, and when he reached the market-house in Thomas-street nearly the whole had deserted him, except about twenty. Upon seeing himself thus abandoned, he quitted the street—and with ten or twelve of his lieutenant-generals and colonels, as he fancied to call them (himself and some others being in green uniform), he proceeded by Francis-street out of the town, and to the mountains.[1]

A. M.

November 15th, 1803.

In the fourth volume of "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh" (p. 294) we find a letter (marked "private and most confidential") from Mr. Wickham to Lord Castlereagh, dated from Dublin Castle, 14th August, 1803, in answer to inquiries after the actual state of the military strength of Ireland. In reply, Mr. Wickham states that on the 1st of August,

[1] "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh," vol. iv., from p. 316 to 336.

1803, the state of the military force in Ireland was as follows:

Infantry of the line, 26 regiments; on paper numbering 16,961 men; fit for duty, 13,930, rank and file. Of these 26 regiments, five were in Dublin.

Cavalry force, 7 regiments; on paper, 3,298 men; fit for duty, 2,755 men.

Militia, 36 regiments; on paper, 17,339 men; fit for duty, 15,100 men.

Note.—The militia are dispersed over the whole country in nearly the same proportions as the troops of the line.

So that the whole force that can be put in motion on the appearance of an enemy amounts only to: regular infantry, 13,900; cavalry, 2,755; militia, 15,100. Total, 31,785. . . . .

With respect to our yeomanry, we have now 63,000 men on paper. We can increase them in two months to 80,000, perhaps 90,000. . . . .

With respect to the yeomanry, you also know very well that the system here is full of job, and that we cannot count on the numbers that we have on paper.

We have, however, done a great deal to correct the evil, and we carry to a military account none but those who are actually inspected in the field, of which number I think we have full 50,000, or shall have in the course of this week.

This statement of Mr. Wickham gives a very different idea of the military strength of Ireland, in 1803, to that which a statement, made by

Lord Castlereagh, in 1799, affords of the military force then in Ireland—namely, 137,500.

In detail, it was as follows:

The Regulars were.....	32,281
The Militia	26,634
The Yeomanry	51,274
The English Militia.....	24,201
Artillery	1,500
Commissariat	1,700
	137,590

We take these figures from a report of the parliamentary proceedings of the 18th of February, 1799. They are introduced in a speech of Lord Castlereagh, prefacing a motion on military estimates. He did not think that one man could be spared of the 137,590, though the rebellion was completely over, and though he had to deal with a population only one-half of the present. We have not at hand the means of ascertaining the force of the year 1800, but there is ground for concluding that it was over that of 1799, though the time of the rebellion was still farther off by a year. In the "Summary Report on the State of the Poor of Ireland," issued in 1830, the military expenditure of several years is stated, and amongst others, the following:

1798	£2,227,454
1799	3,246,228
1800	3,528,800
1801	4,011,783
1802	3,305,421

These are amounts under one head alone, and they do not, therefore, include the whole of what may be called the military expenditure of one of these years. But the readers sees that the payments increased in 1800 and 1801, though the era of the Rebellion was all the while receding; and we are therefore to conclude that in these years the military force exceeded 137,590.

Earl Hardwicke's administration, in relation to Emmet's insurrection, was defended, evidently by an authorised person, in an able statement, avowedly written by "a late member of the Irish parliament," a few extracts from which will serve to make the proceedings in parliament, in July and August, 1803, more easily understood. Lord Hardwicke's defender says:

A concise and candid statement of the occurrences which took place the night of the 23rd of July, 1803, and of the transactions which preceded it, may not be unacceptable to the public.

It is very well known, that the treasonable principles which produced the rebellion of 1798 had been fomented and disseminated, ever since that period, with unceasing sedulity and considerable success; and nobody can

doubt but that the general and indiscriminate impunity which the disaffected had experienced from Lord Cornwallis, tended to encourage them.

For some months preceding the 23rd of July, the Irish government were apprised that some perturbed spirits were disseminating sedition and forming plans of insurrection, but they could not procure such information of it upon oath as would enable them to issue warrants for arresting them. They therefore very wisely applied to the English government to have the *Habeas Corpus* Act suspended in Ireland. But they hesitated to comply, from a laudable desire of adhering to the strict principles of our very excellent constitution. . . . .

For some days previous to the explosion of the plot on the 23rd of July, government had received information that an insurrection was meditated, but the discoveries made to them were so vague and contradictory, that credulity itself could not attach any belief to them, till Saturday morning, when Mr. Marsden received some communications which induced him to think that measures of precaution were necessary. He therefore wrote to the commander-in-chief, on the morning of that day, to come to the Castle with the viceroy, who was expected there on business of importance; and he accordingly complied. Mr. Marsden then, in the presence of his excellency, communicated to General Fox the whole of the intelligence which he had received, and submitted to him what measures should be adopted for the preservation of the metropolis. This statement, so far, is universally admitted and never has been contradicted. . . . .

I have been assured that his excellency said, when General Fox was on the point of retiring, "For God's sake, let everything be done with as little alarm as possible!"

General Fox alleges, in his defence, that Mr. Marsden said he did not believe the information which he had received of an intended insurrection. This is a matter still at issue, *adhuc sub judice lis est.*

Mr. Marsden proved by his conduct that he was far from totally disbelieving the communications made to him; for though he had all the summer dined and slept in the country, he remained that day and night at his post in the Castle. He reinforced the Castle guard, and ordered the troops stationed in Essex-street to be on the alert, which he did, not without hesitation, because he feared that it might be considered as an officious intrusion on the province of General Fox. Having left the disposal of the military to the commander-in-chief, he ordered the officers of the police to use the utmost vigilance for the preservation of the metropolis, and sent frequent messages to them for that purpose. Lord Hardwicke ordered a reinforcement to the guard at his residence in the Park, which evinced beyond contradiction that he believed there was some foundation for the information which government had received.

Now it will appear that the guards posted in different parts of the town, particularly where the insurrection took place, were more than sufficient to prevent it, had the commander-in-chief ordered them to be on their arms, which might have been done in half-an-hour. There were 600 men in Essex-street barrack, within 150 yards of the seat of government. One

guard at the Castle, to which Mr. Marsden had ordered a reinforcement between 8 and 9 o'clock. There were also guards at James's-street, the Coombe, Cork-street, at each of the gaols, the Bank, Kilmainham Hospital; and the body of military stationed at the barrack could not have been less than 3000; but why General Fox did not order any portion of them to repair to those places where the insurrection took place, till it was completely put down, never has been explained.—Nobody can doubt of the malignant intentions of the conspirators, and that they meant to have taken possession of the metropolis, but their very feeble exertions to accomplish it, and the facility with which they were discomfited and dispersed, unquestionably prove that they would not have dared to rise had the different guards which I have mentioned been on their arms. The insurgents were dispersed in about a quarter of an hour, and peace was perfectly restored in one hour at farthest, by a few soldiers of the 21st regiment posted at the Coombe, some of the Liberty Rangers, and two small parties of the police; one under Mr. Wilson, the other under Lieutenants Coultman and Brady.

Major Swan arrived at the scene of action, with a party of the Castle guard, in about three quarters of an hour after; but why no part of the garrison at the barrack appeared there till about three hours after the insurgents had been completely dispersed, remains to be accounted for. The barrack is so near the place where the insurrection took place that every shot which was fired was heard there, and some gentlemen who had gone to the barrack to alarm the garrison,

assured me that the soldiers expressed the most earnest desire to be led against the insurgents. It is very fortunate that their ardour was restrained, because it might have occasioned an indiscriminate slaughter—but had a large detachment of them been posted in the Liberty, as a measure of prevention, the insurrection never would have taken place.

On the 29th of July, 1803, two bills were brought into parliament, and read in both houses the first, second, and third time, and received the royal assent the same day, the 29th of July, 1803—the one for suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland, the other for enabling the lord lieutenant, with the advice of the chancellor, to try persons by martial law. The chancellor of the exchequer, in the debate on those measures in the House of Commons, spoke of the attempted insurrection of the 23rd as "a violent and malignant rebellion then existing in Ireland." Mr. Windham said it was difficult for the house to decide what it ought to do, as no information of the state of the country had been laid before the house. Its capital might be in a few hours in possession of the rebels; and the government there might be overturned.

Mr. Sheridan said it was of the utmost importance that the capital should not be in, or supposed to be likely to fall into the hands of insurgents; and therefore he thought the promulga-

tion of such opinions would be giving encouragement to rebellion and treason in every part of the United Kingdom. Lord Castlereagh said it had been insinuated that Dublin had been within an ace of falling into the hands of the rebels; he was sure that no information had reached this country which at all afforded any foundation for such an assertion. From what he himself knew on this subject, he could state with confidence that the danger had been greatly exaggerated. It had been attempted to be stated that government was taken completely by surprise, that they had not any adequate means of preparation against the insurgents. He begged leave to contradict this assertion in the strongest terms; government was aware, several days before the atrocious crime which had given rise to the present deliberation was perpetrated, that some convulsion was in contemplation, and their measures of precaution had corresponded to what they conceived would be the magnitude of the danger. The chancellor of the exchequer eulogised the conduct of Mr. Sheridan; he had covered himself with immortal glory, and had secured to himself a name in history which would never perish.

Colonel Hutchinson, on the 11th of August, moved an address to his majesty, praying to have information laid before the house concerning the late rebellion. He said, "In order to

make the Union take deep root amongst them, there should be no distinction known between Irishmen and Englishmen."

Sir William Elliot said, that with respect to the late insurrection, "the government had received intimation from many quarters in Ireland, and from gentlemen of his own particular acquaintance, that a rebellious conspiracy was going forward, to which communication they paid no attention."

Lord Castlereagh defended the conduct of government, in the suppression of the rebellion of 1798, as well as that of the insurrection of 1803. With respect to the former, "never was there a rebellion of such extent put down with so much promptitude, or so little departure from clemency!!"

Mr. Robert Williams said he had been seven years an aid-de-camp in that country, and never knew an instance of the guards having been doubled but on the evening of the 23rd of July; they had doubled all the guards, and had a powerful garrison under arms. "The Irish government was not taken by surprise."

"Lord Temple denied that the rebellion in Ireland could in any respect be considered as a religious rebellion, or as a rebellion of the cottage against the palace. If the attack lately made in Dublin by rebels there was made by surprise on

the government, ministers deserved to be impeached,[1] for not being aware of, or not having known it; and if they had known it, he would ask why the rebels were allowed even for an hour to be in arms."

On the 2nd of December, Mr. Secretary York brought in a bill for continuing the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland. He said, that notwithstanding what one of the leaders of the conspiracy said at his death, his majesty had proof that the Irish rebels were connected with their traitorous countrymen in France, if not directly with the rulers of France themselves. These traitors in the confidence of the French government came over to Ireland for the very purpose of stirring up insurrection. They calculated upon the renewal of hostilities between this country and France. Mr. C. H. Hutchinson made a long speech against the measure, and voted for it!

The 5th of December, on the second reading of the Irish Martial Law Bill, Mr. Secretary York, in reply to Mr. Elliot's objections to the

[1] This doctrine was denounced as the most absurd one imaginable, that the government was to be punished for the supposed secrecy of the plans of the conspirators. This was the doctrine, however, of the members of the opposition; but not one word was said about impeaching the ministry for the wickedness of conniving at the discovered plans of those conspirators, and thus suffering innocent people to be inveigled into them.

introduction of the bill in the absence of information showing the necessity of it, said, "The Irish government were not taken by surprise and unprepared, on the 23rd of July, as it had been suggested. There was a garrison of four regiments of foot, besides the 16th Dragoons, in Dublin—a force sufficient to crush an insurrection ten times more formidable than that of the 23rd of July. The march of the rebels was only from their headquarters in Dirty-lane to Cut-purse-row. The affair did not last an hour. The peace establishment of Ireland was then 25,000 regulars."

Colonel Crawford said he disagreed with the right hon. secretary, that the affair was only a contemptible riot, that all proper precautions had been taken, and that the government was aware of the intended insurrection—if so, how did it happen that on that day the viceroy went as usual to his country house, where the lord chancellor dined with him. It was evident Lord Kilwarden had no knowledge of it, or he would not have exposed himself as he had done. He, Colonel Crawford, was informed that such was the miserable state of preparation, that the regular troops had only three cartridges each, and the yeomanry could get none at all; and that ten men out of every company in the garrison had been allowed that day to go into the country to look for work.

Mr. W. Poole said there were sixty rounds of ball-cartridges on the 23rd of July for every man in the Castle, and in the depot in the Phœnix Park three millions of ball-cartridges ready to be given out on the first alarm. This he stated from his own official knowledge of the subject.

Mr. Windham said, the contradictory account of the insurrection given by ministers was like the answer of a student of the college, who when asked whether the sun revolved round the earth or the earth round the sun, said "sometimes one and sometimes the other." If the lord lieutenant had any knowledge of the intended insurrection, would he have left town that night? It was not communicated to the lord mayor, nor to the commander of the forces. He would vote however for the measure.

The chancellor of the exchequer said that instructions had been given early on the day before the disturbance took place, and to all the necessary officers. If the lord lieutenant had not gone to his country house, the city of Dublin might have been put into a state of alarm.

On the 7th of March, 1804, Sir John Wrottesley moved for the appointment of a committee of inquiry into the conduct of his majesty's government on the 23rd of July last. Sir John, among various proofs of the remissness of government, brought forward the circumstance of the viceroy having been, at three o'clock in the

afternoon of the 23rd of July, guarded by one officer and twelve men; at seven o'clock, by thirty men; and at eleven at night, by having fifteen hundred horse and foot under arms. Lord Castlereagh said Emmet was only backed by about eighty rebels. The government knew an insurrection would break out on the 23rd of July, but not before it was dark (this was utterly at variance with what his lordship stated on a previous debate). With respect to the men being without ammunition, it was his duty to state that General Fox, the commander-in-chief, had ordered sixty rounds to be issued to each man some days before, and if they had not that store of cartridges with them, it certainly was not the fault of General Fox.

Mr. Secretary York stated he imputed no blame to General Fox. The principle on which his brother was directed to act was, that of trusting as little as possible to the rumours and accusations circulated against each other by the parties which distracted Ireland. In justice however to his brother he stated, that long before the 23rd of July, 1803, he had expressed his opinion to the government of the expediency of repealing the *Habeas Corpus* Act.

Previous reference has been made to the debate on Sir John Wrottesley's motion for an inquiry into the conduct of the Irish government relative to the insurrection of the 23rd of July,

on the 7th of March, 1804; but some extraordinary admissions of Lord Castlereagh, elicited on that occasion, are worthy of notice; and some statements of other members with respect to the attempt, which was, in the words of Lord Castlereagh, "only the wild and contemptible project of an extravagant young man." "Though he agreed with the hon. baronet that preventive measures were preferable to punishment, he thought that principle might be carried too far, and it was material not to urge the rebels to postpone their attempt by any appearance of too much precaution and preparation. The hon. baronet might laugh, but it was expedient that the precautions should not have been carried to such an extent as to alarm the fears of the rebels, and thereby induce them to delay their project. Besides, it was desirable that the measures afterwards applied for to parliament should be claimed on ostensible, not on arguable grounds!"

This was worthy of his lordship. In 1798, he boasted that measures (in plain English, cabin burnings, tortures, and free quarters) had been taken to cause a rebellion to explode prematurely. In 1803, to use the words of Mr. Windham on that occasion, he "maintained the monstrous doctrine that rebellion was to be fostered till it came to a head, that the cure might be radical. This might be good policy for a general against an open enemy: he might watch him, and let him

march into toils, taking care to be too strong for him. But it was infamous in a government against rebels."

Lord Castlereagh, in stating the precautions that had been taken, admitted that a week before the outbreak delegates from Kildare had come to Dublin to ascertain the state of his resources, and having been taken by Emmet to the depot, to let them see the preparations, they had returned with a bad report. "The conduct of administration in Ireland, both at the time and since, was that of a wise, provident, and vigorous government."

Lord Temple said, "It appeared in evidence on the state trials, also, that the whole weight of the government devolved on the under-secretary, Mr. Marsden, who gave no information to the lord lieutenant of the important intelligence communicated to him by Mr. Clarke, a very great manufacturer, till Saturday, the fatal day on which the rebellion broke out."

And when General Fox was quitting the lord lieutenant on Saturday afternoon he said, "Whatever you do, be sure you do not cause any alarm. *Ruat cælum*—but no alarm. Do everything in your power, but let it be with as little alarm as possible."

General Tarleton said he had been on the staff in Ireland, and had made many inquiries amongst official and military men. The colonel of the

62nd regiment told him he had informed the secretary of the existence of one of the depots, but no notice was taken of the information, and it was not discovered till after the insurrection had broken out. He had been informed in Naas that government had received intelligence from that place, but it was not attended to; he was also aware that "the conspiracy had extended to the south, beyond Cork, where the conspirators learned by means of telegraphic fires the ill success of the insurrection in Dublin, before the king's officers knew it in Cork. It was by this information only that the insurrection was prevented from being general over the country."

Mr. Fox said, when the explosion took place in Patrick-street (a week before the outbreak), the commander-in-chief was then sent for to the Castle, and the bare fact was communicated to him without any instructions or further information. "Why was he not made acquainted with all the circumstances which had come to the knowledge of the government?" "The lord lieutenant had an allowance of £60,000 a-year for secret-service money, in order to enable him to procure information of any conspiracy that might be carried on."

Lord de Blaquiere said the insurrection had occasioned the loss of thirty lives in the course of a quarter of an hour. The day after the explosion, some of the stores there had been removed

by the conspirators to another depot. Lord Castlereagh had said there were only between 2,000 and 3,000 pikes found in the depot in Thomas-street. "He (Lord de Blaquiere) was one of the officers appointed to examine them, and he would declare there could not be less than 12,000 pikes." [1]

What were the chances of success on which Robert Emmet counted? What were his plans, and what were, in his opinion, the causes of its failure? These matters can be best explained in Robert Emmet's own words. The following statement of his plans and intentions was drawn up by Robert Emmet, and addressed in the form of a letter to his brother, T. A. Emmet, written after his conviction. That letter was never transmitted to Thomas Addis Emmet, and the latter complained in bitter terms of its being withheld from him.[2]

In a publication ascribed to the under secretary, Mr. Marsden, a sort of *resumée* of the state

[1] Report of the Debate at full length. Published by Mahon. Dublin, 1804.

[2] The late Mr. W. H. Curran informed me that the gentleman to whom T. A. Emmet addressed those complaints had inquiries made after the detained letter of his brother. One side of the letter was discovered at the Castle by an eminent legal functionary, the late Baron Wolfe; and, strange to say, the missing portion was found in London, in the Irish Office, by the gentleman whom T. A. Emmet had addressed on the subject. The authenticity of the document there is no doubt of; indeed, its appearance in Mr. Curran's work is a sufficient proof of that fact.

trials of 1803, it is stated Mr. R. Emmet embraced Dr. Trevor at parting with him, when going to execution, and committed to his charge two letters, one addressed to his brother, enclosing a statement of his plan of insurrection, and the cause of its failure, and another addressed to Mr. Alexander Marsden, who then filled the office of under secretary in the civil department of the chief secretary's office. (The chief secretary to the lord lieutenant then was the Hon. William Wickham.)

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE PLAN OF INSURRECTION IN DUBLIN, AND CAUSE OF ITS FAILURE.[1]

The plan was comprised under three heads: *Points of Attack—Points of Check—and lines of Defence.*

The points of attack were three—the Pigeon-House, the Castle, and the artillery barracks at Island-bridge.

The attack was to begin with the Pigeon House; number of men 200—the place of assembly, the strand, between Irishtown and Sandymount—the time, low water—the men to divide into two bodies—one to cross by a sandbank, between the Pigeon-House and light-house, where they were to mount the wall; the other to cross at Devonshire Wharf; both parties to

[1] Annexed to the copy from which the above has been transcribed is the following memorandum in the handwriting of a gentleman who held a confidential situation under the Irish government: "The original of this paper was delivered by Mr. Emmet, on the morning just before he was brought out to execution, in order to be forwarded to his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, at Paris."

detach three men with blunderbusses, and three with jointed pikes concealed, who were to seize the sentries and the gates for the rest to rush in. Another plan was formed for high water, by means of pleasure or fishing boats going out in the morning, one by one, and returning in the evening to the dock at the Pigeon House, where they were to land. A rocket from this was to be the signal for the other two, viz.:

The Castle—the number of men 200. The place of assembly, Patrick-street depot. A house in Ship-street was expected, also one near the gate. A hundred men to be armed with jointed pikes and blunderbusses, the rest to support them, and march openly with long pikes. To begin by the entrance of two job coaches, hackney coachmen, two footmen, and six persons inside, to drive in at the upper gate into the yard, come out of the coaches, turn back and seize the guard (or, instead of one of the job coaches, a sedan going in at the same time, with two footmen, two chairmen, and one inside); at the same moment a person was, in case of failure, to rap at Lamprey's door, seize it, and let in others, to come down by a scaling ladder from a window, on the top of the guard-house; while attacks were made at a public-house in Ship-street, which has three windows commanding the guard-house; a gate in Stephen-street; another at the Aungier-street end of Great George's-street, leading to the ordnance; another at the new house in George's-street, leading to the riding yard; and another over a piece of a brick wall near the Palace-street gate. Scaling-ladders for all these. Fire-balls, if necessary, for the guard-house of the upper-gate. The lord

lieutenant and principal officers of government, together with the bulk of artillery, to be sent off under an escort to the commander in Wicklow, in case of being obliged to retreat. I forgot to mention that the same was to be done with as much of the Pigeon House stores as could be. Another part, with some artillery, to come into town along the quays and take post at Carlisle bridge, to act according to circumstances.

Island Bridge, 400 men. Place of assembly, quarry-hole opposite, and burying-ground. Eight men with pistols and one with a blunderbuss to seize the sentry walking outside, seize the gates—some to rush in, seize the cannon opposite the gate; the rest to mount on all sides by scaling ladders; on seizing this, to send two cannon over the bridge facing the barrack-road. Another detachment to bring cannon down James's-street, another towards Rathfarnham, as before. To each of the flank points when carried reinforcements to be sent, with horses, &c., to transport the artillery. Island-bridge only to be maintained (a false attack also thought of, after the others had been made, on the rere of the barracks, and if necessary to burn the hay stores in rere).

Three rockets to be the signal that the attack on any part was made, and afterwards a rocket of stars in case of victory; a silent one of repulse.

Another point of attack not mentioned, Cork-street barracks, if the officer could surprise it and set fire to it; if not, to take post in the house (I think in Earl-street, the street at the end of Cork-street leading to New-market, looking down the street with musketry,

two bodies of pikemen in Earl-street), to the right and left of Cork-street, and concealed from troops marching in that street. Another in (I think) Marrowbone-lane to take them in the rere. Place of assembly, fields adjacent or Fenton-fields.

Points of Check.—The old Custom-house, 300 men—gate to be seized and guard disarmed, the gate to be shut or stopped with a load of straw, to be previously in the street. The other small gate to be commanded by musketry, and the bulk of the 300 men to be distributed in Parliament-street, Crane-lane, and those streets falling into Essex-street, in order to attack them if they forced out. The jointed pikes and blunderbusses lying under great coats rendered all these surprises unsuspected: fire-balls, if necessary, and a beam of rockets.

An idea also was, if money had been got, to purchase Rafferty's cheese-shop, opposite to it, to make a depot and assembly; and to mine under and blow up a part of the Custom-house, and attack them in confusion, as also the Castle. The miners would have been got also to mine from a cellar into some of the streets through which the army from the barracks must march. The assembly was at the Coal-quay.

Mary-street barracks, sixty men. A house-painter's house, and one equally removed on the opposite side (No. 36, I believe), whose fire commands the iron gate of the barracks, without being exposed to the fire from it, to be occupied by twenty-four blunderbusses; the remainder, pikemen, to remain near Cole's-lane or to be ready in case of rushing out to attack

them. Assembly, Cole's-lane market, or else detached from Custom-house body.

The corner house in Capel-street (it was Killy Kelly's) commanding Ormond-quay, and Dixon, the shoemaker's (or the house beyond it), which open suddenly on the flank of the army, without being exposed to their fire, to be occupied by blunderbusses; assembly detached from Custom-house body.

Lines of Defence.—Beresford-street has six issues from Church-street, viz., Coleraine-street, King-street, Stirrup-lane, Mary's-lane, Pill-lane, and the quay. These to be chained in the first instance by a body of chainmen; double chains and padlocks were deposited,[1] and the sills of the doors marked. The blockade to be afterwards filled up; that on the quay by bringing up the coaches from the stand, and oversetting them, together with the butchers' blocks from Ormond-market. The houses over the chains to be occupied with hand-grenades, pistols, and stones. Pikemen to parade in Beresford-street, to attack instantly any person that might penetrate; the number 200. Assembly, Smithfield depot, where were 800 pikes for reinforcements. The object was to force the troops to march towards the Castle, by the other side of the water, where the bulk of the preparations and men to receive them were.

Merchants'-quay. In case the army, after passing the Old Bridge, marched that way, Wogan's house, and a Birmingham warehouse next to it, to be occupied with musketry, grenades, and stones; also the leather crane at the other end of the quay; a beam to be

[1] In the original a sketch is given of these double chains.

before the crane, lying across the quay, to be fired at the approach of the enemy's column. A body of pikemen, in Winetavern-street, instantly to rush on them in front; another body in Cook-street to do the same by five lanes opening on their flank, and by Bride-street in their rere. Another beam in Bridge-street, in case of taking that rout, and then Cook-street body to rush out instantly in front, and the quay on the flank.[1] A beam in Dirty-lane; main body of pikemen in Thomas-street to rush on them instantly on firing the beam. The body on the quay to attack in the rere; in case of repulse, Catherine's Church. Market-house, and two houses adjacent that command that street, occupied with musketry. Two rocket batteries near the Market-house, a beam before it; body of pikemen in Swift's-alley, and that range to rush on their flank, after the beam was fired, through Thomas-court, Vicker-street, and three other issues; the corner houses of these issues to be occupied by stones and grenades; the entire of the other side of the street to be occupied with stones, &c.; the flank of this side to be protected by a chain at James's-gate, and Guinness's drays, &c.,

[1] "There was also a chain higher up in Bridge-street, as well as diagonally across John-street and across New-row, as these three issues led into the flank of the Thomas-street line of defence, which it was intended only to leave open at the other flank, as it was meant to make them pass completely through the lines of defence. Wherever there were chains the houses over them were occupied as above, and also such as commanded them in front. For this reason the Birmingham warehouse, looking down Bridge-street, was to be occupied if necessary. There was also to be a rocket battery at the crane, on the quay, and another in Bridge-street. The number of men 300; assembly, Thomas-street depot."

the rere of it to be protected from Cork-street, in case their officer there failed, by chains across Rainsford-street, Crilly's-yard, Meath-street, Ashe-street, and Francis-street. The quay body to co-operate by the issues before mentioned (at the other side), the chains of which would be opened by us immediately. In case of further repulse, the house at the corner of Cutpurse-row, commanding the lanes at each side of the Market-house, the two houses in High-street, commanding that open, and the corner houses of Castle-street, commanding Skinner-row (now Christ-church place), to be successively occupied. In case of a final retreat, the routes to be three—Cork-street, to Templeogue; New-street, Rathfarnham; and Camden-street department. The bridges of the Liffey to be covered six feet deep with boards full of long nails bound down by two iron bars, with spikes eighteen inches long, driven through them into the pavement, to stop a column of cavalry, or even infantry.

The whole of this plan was given up by me for the want of means, except the Castle, and lines of defence; for I expected three hundred Wexford, four hundred Kildare, and two hundred Wicklow men, all of whom had fought before, to begin the surprises at this side of the water, and by the preparations for defence, so as to give time to the town to assemble. The county of Dublin was also to act at the instant it began; the number of Dublin people acquainted with it, I understand to be three or four thousand. I expected two thousand to assemble at Costigan's mills—the grand place of assembly. The evening before, the Wicklow men failed, through their officer. The Kildare men,

who were to act (particularly with me), came in, and at five o'clock went off again, from the Canal harbour, on a report from two of their officers that Dublin would not act. In Dublin itself it was given out, by some treacherous or cowardly person, that it was postponed till Wednesday. The time of assembly was from six till nine; and at nine, instead of two thousand, there were eighty men assembled. When we came to the Market-house they were diminished to eighteen or twenty. The Wexford men did assemble, I believe, to the amount promised, on the Coal-quay; but three hundred men, though they might be sufficient to begin on a sudden, were not so when government had five hours' notice by express from Kildare.

Add to this, the preparations were, from an unfortunate series of disappointments in money, unfinished—scarcely any blunderbusses bought up.

The man who was to turn the fuzes and rammers for the beams forgot them, and went off to Kildare to bring men, and did not return till the very day. The consequence was that all the beams were not loaded nor mounted with wheels, nor the train bags of course fastened on to explode them.

From the explosion in Patrick-street I lost the jointed pikes which were deposited there; and the day of action was fixed on before this, and could not be changed.

I had no means for making up for their loss but by the hollow beams full of pikes, which struck me three or four days before the 23rd. From the delays in getting the materials they were not able to set about them till the day before: the whole of that day and the next, which ought to have been spent in arrange-

ments, was obliged to be employed in work. Even this, from the confusion occasioned by men crowding into the depot from the country, was almost impossible.

The person who had the management of the depot mixed by accident the slow matches that were prepared, with what were not, and all our labour went for nothing.

The fuzes for the grenades he had also laid by, where he forgot them, and could not find them in the crowd.

The cramp irons could not be got in time from the smiths, to whom we would not communicate the necessity of dispatch; and the scaling ladders were not finished (but one). Money came in at five o'clock, and the trusty men of the depot, who alone knew the town, were obliged to be sent out to buy up blunderbusses, for the people refused to act without some. To change the day was impossible, for I expected the counties to act, and feared to lose the advantage of surprise. The Kildare men were coming in for three days, and after that it was impossible to draw back. Had I another week—had I one thousand pounds—had I one thousand men, I would have feared nothing. There was redundancy enough in any one part to have made up, if complete, for deficiency in the rest, but there was failure in all—plan, preparation, and men.

I would have given it the respectability of insurrection, but I did not wish uselessly to shed blood. I gave no signal for the rest, and they all escaped.

I arrived time enough in the country to prevent that part of it which had already gone out with one of my men—to dissuade the neighbourhood from pro-

ceeding. I found that by a mistake of the messenger Wicklow would not rise that night; I sent off to prevent it from doing so the next, at it intended. It offered to rise even after the defeat if I wished it, but I refused. Had it risen, Wexford would have done the same. It began to assemble, but its leader kept it back till he knew the fate of Dublin. In the state Kildare was in it would have done the same. I was repeatedly solicited, by some of those who were with me, to do so, but I constantly refused. The more remote counties did not rise, for want of money to send them the signal agreed on.

I know how men without candour will pronounce on this failure, without knowing one of the circumstances that occasioned it; they will consider only that they predicted it. Whether its failure was caused by chance, or by any of the grounds on which they made their prediction, they will not care; they will make no distinction between a prediction fulfilled and justified—they will make no compromise of errors; they will not recollect that they predicted also that no system could be formed—that no secrecy nor confidence could be restored—that no preparations could be made—that no plan could be arranged—that no day could be fixed without being instantly known at the Castle—that government only waited to let the conspiracy ripen, and crush it at their pleasure—and that on these grounds only did they predict its miscarriage. The very same men that after success would have flattered, will now calumniate. The very same men that would have made an offering of unlimited sagacity at the shrine of victory, will not now be content to take back

that portion that belongs of right to themselves, but would violate the sanctuary of misfortune, and strip her of that covering that candour would have left her.

A great number of arrests were made immediately after the outbreak of the insurrection, some a little later, and several subsequently to the arrest of Robert Emmet.

Messrs. Philip Long, John Hickson, John Hevey, St. John Mason, Nicholas Gray, James Tandy, Henry Hughes, William H. Hamilton, John Palmer, D. Fitzgerald, John Patten, Bernard Coyle, Malachy Delany, William M'Dermott, Daniel Dolan, Daniel Brophy, and Denis Cassin, were arrested and committed to Kilmainham; and in a house opposite that gaol, Messrs. Cloney, Carthy, Dickson, Holmes, &c., were imprisoned.

The gaols were filled with suspected criminals. In the provost of Major Sandys alone, in the month of August, 1803, there were upwards of five hundred people confined, enduring sufferings less deadly, but not much less dreadful than those endured in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The 12th of October, the government issued a proclamation, setting forth that William Dowdall, of the city of Dublin, gent.; John Allen, of do., woollen-draper; William H. Hamilton, of Enniskillen, gent.; Michael Quigley, of Rathcoffy, bricklayer; Owen Lyons, of Maynooth, shoe-maker; Thomas Trenaghan, of Crew-hill,

Kildare, farmer; Michael Stafford, of James's-street, baker; Thomas Frayne, of Boven, Kildare, farmer; Thomas Wylde, of Cork-street, cotton manufacturer; John Mahon, of Cork-street, man servant, who, being charged with high treason, had absconded. A reward was offered of £300 for the arrest of each of the following persons: Messrs. Dowdall, Allen, Hamilton, Quigley, Lyons, and Stafford; and £200 for the discovery of Thomas Frayne, Thomas Wylde, and John Mahon.

A reward of £1,000 was likewise offered for the discovery of the murderers of Lord Kilwarden, or his nephew, Mr. Wolfe—and £50 for each of the first hundred rebels who had appeared in arms in Dublin on the 23rd of July, who should be discovered and prosecuted to conviction.

This was, if not an extensive premium on perjury, certainly a very large temptation to it. It produced the effect, I will not say intended, but most assuredly that might be expected from it. A number of miscreants of the class of Mr. James O'Brien again skulked into public notice, crept into places of public resort, sneaked into court, and swore away the lives of men, who, if faith is to be put in the solemn assurances of individuals of the families of their victims, at this distant date from the period in question, were guiltless of the charges brought against them. Two of the worst of those miscreants were per-

sons of the name of Mahaffey and Ryan. A vast number, moreover, of gentlemen of respectability were taken up; a few were liberated, but the majority were kept in close confinement for nearly three years.

On the 21st of August, 1803, the lord mayor issued a proclamation, commanding all persons, except military men in their uniforms, the members of the privy council, and judges, to keep within their dwellings from nine o'clock at night until six o'clock in the morning; and all persons to affix to their doors a list of the persons inhabiting the same, and any person found in a house not included in that list, would be treated as an idle and disorderly person.

August 16th, 1803, the Dublin papers state that Mr. Philip Long had been arrested and committed to Kilmainham; also, on the 10th of August, that a barrister, Mr. St. John Mason, who had arrived at Nenagh on the 9th, in his own carriage with four horses, had been arrested and sent to Dublin.

In "The London Chronicle" of September the 3rd and 6th, 1803, the following notice appears, taken from the Dublin papers, dated the 29th of August:

A Mr. Houlton, a naval officer, was arrested in Dundalk, and brought up to Dublin in a chaise and four—a suit of rebel's uniform was found on him. When arrested, he was dressed in his naval uniform,

but this was removed, and he was arrayed in the rebel uniform, and thus brought to the Castle.

The above notice of Houlton's arrest is deserving of particular attention. This man was employed by the authorities in a most atrocious conspiracy against the people. The particulars of it will be found in Plowdens's "Post Union History," vol. i. p. 223. "A miscreant of the name of Houlton, of the broadcloth class, speculating on the wickedness and weakness of the government, applied for an interview with Mr. Marsden, and by the latter was brought before the privy council, Lord Redesdale presiding at it. Houlton said he had private information that there were several of Russell's northern adherents embarked in fishermen's boats and some smuggling craft, with the design of surprising the Pigeon-House. He offered his services to government in any way that they might be made useful to the state, and accordingly it was determined by government to send him down to the north, where he was to pass off as a rebel general. Mr. Houlton was equipped with a suit of rebel uniform, and a superb cocked hat and feathers, provided by the government; for the latter alone they paid seven guineas. Houlton made no stipulations for reward; for his expenses he consented to receive £100. Lord Redesdale, pleased with his modesty, no less than his zeal in

the service of government, in the first instance spoke of five hundred guineas being at his disposal. When the government had fully equipped Mr. Houlton in his rebel uniform, he was sent on his mission," says Plowden, "to Belfast, to tempt, to proselytize, to deceive, and to betray. Instructions were sent down to Sir Charles Ross, who then commanded in Belfast, to apprise him that the rebel general was a confidential servant of the Castle, and was not to be interrupted or interfered with, but was to be aided and assisted as he should desire and suggest; the express was forwarded by an orderly dragoon. Houlton, however, had set off in a post-chaise-and-four, and arrived in Belfast long before the dragoon, and immediately after his arrival commenced business in a tavern in the town, where he talked treason in so undisguised a manner as to excite astonishment. Information was given to the commanding officer, Sir Charles Ross—the man was arrested, and, by Sir Charles Ross's orders, he was dressed in his rebel uniform, and paraded round the town, and was then committed to gaol. At length Sir Charles Ross received the instructions of the government. The plot was marred —it only remained to send the ill-starred informer back to his employers under a military escort, and on his arrival he was punished for his failure, to his utter astonishment, by being committed to Kilmainham. There he frankly ac-

quainted the state prisoners with the whole of his unlucky mission; after some time he was liberated, and rewarded with an inconsiderable appointment on the coast of Africa." In the pamphlet entitled "Pedro Zendono," this unfortunate wretch is spoken of as being in confinement in Kilmainham in 1804, as having been originally brought forward, chosen for his mission by Dr. Trevor, and, after its failure and his imprisonment, as having menaced Trevor with unpleasant disclosures, which caused his being treated for some time with extraordinary severity. In Major Sirr's correspondence with the informers of 1798 and 1803, it will be found he was in communication in both years with a midshipman in the navy, who went by the name of Morgan.

Sarah Curran

Daughter of John Philpot Curran and Fiancée of Robert Emmet From a Painting by George Romney in the Possession of the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby

CHAPTER VI

ANNE DEVLIN

SIXTEEN years ago, when my inquiries were particularly directed to the subject of this memoir, there was probably but one person then living who could give a correct account of the events which transpired the night of the 23rd, after the flight of the leaders and the rout of their followers, so far as regarded the principal person among them. That person was Anne Devlin, in 1803, a young woman of about 25 or 26 years of age, the daughter of a man in comfortable circumstances for one in his station in life, a cow-keeper on a large scale, in the neighbourhood of Butterfield-lane; his establishment and the land he occupied were in sight of the house tenanted by Robert Emmet. Anne Devlin was a niece of the Wicklow outlaw or hero, Michael Dwyer; her cousin, Arthur Devlin, was one of Emmet's right-hand men; and a brother of hers was likewise one of his agents. When Emmet took the house in Butterfield-lane, Anne Devlin was sent by her father to assist in taking care of it, and act as servant to Mr. Emmet. It was not with-

out much difficulty I found out her place of abode in the year 1842. She was then living in John's-lane, in a stable-yard, the first gateway in the lane on the right hand side leading from New Row.

Her husband, a decent poor man of the name of Campbell, as well as herself, I found had some knowledge of my family, and I needed no other introduction. Mrs. Campbell, whom I will continue to call by her best known name, Anne Devlin, was then far advanced in years, contributing by hard labour to the support of her family. Will the prestige of the heroine fade away when it is told that she was a common washerwoman, living in a miserable hovel, utterly unnoticed and unknown, except among the poor of her own class?

STATEMENT OF ANNE DEVLIN.

On the 23rd of July, at about eleven o'clock at night, Robert Emmet, Nicholas Stafford, Michael Quigley, Thomas Wylde, John Mahon, John Hevey, and the two Perrotts from Naas, came to the house, at Butterfield-lane. She first saw them outside of the house, in the yard; she was at that moment sending off a man on horseback with ammunition in a sack, and bottles filled with powder. She called out, "Who is there?" Robert Emmet answered, "It's me, Anne." She said, "Oh, bad welcome to you, is the world lost by you, you cowards that you are, to lead the people to destruction, and then to leave them." Robert Emmet

said, "Don't blame me, the fault is not mine." They then came in; Quigley was present, but they did not upbraid him. Emmet and the others told her afterwards that Quigley was the cause of the failure.

Michael Quigley had been constantly in the store in Thomas-street. On the 23rd his conduct was thought extraordinary; he rushed into the depot shortly before nine o'clock, and said he had been looking down Dirty-lane and saw the army coming; he ran in, exclaiming, "All is lost—the army is coming." Robert Emmet said, "If that be the case we may as well die in the streets as cooped up here." It was then he rushed out, and the rout took place. Robert Emmet ran down Patrick-street and the Coombe, crying out "Turn out, turn out;" but no one came out. He was attacked by some soldiers on the Coombe, but got off. They stopped at Butterfield-lane that night and next day, and at night, about ten o'clock, fled to the mountains, when they got information that the house was to be searched. Her (Anne's) father, who kept a dairy close by, got horses for three of them, and went with them.

Rose Hope, the wife of James Hope, had been there keeping the house also.[1] The reason of their stopping there that night was, that Emmet expected Dwyer and the mountaineers down in the morning by break of day,

[1] Rose Hope resided also at Butterfield-lane, and assisted in keeping the house for Mr. Emmet; she was then nursing a baby —her other children were in Dublin, and she had to go back and forwards between Butterfield-lane and the place where her children were taken care of. Anne Devlin was in the same capacity in the house in Butterfield-lane at different periods. Rose Hope was a Presbyterian, but had four of her children baptized by a Roman Catholic clergyman.

but Dwyer had not got Emmet's previous letter, and had heard of Emmet's defeat only the next day, and therefore did not come. Mr. Emmet and his companions first went to Doyle's in the mountains, and thence to the Widow Bagenell's. Anne Devlin and Miss Wylde, the sister of Mrs. Mahon, two or three days after, went up to the mountains in a jingle with letters for them. They found Robert Emmet and his associates at the Widow Bagenell's, sitting on the side of the hill; some of them were in their uniform, for they had no other clothes.

Robert Emmet insisted on coming back with her (Anne) and her companions; he parted with them before they came to Rathfarnham, but she (Anne Devlin) knows not where he went that night, but in a day or two after he sent for her to take a letter to Miss Curran; he was then staying at Mrs. Palmer's, at Harold's-cross.

Major Sirr had positive information of Robert Emmet's place of concealment at Harold's-cross; he was directed to give a single rap at the door, and was informed that he would find Mr. Emmet in the parlour. She (Anne Devlin) overheard a conversation, while in confinement in Kilmainham, in which it was stated that the major's informer was a person who had been with Robert Emmet in the morning.[1] Biddy Palmer was very intimate with him, but she would never have been untrue to him. The day after the gentleman went away from Butterfield-lane a troop of yeomen came with a magistrate, and searched the house. Every place was ransacked from top to bottom. As for herself

[1] The allusion, I believe, is to a person of the name of Lacey.

(Anne Devlin) she was seized on when they first rushed in, as if they were going to tear down the house. She was kept below by three or four of the yeomen with their fixed bayonets pointed at her, and so close to her body that she could feel their points. When the others came down she was examined. She said she knew nothing in the world about the gentlemen, except that she was the servant maid; where they came from, and where they went to, she knew nothing about; and so long as her wages were paid she cared to know nothing else about them.

The magistrate pressed her to tell the truth—he threatened her with death if she did not tell; she persisted in asserting her total ignorance of Mr. Ellis's acts and movements, and of those of all the other gentlemen. At length the magistrate gave the word to hang her, and she was dragged into the court-yard to be executed. There was a common car there—they tilted up the shafts and fixed a rope from the back band that goes across the shafts, and while these preparations were making for her execution, the yeomen kept her standing against the wall of the house, prodding her with their bayonets in the arms and shoulders till she was all over covered with blood (a young woman then of about twenty-six years of age), and saying to her at every thrust of the bayonet, "Will you confess now; will you tell now where is Mr. Ellis?" Her constant answer was, "I have nothing to tell, I will tell nothing!!!"

The rope was at length put about her neck; she was dragged to the place where the car was converted into a gallows; she was placed under it, and the end of the

rope was passed over the back-band. The question was put to her for the last time, "Will you confess where Mr. Ellis is?" Her answer was, "You may murder me, you villains, but not one word about him will you ever get from me." She had just time to say, "The Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul," when a tremendous shout was raised by the yeomen; the rope was pulled by all of them except those who held down the back part of the car, and in an instant she was suspended by the neck. After she had been thus suspended for two or three minutes her feet touched the ground, and a savage yell of laughter recalled her to her senses. The rope round her neck was loosened, and her life was spared—she was let off with half-hanging. She was then sent to town, and brought before Major Sirr.

No sooner was she brought before Major Sirr, than he, in the most civil and coaxing manner, endeavoured to prevail on her to give information respecting Robert Emmet's place of concealment. The question continually put to her was, "Well, Anne, all we want to know is, where did he go to from Butterfield-lane?" He said he would undertake to obtain for her the sum (he did not call it reward) of £500, which he added "was a fine fortune for a young woman," only to tell against persons who were not her relations; that all the others of them had confessed the truth—which was not true—and that they were sent home liberated, which was also a lie.

The author said to her with becoming gravity, "You took the money, of course." The look the woman gave was one that would have made an

admirable subject for a painter—a regard in which wonder, indignation, and misgiving of the seriousness of the person who addressed her, were blended—"Me take the money—the price of Mr. Robert's blood! No; I spurned the rascal's offer."

The major, went on coaxing and trying to persuade her to confess. He said everything had been told to him by one of her associates. Nay, what's more, he repeated word for word what she had said to Mr. Robert the night of the 23rd, when he came back to Butterfield-lane—"Bad welcome to you," &c. One of the persons present with him then must have undoubtedly been an informer. After she had been some time in Kilmainham, Mr. Emmet was arrested and sent to that prison. Dr. Trevor had frequently talked to her about him; but she never "let on" that she had any acquaintance with him. At this time she was kept in solitary confinement for refusing to give information. One day the doctor came and spoke to her in a very good-natured way, and said she must have some indulgence, she must be permitted to take exercise in the yard. The turnkey was ordered to take her to the yard, and he accordingly did so; but when the yard-door was open, who should she see walking very fast up and down the yard but Mr. Robert. She thought she would have dropped. She saw the faces of people watching her, at a grated window that looked into the yard, and her only dread was that Mr. Robert on recognising her would speak to her; but she kept her face away, and walked up and down on the other side;

and when they had crossed one another several times, at last they met at the end. She took care, when his eyes met hers, to have a frown on her face, and her finger raised to her lips. He passed on as if he had never seen her—but he knew her well; and the half smile that came over his face, and passed off in a moment, could hardly have been observed, except by one who knew every turn of his countenance. The doctor's plot failed; she was taken back to her cell, and there was no more taking of air exercise then for her.

She was in Kilmainham, a close prisoner, when Robert Emmet was executed. She was kept locked up in a solitary cell, and indeed always, with a few exceptions, was kept so during her confinement the first year. The day after his execution she was taken from gaol to the Castle, to be examined, through Thomas-street. The gaoler had given orders to stop the coach at the scaffold where Robert Emmet was executed. It was stopped there, and she was forced to look at his blood, which was still plain enough to be seen sprinkled over the deal boards.

At the latter end of her confinement, some gentlemen belonging to the Castle had come to the gaol and seen her in her cell. She told them her sad story, and it was told by them to the lord lieutenant. From that time her treatment was altogether different; she was not only allowed the range of the women's ward, but was permitted to go outside the prison, and three or four times, accompanied by her sister and Mrs. Dwyer and one of the turnkeys, was taken to the Spa at Lucan for the benefit of her health; for she was then crippled in

her limbs, more dead than alive, hardly able to move hand or foot.

At length Mr. Pitt died; it was a joyful day for Ireland. The prisons were thrown open, where many an honest person had lain since the month of July, 1803.

The whole family of the Devlins, with the exception of a boy, James Devlin, and a girl of tender years, had been thrown into prison at the same time that Anne Devlin was arrested. The old man, Bryan Devlin, his wife, son, and daughter, were at one time all inmates of Kilmainham gaol. By Dr. Trevor's orders, Anne Devlin was kept constantly in solitary confinement; and the plea for the continuance of this rigorous treatment was the abusive language which the prisoner never failed to address to Dr. Trevor when he made his appearance at the door of her cell. She admits that this was the fact; that she knew he was everything that was vile and bad, and "it eased her mind to tell him what she thought." On some occasions when he left the prisoner, the wife of the gaoler, an Englishwoman, used to come to her cell, let her out privately, and bring her to her own apartments for an hour or two at a time, and give her wine and nourishing things. This kept her alive and helped her to recover her senses. Without the kindness of the gaoler's wife she never could have recovered. On one occasion Dr. Trevor came unexpectedly

and discovered that she had been let out of her cell. His rage was dreadful. He cursed her, and she returned his maledictions curse for curse.

In the latter part of 1804, on some pretence of enforcing sanatory regulations, Anne Devlin was removed from the new prison at Kilmainham, where her father was then confined, and sent to the old gaol, and after some time was brought back to Kilmainham. Some communications between the father and daughter had been discovered, and in this way an end was put to them. The poor old man had still one comfort left to him. A young lad, his favourite child, had been permitted for some time to remain in his cell with him. An order came from Dr. Trevor, in the month of March, 1805, to separate father and child. The latter, then sick of fever, was torn from him one night, and forced to walk more than a mile to the other prison; and the pretence for this removal was that the boy had visited his sister in the old prison, and this was an infringement of the sanatory regulations of the prison. The boy was sent to the old gaol, and, as Dr. Trevor asserted, was humanely permitted to remain with his sister Anne. The poor boy had nowhere to go; his father and mother, and nearly all his relatives, were in gaol. He had not been long removed when he died in the old gaol, under Dr. Trevor's care. Mr. Edward Kennedy, one of the state prisoners, characterised

the occurrence in question as "a very foul transaction." Dr. Trevor, in his reply to the charge, brought forward his man, George Dunn, the gaoler, to swear an affidavit for him, as he was wont to do on any occasion when the doctor's credit was damaged or endangered.[1] He likewise produced a turnkey and a gaol apothecary to swear to his humanity. The latter swore that after the death of the boy, when Dr. Trevor came into the cell, Anne Devlin was violent in her abuse; she cursed the doctor when he spoke to her of examining the dead body of her brother.

The state prisoners of Kilmainham gaol addressed a memorial to the viceroy, Lord Hardwicke, the 12th of August, 1804, complaining of the hardships they suffered, and of the barbarous and tyrannical conduct of the Inspector of Prisons and Superintendent in particular of Kilmainham, Dr. Trevor. This memorial was signed by fourteen of them, amongst others by Messrs. Patten, Hickson, Tandy, Long, and Mason. The following passage refers to the treatment of Anne Devlin: "His treatment of all, but especially of one unfortunate state prisoner, a female, is shocking to humanity, and exceeds credibility. He drives, through exasperation, the mind to madness, of which instances have already occurred." [2]

[1] *Vide* "Dr. Trevor's Statement," p. 22.

[2] Memoir of St. J. Mason's Imprisonment, p. 11. Dublin: 1807.

Mr. James Tandy states, during his imprisonment, "Two of the state prisoners were discharged in a state of the most violent delirium;" and a third, from the cruelty of incarceration, was for a length of time in a strait waistcoat.[1]

The extraordinary sufferings endured, and the courage and fidelity displayed by this young woman have few parallels, even in the history of those times which tried people's souls, and called forth the best, occasionally, as well as the basest of human feelings. She was tortured, frightfully maltreated, her person goaded and pricked with bayonets, hung up by the neck, and was only spared to be exposed to temptations, to be subjected to new and worse horrors than any she had undergone, to suffer solitary confinement, to be daily tormented with threats of further privations, till her health broke down, and her mind was shattered, and after years of sufferings in the same prison, when others of her family were confined without any communication with them, she was turned adrift on the world, without a house to return to, or friends or relations to succour or to shelter her. And yet this noble creature preserved through all her sufferings, and through forty subsequent years, the same devoted feelings of attachment to that being and his memory which she had exhibited under the torture, in

[1] "Appeal to the Public," by James Tandy, p. 72. Dublin: 1807.

her solitary cell in Kilmainham gaol, in her communications with the terrorists and the petty tyrants of the Castle and the gaol.

And yet the heroism of this woman is a matter for Irishmen of any rank—ay, of the highest rank—to be proud of. The true nobility of nature displayed by this poor creature of plebeian origin under all her sufferings—the courage exhibited in the face of death, in the midst of torture, by this low-born woman—the fidelity and attachment of this menial servant to a beloved master, proof against all fears, superior to all threats and temptations—will not be forgotten. The day will come when the name of Anne Devlin, the poor, neglected creature who, when I knew her, was dragging out a miserable existence, struggling with infirmity and poverty, will be spoken of with feelings of kindness not unmixed with admiration!

In the summer of 1843, accompanied by Anne Devlin, I proceeded to Butterfield-lane, to ascertain the fact of the existence or non-existence of the house in which Robert Emmet had resided for some months, in 1803. For a length of time our search was fruitless. The recollection of a locality at the expiration of forty years is a very dim sort of reminiscence. There was no house in the lane the exterior of which reminded my conductress of her old scene of suffering. At length her eye caught an old range of buildings

at some distance, like the offices of a farm-house. This she at once recognized as part of the premises of her father, and she soon was able to point out the well-known fields around it, which had once been in her father's possession. The house, alongside of which we were standing, on the right-hand side of the lane going from Rathfarnham-road, she said must be the house of Mr. Emmet, though the entrance was entirely altered; however, the position of an adjoining house left little doubt on her mind. We knocked at the door, and I found the house was inhabited by a lady of my acquaintance, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman who had been, strange to say, the college friend and most intimate acquaintance of Robert Emmet, the late Dr. Hayden, of Rathcoole.

The lady of the house, in whom I discovered an acquaintance, left us in no doubt on the subject of the locality—we were in the house that had been tenanted by Robert Emmet. The scene that ensued is one more easily conceived than described. We were conducted over the house—my aged companion at first in silence, and then, as if slowly awaking from a dream, rubbing her dim eyes, and here and there pausing for some moments when she came to some recognized spot. On the ground-floor she pointed out a small room, on the left-hand of the entrance—"That's the room where Mr. Dowdall and Mr. Hamilton

used to sleep." The entrance has been changed from about the centre to the right-hand end; the window of a small room there has been converted into the door-way, and the room itself into the hall. "This," said Anne Devlin, "was my room; I know it well—my mattress used to be in that corner." There was one place every corner and cranny of which she seemed to have a familiar acquaintance with, and that was the kitchen. On the upper floor, the principal bed-room at the present time attracted her particular attention; she stood for some time gazing into the room from the door-way; I asked her whose room it had been. It was a good while before I got an answer in words, but her trembling hands, and the few tears which came from a deep source, and spoke of sorrow of an old date, left no necessity to repeat that question—it was the room of Robert Emmet. Another on the same floor was that of Russell.

They slept on mattresses on the floor—there was scarcely any furniture in the house; they often went out after dark, seldom or never in the day-time. They were always in good spirits, and Mr. Hamilton used often to sing—he was a very good singer; Mr. Robert sometimes hummed a tune, but he was no great singer, but he was the best and kindest hearted of all the persons she had ever known; he was too good for many of those who were about him. Of Russell

she spoke in terms hardly less favourable than those in which she expressed her opinions of Emmet. She mentioned the names of some gentlemen who occasionally visited them, some of whom are still living. At the rear of the house, in the court-yard, she pointed out the spot where she had undergone the punishment of half-hanging, and while she did so there was no appearance of emotions, such at least as one might expect recalled terror might produce, but there were very evident manifestations of feelings of another kind, of as lively a remembrance of the wrongs and outrages that had been inflicted on her, as if they had been endured but the day before, and of as keen a sense of those indignities and cruelties, as if her cowardly assailants had been before her, and those withered hands of hers had power to grapple with them.

The exterior of the house she could not recognize—some of the windows had been altered, an addition had been built to it at one end, the wall round the court-yard is new, and the outer gate near the garden wall was not where it formerly stood. A considerable quantity of ammunition and some pikes, on the night of the 23rd, or the night following, were buried in the adjoining fields, but of the precise spot where, she had no recollection.

In the former edition of this work I made an ineffectual appeal to the public in behalf of Anne

Devlin. I ventured to remind my readers that she was then living in poverty, and that those (whatever might be their politics) who thought that fortitude in the midst of terrors, and unshaken fidelity to a master in the time of adversity, were manifestations of noble qualities and worthy of commendation, might also remember that they were entitled to some recompense. No reward could compensate their possessor for her sufferings, but some assistance might contribute to her comfort for the short time she had to live. The only assistance she ever got from any person, from the day of Robert Emmet's death, she told me, was subsequently to her liberation, when a sum of money, somewhere about £10, was subscribed for her, she knew not by whom, but it came into her hands through Mr. Edward Kennedy, a timber merchant of Newstreet, who had been confined in Kilmainham.

Anne Devlin died, after a long life of drudgery, in a wretched house in the Liberty, in September, 1851. I had occasionally seen her, and assisted her from time to time, to a very small extent, indeed, and at long intervals of years of absence from Ireland. About the middle of September, 1851, on my return from the Continent, I went to her former place of abode, but found she had left it some months before, and there were no tidings of her except that she was living somewhere in the Liberty. At length I

ascertained her place of abode, and the result of my inquiries is stated in the following extract of a communication of mine which appeared in "The Nation" newspaper of the 27th of September, 1851:

Four years ago an appeal was made in "The Nation" on the behalf of Anne Devlin, which was in some small degree responded to—very, very inadequately, however. Afterwards we lost sight of her entirely. So, it seems, did others of her friends, until it was too late. But last week, a gentleman who always took the warmest interest in this noble creature, was informed that she was still living in a miserable garret of No. 2, Little Elbow-lane, a squalid alley running from the Coombe to Pimlico. On this day week he sought that wretched abode; but she had died two days previously, and had been buried in Glasnevin on the preceding day. A young woman, with an ill-fed infant in her arms, apparently steeped in poverty, but kindly-looking and well-mannered, in whose room Anne Devlin had lodged, said—"The poor creature, God help her, it was well for her she was dead. There was a coffin got from the Society for her, and she was buried the day before." To the inquiry, what complaint she had died of, the answer was—"She was old and weak, indeed, but she died mostly of want. She had a son, but he was not able to do much for her, except now and then to pay her lodging, which was fivepence a-week. He lived away from her, and so did her daughter, who was a poor widow, and was hard enough set to get a living for herself. About ten or twelve days ago a gentleman

(she believed of the name of Meehan) called there, and gave the old woman something. Only for this she would not have lived as long as she did. She was very badly off, not only for food, but for bed-clothes. Nearly all the rags she had to cover her went, at one time or another, to get a morsel of bread."

My next inquiry was after her remains. Thanks to the admirable mode of burial registration in the cemetery of Glasnevin, and the facilities afforded me by the secretary of the committee, the spot was speedily ascertained—in that portion of the cemetery set apart for pauper burials. In a few days, the assistance of four friends enabled me to have her remains removed to that part of the cemetery which is in most request, very near the spot where the remains of O'Connell are deposited. The usual fees paid for such removals were remitted on this occasion, and for permission to have a monument erected over the grave, not unworthy of the place or the person, it seemed to me desirable should not be forgotten.

Over the inscription, the most suitable of all emblems, the cross, is sculptured, and underneath the inscription there is a device that is thought an appropriate one on the tombstone over the grave of the faithful servant of Robert Emmet—an Irish wolf-dog, couching on a bank of shamrocks, with an earnest look and a watchful expression. The following are the words inscribed on the

tomb of Anne Devlin; and few graves in that cemetery are more visited and gazed on by visitors with deeper interest, than that in which the remains of this poor old woman are deposited:

To the memory of Anne Devlin (Campbell),
The faithful servant of Robert Emmet,
Who possessed some rare and noble qualities:
Who lived in obscurity and poverty, and so died,
The 18th of September, 1851,
Aged 70 years.

When Emmet fled to the mountains, he found the Wicklow insurgents bent on prosecuting their plans, and making an immediate attack on some of the principal towns in that county. Emmet, to his credit, being then convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle, had determined to withhold his sanction from any further effort; convinced, as he then was, that it could only lead to the effusion of blood, but to no successful issue. His friends pressed him to take immediate measures for effecting his escape, but unfortunately he resisted their solicitations; he had resolved on seeing one person before he could make up his mind to leave the country, and that person was dearer to him than life—Sarah Curran, the youngest daughter of the celebrated advocate, John Philpot Curran. With the hope of obtaining an interview with her, if possible, before his intended departure—of corresponding with her—and of seeing her pass by Harold's-

cross, which was the road from her father's country-house, near Rathfarnham, to Dublin, he returned to his old lodgings at Mrs. Palmer's. During the time he remained there, he drew up a paper which he intended to have transmitted to the government, in the hope of inducing it to put a stop to the prosecutions and executions which were then going on. The rough draught of this paper was found in the room he occupied when he was arrested.

The contents were as follows:

It may appear strange, that a person avowing himself to be an enemy of the present government, and engaged in a conspiracy for its overthrow, should presume to suggest an opinion to that government on any part of its conduct, or could hope that advice coming from such authority might be received with attention. The writer of this, however, does not mean to offer an opinion on any point on which he must of necessity feel differently from any of those whom he addresses, and on which, therefore, his conduct might be doubted. His intention is to confine himself entirely to those points on which, however widely he may differ from them in others, he has no hesitation in declaring, that as a man he feels the same interest with the merciful part, and as an Irishman with at least the English part of the present administration; and, at the same time, to communicate to them, in the most precise terms, that line of conduct which he may hereafter be compelled to adopt, and which, however painful it must under any circumstances be, would become doubly so if he was

not conscious of having tried to avoid it by the most distinct notification. On the two first of these points, it is not the intention of the undersigned, for the reason he has already mentioned, to do more than state, what government itself must acknowledge—that of the present conspiracy it knows (comparatively speaking) nothing. That instead of creating terror in its enemies or confidence in its friends, it will only serve, by the scantiness of its information, to furnish additional grounds of invective to those who are but too ready to censure it for a want of intelligence which no sagacity could have enabled them to obtain. That if it is not able to terrify by a display of its discoveries, it cannot hope to crush by the weight of its punishments. Is it only now we are to learn that entering into conspiracy exposes us to be hanged? Are the scattered instances which will now be brought forward necessary to exemplify the statute? If the numerous and striking examples which have already preceded were insufficient —if government can neither by novelty of punishment nor the multitude of its victims, impress us with terror —can it hope to injure the body of a conspiracy so impenetrably woven as the present, by cutting off a few threads from the end of it!

That with respect to the second point, no system, however it may change the nature, can affect the period of the contest that is to take place; as to which, the exertions of the United Irishmen will be guided only by their own opinion of the eligibility of the moment for effecting the emancipation of their country.

That administration—, *cetera desunt.*

On the 25th of August Emmet was arrested

at Mrs. Palmer's, at Harold's-cross, at about seven o'clock in the evening, by Major Sirr, who, according to the newspaper accounts, "did not know his person till he was brought to the Castle, where he was identified by a gentleman of the College."[1] The writers of those accounts knew little of the "*finesse*" of an Irish Fouché, and the police-office refinement of his conduct towards his informers on such occasions. Sirr played the same game precisely in Russell's case, at a later period.

The major's account of the arrest of Emmet, as subsequently given in evidence on his trial, was to the following effect. On the evening of the 25th of August, he went to the house of one Palmer, at Harold's-cross; had heard there was a stranger in the back parlour; rode there, accompanied by a man on foot, who knocked at the door; on its being opened by a little girl, the daughter of Mrs. Palmer, the major alighted, and ran immediately into the back parlour; he desired the woman and the little girl to withdraw, and then asked the prisoner his name; he

[1] Dr. Elrington, Provost of Trinity College, had been previously applied to by the major, through *a lady*, for a description of Emmet's person, and that description was furnished by him!!! A provost scanning the features of the students of the college over which he presided, and furnishing the agents of police with the results of his observations, with the view of getting a particular *alumnus* clapped into gaol, and in due course of law hanged, has something exceedingly revolting in it, and more disgusting than many of the vilest acts of even Sirr himself.

said his name was Cunningham. The man who accompanied the major was then left in charge of the prisoner by the major, while he went into the next room to make inquiries of Mrs. Palmer, who said the prisoner's name was Hewitt. The major went back and asked him how long he had been there; he said he came that morning. He had attempted to escape before the major returned, for he was bloody, and the man said he had knocked him down with a pistol. The major then went to Mrs. Palmer, who said the prisoner had lodged there for a month. He judged he was a person of importance. When the major first went into the back parlour there was a paper on a chair which he seized (the paper intended to have been transmitted to the government). The major then went to the canal bridge for a guard, having desired them to be in readiness as he passed by. He planted a sentry over the prisoner, and desired the non-commissioned officers to surround the house with sentries while he searched it. The major then examined Mrs. Palmer and took down her account of the prisoner, during which time he heard a noise as if an escape was attempted. He instantly ran to the back of the house, as the most likely part for him to get out at; he saw him going off, and ordered a sentinel to fire, and then he pursued the fugitive, regardless of the order. The sentry snapped, but the musket did not go off. He

overtook the prisoner, and he said "I surrender." The major searched him, and found some papers upon him.

On the major's expressing concern at the necessity of the prisoner's being treated so roughly, he (the prisoner) observed "that all was fair in war." The prisoner, when brought to the Castle, acknowledged that his name was Emmet.[1]

Leonard, the old gardener of Dr. Emmet, told me the informer against Mr. Emmet was generally supposed by the friends of the latter to have been one of the state prisoners, of the name of Malachy, who had been implicated in the rebellion of 1798, and was let out of Newgate, where he was confined, for the purpose of finding out and disclosing Emmet's retreat; and that Malachy had got information from a French emigrant, who was acquainted with Robert Emmet, of his being at Harold's-cross. There is an account in the Dublin papers, and in Major Sirr's correspondence, of the arrest of a French emigrant on the night after the outbreak, in Dame-street, by Major Sirr. Who the person of the Christian name of Malachy is, referred to by Leonard, I have not been able to ascertain. A Mr. Malachy Dwyer was in the receipt of a secret-service pension of £52 a-year.

"The London Chronicle" of October the 8th and 10th, 1803, cites the following paragraph

[1] Ridgeway's Report of the Trial of Robert Emmet, p. 75.

from the Dublin papers of the 4th of October:

Malachy Delany, Esq., of the county of Kildare, who was tried and acquitted at the last assizes of the county, was arrested on Friday last, in consequence of information given to Major Sirr, and committed to Kilmainham gaol.

In the appendix will be found a notice of Malachy Delany, and it is only necessary to state here, that there appear to me to be no solid grounds for the suspicions of his integrity which have been entertained.

There was a gentleman of the name of Daniel Carty, or Carthy, arrested soon after the outbreak in July, of whom Mr. Hickson, one of the state prisoners, made mention, in an account given me of some of the persons in confinement whom he had previously met at Mr. Long's in Crow-street. Mr. Hickson informed me, that some time previously to the 23rd of July, he had supped at Philip Long's with Emmet, Cloney, Carthy, Allen, Gray, and Hughes. Carthy had been engaged in the former rebellion; he was a sort of gentleman. Trevor, in Kilmainham gaol, one day when in conversation with Mr. Hickson, was very desirous of getting an admission from him of his knowledge of the parties engaged in Emmet's business. Mr. Hickson was protesting his ignorance of the plans of the former when Trevor, in a whisper, said, "With

whom did you sup at Long's on such a night?"—naming the particular occasion above referred to. Mr. Hickson was astonished, and well might be so. Carthy was then kept in confinement in a house where informers used to be domiciled in 1798; but in 1803 many persons of a very different kind had been confined there: this place was called the "Stag House;" it was opposite to Kilmainham gaol. Carthy, however, was not suspected, but another individual was, Mr. C—ney, who was then confined in the gaol. A convict of the name of Darby used to wait on the state prisoners; this man told some of them that a certain person in the gaol, on a particular day, had been writing a statement for Dr. Trevor, containing information respecting the insurrection. This person was invited into their mess-room, and Nicholas Gray, after the punch had circulated freely, took the copy of the paper from the pocket of the gentleman in question, who was called "the general."

Mr. Leonard M'Nally, the barrister, is said by some others—on what grounds I know not—to be the person from whom the information of Emmet's place of concealment was obtained.

It may tend to turn those ill-founded suspicions to a quarter where perfidity, duly recognized and recompensed, is officially recorded, to show who were the parties who were receivers of secret-service money in 1802-3. The following

are some of the items in the secret-service money list:

	£	s.	d.
6th February, 1802.—Major Sirr, for John Beckett, three others, and Dan Car, in full of their claims on government - - - - - - - - - -	328	8	9
20th February, 1802.—Major Sirr, for Mrs. O'Brien, John Neile, Francis Devlin, and two others, in full of their claims, - - - - - - - - - -	300	0	0
2nd May, 1803.—Mr. Marsden, for Quigley, - - - - - - - - -	40	0	0
13th June, 1803.—Major Sirr, for Hayden, - - - - - - - - - -	22	15	0
25th August, 1803.—Mr. Pollock, for L. M., - - - - - - - - - -	110	0	0
14th September, 1803.—Mr. Marsden, for L. M., - - - - - - - - - -	100	0	0
13th October, 1803.—Dr. Trevor, for Ryan and Mahaffey, - - - - -	100	0	0
15th October, 1803.—Major Sirr, for informer for Howley and Condon, -	56	17	6
1st November, 1803.—Finlay and Co., account of Richard Jones, - - -	1000	0	0

The last-mentioned item, there can be little doubt, was the reward for the apprehension of Robert Emmet, on the 25th of August, 1803, paid into Finlay's bank to the account of the person named Richard Jones, to be handed over by him to the informer. The circumstance of

lodging the money, in this case, in the hands of a banker, leads to the conclusion that the informer was not a person in an humble rank of life. There are persons who would be able to state who the gentleman was of the name of Richard Jones, who had an account open in Finlay's bank, in 1803. Who the informer was remains unknown. The only object in desiring that he should be known is that the names of persons suspected unjustly should be rescued from unfounded suspicion.

Previously to the trial of Robert Emmet, an attempt was made to effect his escape from prison. Arrangements had been made, in the event of the success of this attempt, to have him conveyed on board a vessel called the "Erin," from which he was to have been landed at some continental port.

The principal agent through whom the negotiations were carried on in Kilmainham was Mr. St. John Mason, the cousin of Robert Emmet. From that gentleman I received the following information of the attempt and its failure. The documents which are subjoined to this account, disclose the whole proceedings of the persons who were parties to the proposed attempt. One of these documents, bearing the signature of "Verax," there can be no impropriety now in stating, was written by Mr. St. John Mason. It

is needless to offer any comment on the barbarity of the conduct of those persons who suffered the hopes of the unfortunate prisoner to be raised, and when they had been wound up to the highest pitch of expectation, dashed them to the ground, and claimed the merit of a faithful adherence to their duty. Where could this wickedness have been perpetrated and rewarded, except in Ireland?

Mr. St. John Mason informs me that he received a note from Robert Emmet, stating that he wished him to offer George Dunn, one of the turnkeys, a sum of money, from £500 to £1000, on the condition of his favouring and effecting his (Robert Emmet's) escape.

Mason made the communication to G. Dunn, to which the latter agreed. The idea originated with Trevor and George Dunn, and by some means (by one of the turnkeys, named M'Sally, I am informed by another of the state prisoners) was communicated to Emmet. Mason wrote to Robert Emmet to recommend him to have the money not given at once to Dunn, but to have it secured to him, and not to think of Dunn's accompanying him. The project fell to the ground; all the letters of Mason were sent to the Secretary of State, by the head gaoler of Kilmainham, Mr. John Dunn.

Extract from "The Times," 9th December, 1841:

ROBERT EMMET AND THE GAOLER OF KILMAINHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

Paris, 2nd December.

Sir—The London newspapers which arrived here on Monday contained the following article:

"Extract of a letter from Dublin, 27th November.—Mr. G. Dunn, the governor of Kilmainham prison, Dublin, for the last forty years, expired on Thursday, leaving a numerous family behind him. When Emmet was under his charge for high treason, an immense sum of money, by way of bribe, with an offer of a free passage to America, was made him, if he allowed his prisoner to go free; but the honesty of Mr. Dunn spurned the bribe."

Mr. George Dunn, the person above-mentioned, had *not* been the governor of Kilmainham prison, Dublin, for the last forty years. The rest, about Robert Emmet, is pure invention. The facts which suggested this posthumous praise of George Dunn are these:

Robert Emmet was taken from the bar of the Court-house, Green-street, Dublin, to the prison of Newgate, at (if I remember rightly) about nine o'clock at night, of the—of October, 1803, after having been sentenced to death. Immediately on his entrance within the walls of the prison, the then governor (Gregg) either from precaution, excess of zeal, or stimulated by a brutal disposition, loaded him with irons, and, I believe, placed him in a cell. At half-past twelve o'clock, however, an order arrived from the Secretary of State (the late

Mr. Wickham) that the prisoner be removed to Kilmainham gaol, ostensibly to bring him nearer to the intended place of execution (Thomas-street, opposite Bridgefoot-street), but in reality for safe keeping.

The governor of Kilmainham prison at that day was a person named John Dunn, uncle of him mentioned in the above extract, who was then only a turnkey. Dunn, the governor, was a man apparently rough and savage, but at bottom humane and kind. Robert Emmet had scarcely been committed to his custody, when his eyes fell upon the fetters with which the prisoner (a slight young man) was loaded. The tears burst from his eyes; for he saw that the irons had cut through the silk stockings worn by Emmet, and to the bone—his ankles were bathed with blood.

Dunn's kindness did not stop here. He ordered refreshments for his ill-fated, but deeply-interesting charge—of which he stood much in need, after a trial of eleven hours, during the whole of which time he stood, and not having, from an early hour in the morning that preceded it, tasted food. He ordered him to be placed in one of the best rooms in the prison, and directed that every comfort he desired should he supplied him, and continued his kindness up to the moment when the prisoner, thanking him for his humanity, left the prison for the scaffold.

I wish not to refer to certain incidents in the after life of George Dunn, now so indiscreetly brought before the public. It will be enough for me to remind your readers, that his name occurred in the proceedings against Brock and Pelham in the first mayoralty or shrievalty of Alderman Matthew Wood of London.

The alleged offer of a bribe to that or any other person to connive at the prisoner's escape, is obviously an untruth. In the first place, Emmet was removed unexpectedly and after midnight from Newgate to the custody of Dunn the elder, and brought out for execution only ten hours afterwards. (Justice was promptly executed in those days.) No time remained, therefore, for tampering with the gaoler after the fact of the prisoner's removal to Kilmainham could have become known to his friends; and, in reality, the nearest friends and connections of Robert Emmet (Mr. H——, the barrister, Mr. P——, and others) capable of making that effort were themselves inmates of Kilmainham gaol, on suspicion of guilty knowledge of the conspiracy which burst forth into insurrection on the 23rd of July previously. . . . .

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.,

B. W.

Extract from a letter of St. John Mason, under the signature of "Verax," published in "The Times," February, 1842.

ROBERT EMMET AND THE GAOLER OF KILMAINHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

Bath, 12th February, 1842.

Sir—The writer of this letter begs leave to state, that in several recent numbers of "The Times," certain extracts from Dublin newspapers have been inserted, concerning the unfortunate Robert Emmet and the late

George Dunn, gaoler of Kilmainham, to the following effect:

"That when Robert Emmet was under the charge of Mr. Dunn for high treason, an immense sum of money, by way of bribe, with an offer of a free passage to America, was made him, if he allowed his prisoner to go free; but the honesty of Mr. Dunn spurned the bribe."

Those extracts having so appeared in "The Times," and being substantially perversions of facts, it is respectfully submitted that, in fairness, the truth should be spread commensurately with the misstatement; and that it should likewise go forth to the public through the same great organ of intelligence and its vast circulation, whereby that misstatement had been already so widely diffused.

The matter of present consideration is, the conduct of George Dunn as to the attempted escape of Robert Emmet, in relation to which, manifold have been the laudations squandered upon the memory of Dunn. The following is the truth:

A proposition was unquestionably made to George Dunn, and a certain sum of money—a bribe, no doubt —was offered for his aid and instrumentality towards effecting the escape of Robert Emmet. But, contrary to the statements in the newspapers, that proposition and that bribe were not "spurned at by Dunn." The proposition was entertained, and a positive assurance given by him, that he would "do everything in his power to effect the escape." There is no individual living, nor has there ever been any other, save Dunn himself, who had personally known, or who at present

knows those facts, but he who now states them, and who freely admits, as he has always admitted, that he did make that proposition. No third person was ever present, no money was ever paid to Dunn, and no offer was ever made of a free passage to America. But, in fact, throughout the transaction, Dunn, so far from acting with integrity, practised the foulest perfidy. The transaction itself occurred, not after the trial of Emmet, but several days before it; and Dunn had neither the power nor the means of accomplishing the escape, though he had given reason to suppose that he possessed both, and had, with the semblance of sincerity, faithfully promised, if possible, to effect it. He was, in fact, at the time, neither the gaoler of Kilmainham nor even the confidential turnkey at the entrance gate —he was merely the turnkey and attendant of the interior department where the state prisoners were confined. But even if he had been the gaoler he could not have effected the escape; for there was another person, since dead, who, in the guise, and under the "covert and convenient seeming" of a doctor, had a paramount authority in the prison—a man who appeared there as the inspector (or rather the haunting spectre) of the gaol—an incubus sojourning therein day and night, about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and who, also acting as the government overseer or superintendent of the state prisoners, commanded even the gaoler.

The gaoler at that time was John Dunn, and though a namesake, was not the uncle of, nor in any way related to George Dunn; the former having been a native of a midland county in England, the latter of Berwick-

upon-Tweed. On the death of John Dunn, two persons named Stephenson and Simpson successively filled the gaolership previously to George Dunn. He could not, therefore, as gaoler have had the custody of Robert Emmet, and could not consequently have had the ability ascribed to him of effecting the escape; and in his own station such was impossible, though his inability was not then so well known as afterwards.

But properly to understand this question, which is actually one of official intrigue and speculation, it is requisite, in regard to the machinations which in conjunction with others Dunn practised on the attempted escape of Robert Emmet, again to refer to the personage already alluded to as the superintendent of the state prisoners, and who was at that period well known as the celebrated Pedro Zendono, the inquisitor of Kilmainham.

Of this man's inhuman conduct towards the state prisoners this writer had bitter knowledge and experience for more than two years; which brutal conduct has, before three of the supreme judges, been verified by the solemn oaths of more than twenty state prisoners, and afterwards, by the exertions of this writer, became the subject of parliamentary investigation by Sheridan. And the deeds of this prison tyrant, together with those of his helpmate, Dunn, are now among the records of parliament.

This individual, to whom Downshire had the honour of giving birth, having become enamoured of a handsome female, certain circumstances made it desirable that the young woman should speedily become a wife, and he accordingly bestowed her upon his brother

soldier, George Dunn, then a pedestrian campaigner in a militia regiment—with the condition, however, that the lover and the husband of this spotless wife should alike participate in her favours; and also with the further stipulation that the lover should, on the first occasion which offered, obtain a post for the husband in the gaol of Kilmainham, and if possible have him in time advanced to the gaolership.

Those little interchangeable acts of friendship having continued during the life of the happy lady, both without and within the prison—where the bower of bliss was the sheriff's execution room—George Dunn accordingly became the turnkey of the state prisoners, and in fulness of time the gaoler of Kilmainham.

At the period of the present transaction George Dunn, though only a turnkey, was from his position in the prison admitted to the honours of the sittings with the grand inquisitor and the nominal gaoler, John Dunn, who, though otherwise a good man, then weakly lent himself to the machinations of the other parties. Accordingly, about one week before the trial of Robert Emmet, it was planned that George Dunn should have a conversation with him respecting his escape. Whereupon several communications by open slips of paper, in the handwriting of Robert Emmet, were conveyed to this writer, and answers returned by an under turnkey, a convicted felon, whom the inquisitor craftily used as the bearer instead of Dunn; in one of which slips of paper Robert Emmet requested this writer, then in an adjoining cell, to apply to George Dunn, specifically naming him, and in conspicuous characters, and to offer him a certain sum of money, as stated in

such slip of paper, if he (Dunn) would effect his liberation—the sum so offered to be well and faithfully secured to Dunn, and payable only when the liberation should have been effected.

The writer of this paper saw the peril and difficulty, not only of the attempt itself on the part of Robert Emmet, but he also saw his own peril in making the application. He saw that he was about to commit himself as principal in a case of high treason, the consequences of which were not and could not be unknown to him. However, upon receiving that particular communication, he did not for a single moment hesitate as to what he should do; and the very first opportunity which offered he made the application.

In doing so he admits his legal guilt, but as to any moral guilt he feels but little compunction. His only regret is that he failed in the attempt. What were his motives? Robert Emmet was his first cousin, and the ties of nature are not easily broken. He had a great and noble heart. He shared with the rest of his family those transcendent talents which have acquired for the name of Emmet an imperishable renown. But, above all, he was then upon the threshold of the grave —the finger of death was almost upon him; and where lives the man, having a human heart within him, who would not under such circumstances have made a similar attempt? If the writer of this was a criminal, he feels proud that he was equally so with a Hutchinson and Wilson.

However, Dunn received the proposition, including the specification of the sum which would be given, in a way which showed, as soon after proved, that he

had been previously trained by his employer to expect it. He entertained that proposition, and he treacherously promised to effect the escape.

The sum of money which had been actually offered to Dunn is, in the Dublin extracts, magnified into that of £6,000, as a strengthening proof of his incorruptible integrity. But if only one-fourth of that sum had been stated it would have come nearer to the truth. However, the mere amount is not the question—the treachery of Dunn is the point; and except as regards that, the refusal or non-refusal of any sum is altogether immaterial. He was to receive his reward only upon the condition of accomplishing a particular object—and that object, he well knew, was impracticable; so that even if he had refused the bribe (which he did not), where would have been his merit? He would then have refused a reward which he knew that he never could obtain, except by the performance of a condition which he also knew that he never could accomplish.

But in promotion of the plans concerted by the triumvirate, the inquisitor, knowing the relationship between Robert Emmet and this writer, permitted a degree of intercourse to exist between them. He permitted the correspondence already stated. He permitted Robert Emmet to receive from this writer, through Dunn, a supply of clothes, which were in fact those that he wore upon his trial. He also permitted him, under the conduct of Dunn, to stop in the passage leading to this writer's cell, which was purposely in the immediate neighbourhood of his kinsman; and with the eye and ear of Dunn vigilantly

watching, he permitted Robert Emmet to converse from the passage, and to shake hands with this writer through the grated window of his cell. And all this was done, not from any congenial kindness of the inquisitor, but as a snare, not only for discovering whether any allusion would be made to the insurrection, as showing the privity thereto of this writer, but also to provoke in the presence of Dunn some proposition as to the escape, which they could wrest into a proof of a conspiracy and plot between the prisoners, which their own previous conspiracy had laboured to effect.

In furtherance of their schemes, the correspondence which by slips of paper was perfidiously permitted to pass between the two prisoners, through the convict turnkey, was, in every stage, daily waylaid and conveyed by the overseer to Mr. Chief Secretary Wickham, and Alexander Marsden, the Under Secretary. And without referring to other proofs thereof, that correspondence was afterwards, in their defence, by them presented through the Castle to the House of Commons, and printed in its proceedings.

The cravings of the Cerberi were soon after fully satisfied by that sort of pabulum which they sought for their safe keeping of the prison-gates. For the overseer, according to parliamentary documents, swore before the three judges who sat in the prison upon the commission obtained from government by this writer, that he (the overseer) had prevailed upon the government to increase the salary of George Dunn, on account of his fidelity in preventing this writer from effecting the escape of Robert Emmet. Thus did those conspirators take advantage of their own wrong

for purposes of pecuniary fraud and personal aggrandizement. And as to the overseer, he, by means of the present transaction and other acts equally base, and likewise by a long course of prison peculation, from having been an obscure and needy adventurer, became a man of wealth.

But as to George Dunn's conduct in this transaction, it is plain that he was not the man of probity, the incorruptible servant of justice which the newspaper extracts report him to have been; but, on the contrary, that he was a confederate leagued with the other parties for inveigling Robert Emmet and this present writer into a perilous conspiracy; and, with the blackest perfidy, that he was all along plotting and working for his own aggrandizement, and that of his unprincipled employer—of that base individual who was the prime instigator of the transaction, the pivot upon which the machinery moved—that salaried and sycophantic peculator, who, as the chief inquisitor of the prison, conspired with and delegated his Mosca, his familiar, to decoy his victims into a snare, in promotion of his own infamous objects; and that on this occasion George Dunn was merely his working instrument—the rope in the hands of the hangman.

One word more, and in conclusion, concerning the insurrection in which poor R. Emmet was involved, and also concerning himself. That insurrection must indeed be viewed only with absolute and unqualified condemnation. But as to Robert Emmet individually, it will surely be admitted that even in the midst of error he was great, in principle untainted, in courage

dauntless. And when upon his trial, with the grave already open to receive him, that the burst of eloquence with which he shook the very court wherein he stood, and caused not alone "that viper whom his father nourished" to quail beneath the lash, but likewise forced even that "remnant of humanity," one of those who tried him, to tremble on the judgment-seat, was, under all the circumstances, an effort almost superhuman—a prodigy; not only when he hurled upon them that withering defiance and memorable castigation, but also when he advocated the grounds upon which he had acted, exhibiting altogether a concentration of moral integrity, talent, and intrepidity unparalleled in the annals of the world.

VERAX.

COPY OF DISPATCH FROM HIS GRACE THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, CONTAINING THE CASE OF MR. ST. JOHN MASON, WITH AN APPENDIX:

Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 2nd June, 1812.

Dublin Castle, 1st December, 1811.

Dear Sir—Having been directed to furnish such information as I could collect relative to the causes of the arrest and imprisonment of St. John Mason in 1803, and for some time after, I proceeded to investigate the case with all the diligence in my power; but I found few original papers on the subject, no official project or memorandum, and even the information collected by inquiry has been in many parts very

vague and unsatisfactory. Nor can this appear surprising when it is recollected that he was arrested during the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and while the country was in a state of insurrection, and that since his arrest a period of eight years has elapsed—that in that time there have been seven chief-secretaries, three under-secretaries, and three attornies-general; that notwithstanding changes of administration, and former complaints and inquiries as to his treatment in prison, Mr. Mason has now for the first time desired a scrutiny into the causes of his arrest and detention (at least to my knowledge) whereby that part of the subject has been forgot. The case, as far as I have been able to discover it, was this:

St. John Mason was first cousin to Robert Emmet; his trial is in print, and the reading of it might be no bad preparation for any gentleman who wished to understand the state of Dublin at that time, and the views and feelings of government; Emmet's concern in the insurrection of 23rd July, 1803, appeared by the papers which on that night were found in the rebel depot in Mass-lane and sent to the Castle, some of which were proved on his trial; so far the government was fully informed; but what the extent of their information in other respects was, it is perhaps impossible now to discover; we must endeavour to ascertain the facts, and suppose them to have been known at the time.

For some months previous to the insurrection Emmet had lived in or near Dublin, occupied chiefly in preparations for that event. At the time of the insurrec-

tion, and for some time before, but how long does not appear, St. John Mason, the first cousin and intimate friend of Emmet, resided at Sea Point, a genteel boarding-house, about four miles from the city, to which Emmet probably had made frequent visits, though this does not appear; I cannot find any evidence of any intercourse having taken place between them during this time; but it seems natural, that in the alarm, doubt, and suspense which followed the 23rd July, it should have been at least strongly suspected that such intercourse had existed. Mason certainly took no part in the murders in Thomas-street; the insurrection in that quarter took place about nine o'clock in the evening, at which time he was in a large company at the house of a very respectable gentleman who resided about —— miles from town, and —— from Sea Point. Even this, however, did not tend to exempt him from all suspicion, as it was generally said that the company were surprised at his not coming till eight o'clock (though a dinner-party), and at his arriving there, not from Sea Point, but from town. On that night Mason lay at Sea Point; on the next or the following night he lay at an hotel in James's-street, almost adjoining the spot where the insurrection had broken out; and from thence proceeded by various modes of travelling as far as Nenagh, that being the direct way to Kerry, where Mason's connections lay; there he was arrested (it does not appear on what day) by ——, a magistrate of the county, in consequence, as he states, of an order for that purpose from the then under-secretary. In Mason's letter-case were found some letters, particularly one directed to

him, concerning which he expressed considerable anxiety, saying that it was from a female in London. This letter the magistrate read, and forwarded with the rest, and the prisoner, to the Castle. It cannot be found, but the magistrate's account of it is, that it purported to be from a woman, but was expressed as if it had some covered meaning; mentioned a longing till her nails should grow so long as to tear flesh and draw blood, and in more than one place expressed a wish to draw blood. On the whole, the magistrate states his opinion to have been at the time that the letter was written by Emmet.

Mr. Mason was transmitted to Dublin, where, on the 9th of August, he was, under the chief secretary's warrant, committed to Kilmainham.

In the latter end of August Robert Emmet was taken, and committed to the same prison.

George Dunn, an Englishman, formerly one of the under-keepers, and a confidential attendant on the state prisoners, and now the chief keeper of Kilmainham, swears, that about the 5th of September (being at that time one of the under-keepers), he was applied to by Mr. St. John Mason to procure the escape of Emmet, then also a prisoner in Kilmainham gaol, for which he promised him the sum of five hundred pounds; adding, that should Emmet get clear off, he (Dunn) would receive one thousand pounds in all, and that he should be kept harmless. Dunn further swears, that conceiving it his duty to prevent, if possible, the execution of such a plan, and that the best mode of doing so was not immediately to reject Mason's proposal, he promised to consider it; but in the meantime com-

municated with his "superiors in office," and in consequence of the directions he received, had another interview with Mason, and said he would endeavour to comply with his request; upon which Mason gave him a note to deliver to Emmet, which note he withheld, but communicated the contents to Emmet, and it was ultimately handed to Mr. Wickham.

Dunn also swears that Mason then proposed, with which Dunn seemed to comply, that he should procure the key from Mr. John Dunn, the then keeper, while at dinner, and so let Emmet escape, and inform Emmet thereof, that he might take such steps as he thought necessary, which he accordingly did; that Emmet then gave him a note to Mr. Mason to procure clothes for the purpose of disguise, which note he was directed to show to Mr. John Dunn, the keeper, and afterwards delivered it to Mason who said —— would be with him the following day, and would procure what was desired; that Mason gave him (Dunn) several things to carry to Emmet, which he immediately showed to his superiors, and then delivered them to Emmet, except some articles which were considered improper to be conveyed to him.

Dunn further swears that he afterwards informed Mason that it would be out of his power to effect Emmet's escape, as Mr. John Dunn, the then keeper, remained entirely in that part of the prison; upon which Mason gave him a guinea note as a reward (which he also handed to his superiors). At the same time, Dunn swears that Mason requested him to instruct ——, a person whom he supposed would be produced on Emmet's trial, how to act according to the

directions Mason then gave Dunn, for the purpose of preventing her giving evidence.

Emmet was tried on the 19th, and executed on the 20th of September. After his trial, he wrote a letter to Mr. Wickham, then Chief Secretary, evidently not with any hope of pardon or respite, but apparently dictated by a sense of justice, and by that sentiment of magnanimity with which, whatever his crimes may have been, he certainly conducted himself on that solemn occasion. In that letter he declared that it had been his intention, not only to have acknowledged the delicacy with which he had been personally treated, but to have done the most public justice to the mildness of the then administration of this country, and at the same time to have acquitted them, as far as rested with him, of any charge of remissness in not having previously detected a conspiracy which, from its closeness, he knew it was impossible to have done.

That Emmet (on certain references he had made to a person cognizant of his plans) had Mason then in his thoughts cannot be proved; but it can scarcely be supposed that he would have unnecessarily used such language if he had been satisfied of the innocence of so near a relative, confined, to his knowledge, in the same prison.

(Signed) J. S. TOWNSEND.

COPY OF THE EXAMINATION OF THE MAGISTRATE, CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE, DUBLIN CASTLE, 26TH SEPTEMBER, 1811.

Arrested Mr. John Mason in 1803, in consequence of a letter from this office, from Mr. Marsden, as

witness thinks, and thinks he showed Mason the letter; brought to him by a yeoman of the name of ——. Found Mason in an inn at Nenagh, and took him; he appeared at first very much frightened. He searched him; found nothing on his person nor in his desk or letter-case, which he opened, but wished much to get one particular letter which he said was from a girl in London. Witness desired to see it, and on reading thought it a sort of disguise; probably from Emmet; written in too ambiguous a manner: kept no copy. It purported to be from a woman, and one of the expressions was, of a longing till her nails should grow so long as to tear flesh and draw blood, and repeated several times—"Oh! how I long to draw blood." Witness sent it to the Castle with the rest, and observed on it in his letter; read none of the others, but sent the whole sealed up. He returned witness thanks for his kind treatment in the morning; having passed the night in custody.

Witness asked if he could account why he had been taken up; he said he had been quizzing some ladies at Sea Point with politics, and supposed they had reported of him; he said he had lain in a hotel in James's-street a night or two after the 23rd of July, and had travelled in various ways to Nenagh.

Witness knows he was at Sea Point on the night of 23rd July, 1803.

He was civil to witness, but, as he has heard, quarrelled with every person in whose custody he was after.

In some time after —— told witness that a man from Kerry had informed him that the people there were

ready to rise but for the arrest of their colonel by witness.

Witness had a relation of his own name who held a place in the revenue in Kerry, and wrote to witness to get him removed, as he expected to be murdered for his name, on account of witness having arrested Mason.

COPY OF ORIGINAL NOTE IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. ST. JOHN MASON, NOW IN THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

You must relinquish every idea of not going alone, or nothing can be done. I see no reason why G. (George Dunn) should go; on the contrary, consider it would be most imprudent and impolitic, and the delay of discovery may be for an hour even by his staying. I have a friend at Booterstown who will be here to-morrow. If he can I know he will procure a blue coat that will do; but it cannot be brought here. Surely you would be less liable to discovery by being alone wherever you went for two nights. The only possible reason you can have for not having G. stay is on account of R. and A. In short, give up that idea, or the whole will be impracticable. G. will be safe by remaining (not so if he goes). It may be unpleasant to him at first, but he has nothing to do but to persist in his negligence, and brave it.

You must go singly; consider the clue to discovery in G. A. R. and E.—wife of one, connection of another, and so on, &c. Prepare therefore to go alone.

You say if you could all be safe for two nights; suppose I grant all but the "if." But I say the diffi-

culty of concealment, even afterwards, would be tenfold for each person. Once more I conjure you not to think of it.

September, 1803.

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL NOTE IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. R. EMMET, NOW IN THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

Ask G. at what time Mr. D. dines, and if he leaves any one at the door then. Though it might be a little early, yet as he is longer away then than at any other time, it would better enable us all to go out, and with the change of dress would not be noticed. If it cannot be done then, he must watch the first opportunity after dinner that Mr. D. goes down to the house, and let me out immediately. I will be ready at the moment. Don't let him wait till the guards are doubled if he can avoid it; but if he cannot do it before let him be on the watch then, as D. will probably go to give them instructions when placing them in the yards, as he did last night. I am anxious not to defer it till to-morrow, as I heard the officers who came the rounds consulting with him about placing the sentries for better security, and think I heard them mention me in the hall. D. also came in at one o'clock last night, under pretence that he thought he heard me calling. If it is delayed till to-morrow it must be done at dinner-time. If sentries are placed in the hall by day the only way will be, whenever D. goes down let G. whistle "God save the King" in the passage, and I will immediately ask to go to the necessary, and will change

my clothes there instantly; but in this case G. must previously convey them there. Send for a pair of spectacles (No. 5 fits my sight), which will facilitate the disguise. After I am gone G. must convey the clothes I wore away.

September, 1803.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MR. ROBERT EMMET TO THE RIGHT HON. WM. WICKHAM.

20th September, 1803.

Sir—Had I been permitted to proceed with my vindication, it was my intention not only to have acknowledged the delicacy which I feel with gratitude that I have been personally treated, but also to have done the most public justice to the mildness of the present administration of this country, and at the same time to have acquitted them, as far as rested with me, of any charge of remissness in not having previously detected a conspiracy, which from its closeness I know it was impossible to have done. I confess that I should have preferred this mode if it had been permitted, as it would thereby have enabled me to clear myself from an imputation under which I might in consequence lie, and to have stated why such an administration did not prevent, but under the peculiar situation of this country perhaps rather accelerated my determination to make an effort for the overthrow of a government of which I do not think equally high.

However, as I have been deprived of that opportunity, I think it right now to make an acknowledgment which justice requires of me as a man, and which

I do not feel in the least derogatory from my decided principles as an Irishman.

I am, &c.,

(Signed) ROBERT EMMET.

Rt. Hon. W. Wickham,
&c. &c.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MR. GEORGE DUNN TO DR. TREVOR, WITH DUNN'S AFFIDAVIT ANNEXED.

SIR—Your having required from me an exact statement of my conduct relative to the intended escape of Mr. Emmet and Mr. Russell, prisoners confined in Kilmainham gaol in the year 1803, and since executed, I take the liberty of submitting the following facts, the authenticity and accuracy of which I am ready to verify upon oath.

In that year, about the 5th of September, I was applied to by Mr. St. John Mason, a prisoner then confined in Kilmainham, and since liberated, to procure from prison the escape of Mr. Emmet, for which he promised me the sum of £500; and if Mr. Emmet should, in consequence, get clear off (meaning his escape from prison), I should receive £1,000 in all, and that he would keep me harmless. Conceiving it my duty to prevent if possible the execution of such a plan, and that the best mode of doing so was not to immediately reject his proposal (by which I should be precluded from all further information), I told him I would consider upon what he mentioned. I immediately informed you thereof, and received your directions how I should act, in consequence of which I had another interview with Mr. Mason, and said I would

endeavour to comply with the request, upon which he gave me a note to deliver to Mr. Emmet, which I gave to you, the contents of which I have no doubt but you recollect, and which you since informed me you handed to Mr. Secretary Wickham. Mr. Mason then proposed (with which I seemed to comply) that I should procure the key from Mr. Dunn, the then keeper, while at dinner, and let Mr. Emmet escape; and to inform him (Mr. Emmet) thereof, that he might take such steps as he thought necessary, which I accordingly did, and Mr. Emmet gave me a note to Mr. Mason, to procure clothes for the purpose of disguise, which note I showed by your directions to Mr. Dunn, the keeper. I afterwards delivered it to Mr. Mason, who informed me that . . . . would be with him the following day and procure what was desired. In two days after, Mr. Mason gave me several things to carry to Mr. Emmet, which I immediately showed to you, and then delivered them, except some articles which you mentioned to me were improper to be conveyed to him.

I then informed Mr. Mason that it would be out of my power to effect Mr. Emmet's escape, as Mr. John Dunn, the keeper, remained entirely in that part of the prison, upon which Mr. Mason gave me a guinea note, which I handed to you, and instructed ——, a person whom he supposed would be produced on Mr. Emmet's trial, how to act, according to the directions he then gave on that occasion, for the purpose of preventing her to go or to give evidence.

(Signed) GEO. DUNN.

COPY OF AN EXTRACT IN BOOK FROM THE LETTER SIGNED——

Mason has associated much and intimately with the Irish rebels; he is a native of Kerry; was in Dublin college, and graduated in 1797. Was one of a committee then held at a printing office in Exchequer-street, when he with ——, of Kerry, and ——, of Tipperary, were deputed agents to Kerry; the former was the county representative, the two latter the colonel and adjutant-general, by the request of A. O'Connor and Emmet.

On the arrest at Oliver Bond's, Mason —— went to Wales, and lived near Tenby. Mason soon after entered his name on the Inns of Court. In summer, 1800, he made a visit at Fort George. He then went —— to Hamburgh; thence to the Hague. ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, were at Liverpool, with the crew of the "Hoche," disguised as Frenchmen. Mason, at the desire of ——, went there, supplied them with money, met them in London, contrived to have them first exchanged, and paid their expenses to Dover; and when it was known that they were there, but their persons not known, Mason caused some Frenchmen to pass for them, who thereupon were sent to Ireland, where the stratagem was discovered too late. Mason had some fortune.

From the Hague he went to Coblentz, from thence to London, by Embden; there he lodged, first in Marlborough-street, then in Kentishtown, and last in Crown-street, Westminster, associating with several disaffected persons, particularly ——, ——, ——, ——,

——, ——, ——. With the last he was at Cheltenham, last summer (1802); was a relation of Robert Emmet, and his class-fellow in College—is cautious and timid.'

The official papers omitted in this memoir are those portions of the documents which relate to the attempts made to effect Russell's escape, which have been inserted in Russell's memoir.

Having inserted the information of the secret informer of the government, which represents Mr. Mason as a person long connected with treasonable proceedings, I think it due to Mr. Mason to publish in the appendix his petition to the House of Commons in 1811, to show the evident refutation of the foul calumnies against him, and to exhibit a specimen of the information on which the lives and liberties of Irishmen have been taken out of the protection of the law, and made to depend on the fantasies and caprices of a minor functionary of the Irish government.

CHAPTER VII

TRIAL OF ROBERT EMMET

ON Monday, 19th September, 1803, at a special commission, before Lord Norbury, Mr. Baron George, and Mr. Baron Daly, Robert Emmet was put on his trial, on a charge of high treason, under 25th Edward III. The counsel assigned him were Messrs. Ball, Burrowes, and M'Nally.

The attorney-general, Mr. Standish O'Grady, opened the indictment. In the learned gentleman's address to the jury, the establishment of the prisoner's guilt seemed not to be a matter of more importance than the defence of the government from the appearance of surprisal, or the suspicion of having suffered a conspiracy, "serious in its unsounded depth and unknown extent," to have assumed a more formidable shape than a divided authority, a government within a government, and a feeble executive were calculated to deal with. In fact, in the speeches of the attorney-general, and the king's counsel, Mr. Plunket, the hearers were perpetually, though of course unintentionally, reminded of the squabble between the governor and the general.

Proofs for the Trial of Robert Emmet, in the order which seems to me most advisable —

~~Brady~~ — to prove — Rawlins — his having said that he was compelled —	His treaty with Emmet by the name of Ellis & the payment of the 5 Pounds for Butterfield. —
Ingulle	The Lease of Butterfield & Dowdall's signatures to it. —
Traynor	Possession given, his living and establishment there, and how long he remained there. —
Fleming	Seeing Emmet in the Inn Yard & Depot & his conduct there.
~~Lord Dn Colgan Dn~~	
Coultman	The Lease of the Depot to Howley.
Smithson	Who and what Howley was. —
~~Lord~~ Farrell	Seeing Emmet in the Depot and what passed there to the taking out of the Beams in the ~~morning~~ evening —
Colgan Dn	
M'Cabe	That the people at first assembling were ignorant how they were to be armed, and how they were led to the Depot and armed there.

AB — This compleats Fleming — Wilson can prove most of the same facts. —

Brady	The fighting with the Troops
Coultman	
Rees	The Large Proclamation.
Col. Vassall	The Smaller Proclamation
Aldr Darley	Some papers found ~~here~~ in the Depot —
Evelyn — to prove — ~~Mr Grace & Mr Goodall~~ Sergeant Goodwin Lindsay private Michael Chas. Traynor Esqr —	Other papers found in the Depot. — Dc — The Desk, Trunk, French Stick, removal of the Desk, and papers found in it.
Doyle	Emmet's appearance in the Morning, and the manner and circumstances of it —
Mr. Robertson ~~Robinson~~	If necessary, that Doyle told him the same story at the time.
Mrs Bagnelle	That the Party in Green Uniforms came to her House and their conduct there. —
Mrs Palmer	Emmet's first coming to her House in January or February under a feigned name & his stay and conduct there; his second coming in July with all the circumstances fit. —
Joseph Palmer	Many of the same matters if necessary. & that by Emmet's desire he did not put his Name on (Doe
Major Sirr	The manner and circumstances of his arrest & the papers found.
~~Mr.~~ W. Patten	His Handwriting to the several papers above proved and to his Letter from Amsterdam if necessary

NB It may become necessary from Fleming's Examination to prove the times of the Explosion in Patrick Street if so. —

Wilson — will prove it. —

The Devil's Brief

Prepared Evidence of Robert Emmet's Trial by the "Battalion of Testimony," or the paid perjurors of the Government under the tutelage of Major Sirr.

By some fortunate circumstance this brief prepared for the trial of Robert Emmet has been preserved. It was prepared beyond question before the trial. With a knowledge of the peculiar circumstance in this case, it has become a conviction that this document is a "Devil's Brief," and that the evidence to be sworn to in this document was gotten up before his arrest.

The original is in the possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, great grand nephew of Robert Emmet, and author of "The Emmet Family.

At the conclusion of a speech of considerable length, the jury were told to give the prisoner the full benefit of any defence he might make, and dispassionately consider the nature of his vindication.

EXAMINATION OF WITNESSES.

Joseph Rawlings, Esq., being sworn, deposed to a knowledge of the prisoner, and recollected having been in his company some time in the month of December last, when he understood from him that he had been to see his brother at Brussels. On his cross-examination the witness said, that in conversation with him on the subject of continental politics, the prisoner avowed that the inhabitants of the Austrian Netherlands execrated Buonaparte's government; and from the whole of the prisoner's conversation, the witness had reason to believe that he highly condemned Buonaparte's conduct and government.

Mr. George Tyrrel, an attorney, proved the execution in the month of June last of the lease of a house in Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham, from Michael Frayne, to the prisoner, who assumed on the occasion the name of Ellis. Mr. Tyrrel was one of the subscribing witnesses to the lease, and a person named William Dowdall was the other.

Michael Frayne, who leased the above-mentioned house to the prisoner, proved also to that fact, and that he gave him possession of it on the 23rd of April preceding; that the prisoner and Dowdall lived in the most sequestered manner and apparently anxious of concealment.

John Fleming, a native of the County of Kildare, sworn—Deposed that on the 23rd of July, and for the year previous thereto, he had been ostler at the White Bull Inn, Thomas-street, kept by a person named Dillon. The house was convenient to Marshal-lane, where the rebel depot was, and to which the witness had free and constant access—having been in the confidence of the conspirators, and employed to bring them ammunition and other things. He saw the persons there making pike-handles, and heading them with the iron part; he also saw the blunderbusses, firelocks, and pistols in the depot, and saw ball-cartridges there. Here the witness identified the prisoner at the bar, whom he saw in the depot for the first time on the Tuesday morning after the explosion in Patrick-street (that explosion took place on Saturday, the 16th of July). The witness had opened the gate of the inn-yard, which opened into Marshal-lane, to let out Quigley, when he saw the prisoner, accompanied by a person of the name of Palmer; the latter got some sacks from the witness, to convey ammunition to the stores, and the prisoner went into the depot, where he continued almost constantly until the evening of the 23rd July, directing the preparations for the insurrection, and having the chief authority. He heard the prisoner read a little sketch, as the witness called it, purporting that every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private should have equally everything they got, and have the same laws as in France. Being asked what it was they were to share, the prisoner replied, "what they got when they were to take Ireland or Dublin." He saw green uniform

jackets making in the depot by different tailors, one of whom was named Colgan. He saw one uniform in particular—a green coat, laced on the sleeves and skirt, &c., and gold epaulets, like a general's dress. He saw the prisoner take it out of a desk one day and show it to all present (here the witness identified the desk, which was in court); he also saw the prisoner, at different times, take out papers, and put papers back into the desk; there was none other in the store. Quigley used, also, sometimes to go to the desk. On the evening of the 23rd of July, witness saw the prisoner dressed in the uniform above described, with white waistcoat and pantaloons, new boots and cocked hat, and white feather. He had also a sash on him, and was armed with a sword and case of pistols. The prisoner called for a big coat, but did not get it, to disguise his uniform, as he said, until he went to the party that was to attack the Castle. Quigley and a person named Stafford had uniforms like that of Emmet, but had only one epaulet. Quigley had a white feather, and Stafford a green one. Stafford was a baker in Thomas-street. About nine o'clock, the prisoner drew his sword, and called out to "Come on, my boys." He sallied out of the depot, accompanied by Quigley and Stafford and about fifty men, as well as he could judge, armed with pikes, blunderbusses, pistols, &c. They entered Dirty-lane, and went from thence into Thomas-street. The prisoner was in the centre of the party. They began to fire in Dirty-lane, and also when they got into Thomas-street. The witness was with the party. The prisoner went in the stores by the name of Ellis. He was considered by

all of them as the general and head of the business; the witness heard him called by the title of general. In and out of the depot it was said that they were preparing to assist the French when they should land. Quigley went in the depot by the name of Graham.[1]

Terence Colgan, the tailor named in the foregoing evidence, being sworn—Deposed that on the Sunday previous to the insurrection he came to town from Lucan, where he lived. Having met a friend, they went to Dillon's, the White Bull Inn, in Thomas-street, and drank until the witness, overcome with liquor, fell asleep, when he was conveyed in this state of insensibility into the depot in Marshalsea-lane, and when he awoke the next morning he was set to work making green jackets and white pantaloons. He saw the prisoner there, by whose directions everything was done, and who he understood was the chief. He recollected seeing the last witness frequently in the depot while he was there. He also saw the prisoner often at the desk writing. The witness corroborated the general preparations of arms, ammunition, &c., for the insurrection.

Patrick Farrell sworn—Deposed that as he was passing through Marshalsea-lane, between the hours

[1] Moore, referring to Robert Emmet, in his Diary, September, 1830, says he had been talking to Peter Burrowes, who had been one of the counsel of Robert Emmet. Burrowes had told him, that Emmet wished no defence to be made for him; and that whenever he, Burrowes, endeavoured to disconcert any witness against him, Emmet would check him and say, "No, no—the man's speaking truth." And when Burrowes was about to avail himself of the privilege of reply, at the close of the case for the crown, Emmet said, "Pray do not attempt to defend me—it is all in vain;" and Burrowes accordingly desisted.

of nine and ten o'clock on the evening of Friday the 22nd of July, he stopped before the malt stores or depot on hearing a noise therein, which surprised him, as he considered it a waste house. Immediately the door opened, and a man came forth who caught him and asked him what he was doing there. The witness was then brought into the depot and again asked what brought him there, or had he been ever there before. He said he had not. They asked him did he know Graham. He replied he did not. One of the persons then said that witness was a spy, and called out to "drop him immediately," which the witness understood that they meant to shoot him. They brought him up stairs, and after some consultation they agreed to wait for some person to come in, who would decide what should be done with him. That person having arrived, he asked the witness if he knew Graham. He replied that he did not. A light was brought in at the same time, and the witness having looked about was asked if he knew any one there. He replied he knew Quigley. He was asked where. He replied that he knew him five or six years ago in the College of Maynooth, as a bricklayer or mason. The witness understood that Quigley was the person who went by the name of Graham. Here witness identified the prisoner as the person who came in and decided he should not be killed, but he should be taken care of and not let out. The witness was detained there that night and the whole of the next day, Saturday, the 23rd, and was made to assist at the different kinds of work.

He assisted in taking boards from off a car; the boards, he said, were made into cases, and pikes put

into them. These cases the witness described as being made of the outside slabs of a long beam, taken off about an inch or more thick; four or five inches at each end of the beam was cut off; the slabs were nailed together, and these pieces put in at the ends, so that it appeared like a rough plank or beam of timber. He saw several such cases filled with pikes sent out. The witness stated that on the evening of the 23rd he saw three men dressed in green uniforms, richly laced; one of whom was the prisoner, who wore two gold epaulets, but the other two only one each. The prisoner had also a cocked hat, sword, and pistols. When the witness was helping out one of the beams prepared for explosion, he contrived to make his escape.

On his cross-examination, in which the interrogatories were suggested by the prisoner, the only thing remarkable in the evidence of the witness was "that he had heard a printed paper read, part of which was, that nineteen counties were ready to rise at the same time to second the attempt in Dublin." The witness also heard them say, "that they had no idea as to the French relief, but would make it good themselves." In answer to a question from the court the witness said that he gave information of the circumstances deposed in his evidence next morning to Mr. Ormsby in Thomas-street, to whom he was steward.

Sergeant Thomas Rice proved the proclamation of the provisional government found in the depot.

Colonel Spencer Thomas Vassal being sworn, deposed—That he was the field officer of the day on the 23rd of July; that having gone to the depot in Marshalsea-lane he found there several small procla-

mations addressed to the citizens of Dublin, and which were quite wet. He identified one of them. The witness also identified the desk which the prisoner used in the depot. Having remained about a quarter of an hour in the depot he committed to Major Greville the care of its contents.

Questioned by the court.—The witness said that he visited the depot between three and four o'clock on Sunday morning, it having been much advanced in daylight before he was suffered to go his rounds.

Alderman Frederick Darley sworn—Proved having found in the depot a paper directed to "Robert Ellis, Butterfield;" also a paper entitled, "A Treatise on the Art of War." The latter had been handed at the time to Captain Evelyn.

Captain Henry Evelyn sworn—Deposed having been at the rebel depot, the morning of Sunday, the 24th of July, to see the things removed to the barracks, and that he found a paper there (which being shown to him he identified). This paper was a manuscript draft of the greater part of the proclamation of the provisional government, altered and interlined in a great many places.

Robert Lindsay, a soldier, and Michael Clement Frayne, quartermaster-sergeant of the 38th regiment, proved the conveyance of the desk (then in court) to the barracks; and the latter identified a letter which he found therein. The letter was signed "Thomas Addis Emmet," and directed to "Mrs. Emmet, Miltown, near Dublin," and began with "My dearest Robert." It bore a foreign post-mark.

Edward Wilson, Esq., recollected the explosion of

gunpowder which took place in Patrick-street previous to the 23rd of July; it took place on the 16th. He went there and found an apparatus for making gunpowder; was certain that it was gunpowder exploded. Proved the existence of a rebellious insurrection, as did also Lieutenant Brady. The latter added that on an examination of the pikes which he found in Thomas-street, four were stained with blood on the iron part, and on one or two of them the blood extended half way up the handle.

John Doyle, a farmer, being sworn, deposed to the following effect—That on the morning of the 26th of July last, about two o'clock, a party of people came to his house at Ballymace, in the parish of Tallaght, seven miles from Dublin. He had been drinking, and was heavy asleep; they came to his bedside, and stirred and called him, but he did not awake at once; when he did and looked up he lay closer than before; they desired him to take some spirits, which he refused. They then moved him to the middle of the bed, and two of them lay down, one on each side of him. One of them said, "You have a French general and a French colonel beside you—what you never had before." For some hours the witness lay between asleep and awake. When he found his companions asleep he stole out of the bed, and found in the room some blunderbusses, a gun, and some pistols. The number of blunderbusses he believed was equal to the number of persons, who on being collected at breakfast amounted to fourteen. (Here he identified the prisoner as one of those who were in the bed with him.)

The witness then further stated, that the prisoner,

on going away in the evening, put on a coat with a great deal of lace and tassels (as he expressed it). There was another person in a similar dress; they wore on their departure great coats over these. [1] The party left his house between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and proceeded up the hill. The next morning the witness found under the table on which they breakfasted one of the small printed proclamations, which he gave to John Robinson the barony constable.

Rose Bagnal, residing at Ballynascorney, about a mile farther up the hill from Doyle's, proved that a party of men, fifteen in number, and whom she described similar to that of the preceding witness, came to her house on the night of Tuesday immediately after the insurrection. Three of them wore green clothes, ornamented with something yellow: she was so frightened she could not distinguish exactly. One of them was called a general. She was not enabled to identify any of them. They left her house about nine o'clock the following night.

John Robinson, constable of the barony of Upper Cross, corroborated the testimony of the witness Doyle, relative to the small proclamation, which he identified.

Joseph Palmer sworn—Deposed that he was clerk to Mr. Colville, and lodged at his mother's house,

[1] Unless R. Emmet had found means to conceal the uniform, he could not have effected his escape from Dublin. It will be seen by the evidence of John Fleming, that when the insurgents were issuing forth from the depot in Thomas-street, Emmet asked for a great coat, but did not get it. Mr. David Fitzgerald informed me that R. Emmet escaped in his clothes on the night of the 23rd of July; that he put on a coat of his (Fitzgerald's), at Mr. Long's in Crow-street after the rout in Thomas-street.

Harold's-cross. He recollected the apprehension of the prisoner at his mother's house by Major Sirr; and that he did lodge there the preceding spring, at which time, and when he was arrested, he went by the name of Hewitt. The prisoner came to lodge there the second time, about three weeks before this last time, and was habited in a brown coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a black frock. Those who visited the prisoner inquired for him by the name of Hewitt. At the time he was arrested, there was a label on the door of the house expressive of its inhabitants; it was written by the witness, but the name of the prisoner was omitted at his request, because he said he was afraid government would take him up.

The prisoner, in different conversations with the witness, explained why he feared to be taken up. He acknowledged that he had been in Thomas-street on the night of the 23rd of July, and described the dress he wore on that occasion, part of which was the waistcoat, pantaloons, and boots already mentioned, and particularly his coat, which he said was a very handsome uniform. The prisoner had also a conversation with the witness about a magazine, and expressed much regret at the loss of the powder in the depot. The proclamations were likewise mentioned by the prisoner; and he planned a mode of escape, in the event of any attempt to arrest him, by going through the parlour window into the back house and from thence into the fields. Here the witness was shown a paper found upon a chair in the room in which the prisoner lodged, and asked if he knew whose handwriting it was? He replied that he did not know; but was certain that it

had not been written by any of his family, and there was no lodger in his house besides the prisoner.

The examination of this witness being closed, extracts from the proclamation addressed to the citizens of Dublin were read.

Major Henry Charles Sirr sworn and examined—Deposed to the arrest of the prisoner on the evening of the 25th of August, in the house of Palmer, in Harold's-cross.

Mr. M'Nally said, as Mr. Emmet did not intend to call any witness, or to take up the time of the court by his counsel stating any case or making any observations on the evidence, he presumed the trial was now closed on both sides.

Mr. Plunket stood up and said—"It is with extreme reluctance that, under such circumstances, I do not feel myself at liberty to follow the example which has been set me by the counsel for the prisoner."

The attorney-general said—As the prisoner's declining to go into any case wore the impression that the case on the part of the crown required no answer, it was at his particular desire that Mr. Plunket rose to address the court.

Mr. Plunket made a speech, exceeding in length that of the attorney-general; the former occupying twelve pages of the printed report, the latter only nine. The learned gentlemen commented on the evidence with extraordinary skill and precision, and brought home, at every sentence of it, guilt enough to have convicted twenty men in the awful situation of the prisoner.

It was a vehement, passionate, acrimonious appeal to the jury, against the prisoner and the principles he imputed to him.

The attorney-general, Mr. Standish O'Grady, terminated his address to the jury with a humane recommendation to them "to give the prisoner the full benefit of any defence he might make, and dispassionately consider the nature of his vindication." The solicitor-general concluded his oration against the prisoner with a malediction on the principles and associates of the prisoner.

When Mr. Plunket had concluded the curse which terminated his speech, Lord Norbury charged the jury, and it ought in fairness, I will not say to that much injured, but much reprobated man, to be stated that his speech was as free from rancour as it was in the nature of things for any speech of Lord Norbury to be on a similar occasion.

The jury without retiring from the box brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

The attorney-general prayed the judgment of the court.

Mr. M'Nally, on the part of the prisoner, stated a request, which probably ought to be addressed to the attorney-general, that judgment might not be made until the following day.

The attorney-general, Mr. Standish O'Grady, said: "It was impossible to comply with the request."

The clerk of the crown then in the usual form addressed the prisoner, concluding in these words: "What have you therefore now to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you according to law?"

Mr. Emmet, standing forward in the dock in front of the bench, said:

My lords, as to why judgment of death and execution should not be passed upon me according to law I have nothing to say; but as to why my character should not be relieved from the imputations and calumnies thrown out against it I have much to say. I do not imagine that your lordships will give credit to what I am going to utter; I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of the court. I only wish your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, until it has found some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms with which it is at present buffeted. Was I to suffer only death after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence to the fate which awaits me; but the sentence of the law which delivers over my body to the executioner consigns my character to obloquy. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice. Whilst the man dies his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France. It is false—I am no emissary. I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all to France. Never

did I entertain the remotest idea of establishing French power in Ireland. From the introductory paragraph of the address of the provisional government it is evident, that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into this country. Small indeed would be our claim to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affectation of the love of liberty, if we were to sell our country to a people who are not only slaves themselves, but the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others. And, my lords, let me here observe that I am not the head and life's blood of this rebellion. When I came to Ireland I found the business ripe for execution. I was asked to join in it. I took time to consider, and after mature deliberation I became one of the provisional government; and there then was, my lords, an agent from the United Irishmen and provisional government of Ireland at Paris, negotiating with the French government to obtain from them an aid sufficient to accomplish the separation of Ireland from Great Britain; the preliminary to which assistance has been a guarantee to Ireland similar to that which Franklin obtained for America. But the imputation that I, or the rest of the provisional government, meditated to put our country under the dominion of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe is utterly false and unfounded. Did we entertain any such ideas how could we speak of giving freedom to our countrymen? How could we assume such an exalted motive? If such an inference is drawn from any part of the proclamation of the

provisional government it calumniates their views, and is not warranted by the fact.

Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it—as we had assurance we should obtain it —as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, even more than death, would be unprofitable when a foreign nation held my country in subjection.

Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No! Let not then any man attaint my memory by believing that I could have hoped to give freedom to my country by betraying the sacred cause of liberty, and committing it to the power of her most determined foe. Had I

done so I had not deserved to live—and dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would give freedom. What has been the conduct of the French towards other countries? They promised them liberty, and when they got them into their power they enslaved them. What has been their conduct towards Switzerland, where it has been stated that I had been? Had the people there been desirous of French assistance, and been deceived by that power, I would have sided with the people—I would have stood between them and the French, whose aid they called in, and to the utmost of my ability I would have protected them from every attempt at subjugation. I would in such a case have fought against the French, and in the dignity of freedom I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corse. Is it then to be supposed that I would be slow in making the same sacrifices for my native land? Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her freedom and independence—am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of French tyranny and French despotism? My lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame or the scaffold's terrors would be the imputation of having been the agent of the despotism and ambition of France; and whilst I have breath I will call upon my countrymen not to

believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and against their happiness. I would do with the people of Ireland as I would have done with the people of Switzerland, could I be called upon again to act in their behalf. My object, and that of the rest of the provisional government, was to effect a total separation between Great Britain and Ireland —to make Ireland totally independent of Great Britain, but not to let her become a dependent of France.

Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.

When my spirit shall have joined those bands of martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country, this is my hope, that my memory and name may serve to animate those who survive me.

While the destruction of the government which upholds its dominion by impiety against the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the field, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hands in religion's name against the throat of his fellow who believes a little more or less than the government standard, which reigns amidst the cries of the orphans and of the widows it has made— Here Mr. Emmet was interrupted by Lord Norbury.

After a few words on the subject of his objects, purposes, and the final prospect of success, he was again interrupted, when he said:

What I have spoken was not intended for your lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen. If there be a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of affliction.

Lord Norbury interrupted the prisoner.

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity—to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame or the scaffold's terrors would be the tame endurance of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man—you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death

which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or—

Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.

My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from a reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration the liberties of his country. Why then insult me, or rather why insult justice, in demanding of me, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that the form prescribes that you should put the question, the form also confers a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury were impanelled. Your lordships are but

the priests of the oracle, and I submit, but I insist on the whole of the forms.

Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the court desired him to proceed.

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as it has been expressed, "the life and blood of this conspiracy." You do me honour overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of the superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would not deign to call you friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.

What, my lord, shall you tell me on my passage to the scaffold—which that tyranny of which you are only the intermediate minister has erected for my death —that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this—and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my short life; and am I to stand appalled here before a mere remnant of mortality? Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but of my country's liberty and independence. The proc-

lamation of the provisional government speaks my views—no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppression for the same reason that I would have resisted tyranny at home.

Lord Norbury: Mr. Emmet, you have been called upon to show cause, if any you have, why the judgment of the law should not be enforced against you. Instead of showing anything in point of law why judgment should not pass, you have proceeded in a manner the most unbecoming a person in your situation; you have avowed and endeavoured to vindicate principles totally subversive of the government—totally subversive of the tranquillity, well-being, and happiness of that country which gave you birth—and you have broached treason the most abominable.

You, sir, had the honour to be a gentleman by birth, and your father filled a respectable situation under the government. You had an eldest brother whom death snatched away, and who when living was one of the greatest ornaments of the bar. The laws of his country were the study of his youth, and the study of his maturer life was to cultivate and support them. He left you a proud example to follow, and if he had lived he would have given your talents the same virtuous direction as his own, and have taught you to admire and preserve that constitution for the destruction of which you have conspired with the most profligate and abandoned, and associated yourself with hostlers, bakers, butchers, and such persons, whom you invited to council when you erected your provisional government. . . . .

If the spirits, said Emmet, of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns of those who were dear to them in this transitory scene—dear shade of my venerated father look down on your suffering son, and see has he for one moment deviated from those moral and patriotic principles which you so early instilled into his youthful mind, and for which he has now to offer up his life.

My lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, and in a little time it will cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say—my ministry is now ended. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that was dear to me in this life for my country's cause, and abandoned another idol I adored in my heart—the object of my affections. My race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I am ready to die—I have not been allowed to vindicate my character. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace: my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

Lord Norbury, after an address which was pronounced with emotion never exhibited on any former occasion by his lordship, pronounced the dreadful sentence, ordering the prisoner to be executed on the following day, Tuesday. When the prisoner was removed from the dock it was about half-past ten o'clock at night!!!

I have been acquainted with eight persons—all men of high intelligence and education, most of them members of the Established Church; two of them ministers of that Church; the majority of them, too, totally opposed to the politics and principles of Robert Emmet—who were present when he pronounced that memorable speech, and all concur in the opinion that the speaker of it was wonderfully gifted, and that he had made an impression on their minds which nothing ever could efface. Mr. Buchanan, the late consul of New York, Dr. Macabe, the Rev. Dr. Hayden, the Rev. Dr. Macartney, and others whose names I am not at liberty to disclose, and amongst them one whose retentive memory has preserved every striking passage, an Englishman now filling the situation of usher of one of the principal police-offices in London, were present at the trial of Emmet, and one and all speak of his address as surpassing in thrilling eloquence anything they had ever witnessed in oratory.

No published report of the speech of Robert Emmet gives any adequate idea of the effect its

delivery produced on the minds of his auditors. Emmet pronounced the speech in so loud a voice as to be distinctly heard at the outer doors of the court-house; and yet, though he spoke in a loud tone, there was nothing boisterous in its delivery, or forced or affected in his manner; his accents and cadence of voice, on the contrary, were exquisitely modulated. His action was very remarkable; its greater or lesser vehemence corresponded with the rise and fall of his voice. A venerable judge now on the Irish bench was present at this trial from its commencement to its end. Totally opposed to the principles of Emmet though he was, the impression made on him by that address was such as he can only speak of now, at the expiration of fifty-six years, with tears and mournful expressions of admiration for the talents of "that most remarkable young man," and sorrow for the application of them and for his doom. The following are the words of the venerable Judge ———, in reference to Emmet's action in the delivery of his address:

Whenever he referred to the charges brought against him by Plunket, he generally used the word "the honourable gentleman" said so-and-so; and then enforcing his arguments against his accusers, his hand was stretched forward, and the two forefingers of the right hand were slowly laid on the open palm of the other, and alternately were raised or lowered as he proceeded.

He is described as moving about the dock, as he warmed in his address, with rapid but not ungraceful motions; now in front of the railing before the bench, then retiring, as if his body as well as his mind were swelling beyond the measure of their chains. His action was not confined to his hands; he seemed to have acquired a swaying motion of the body when he spoke in public, which was peculiar to him, but there was no affectation in it. It was said of Tone, on his trial, by a by-stander, that he never saw any one cast affectation so far behind him. The remark with equal truth might have been applied to Emmet. His trial commenced on the morning of the 19th of September, 1803, and terminated the same evening at half-past ten o'clock, and a few hours were all that were given to him to prepare for eternity. Tuesday, the 20th of September, was fixed for his execution; he had prayed, through his counsel, of the attorney-general not to be brought up for judgment till the Wednesday; his application was refused; the ministers of justice were impatient for the sacrifice; the ministers of mercy and of humanity were abroad, or had resigned their places, or were driven from the Castle, or were drowned in their own tears. Poor Emmet, at half-past ten o'clock at night, was removed from the court-house in Green-street to Newgate; there he was heavily ironed

by Gregg the gaoler, and placed, it is supposed by "The Times" correspondent, in one of the condemned cells. The government appear to have become alarmed lest any attempt should be made at a rescue: there is some reason to think that some project of this kind was in contemplation, and that Robert Emmet had been made acquainted with it. Long after midnight, when the few brief hours the prisoner had to live ought to have been sacred from disturbance, an order came from the secretary at the Castle forthwith to have the prisoner conveyed to Kilmainham gaol, a distance of about two miles and a-half. And the fears of the government were made to appear an anxious desire of the secretary to consult the comfort of the condemned man. If this was the case why did they wait till after midnight to issue their orders?

The account of the proceedings on the trial I have taken from Ridgeway's Report; but the report in it of Emmet's speech is mutilated; several important passages are omitted. What Ridgeway does report is tolerably correctly given. Counsellor Ridgeway was one of the counsel for the crown; and it is well known that the reports of the trials in 1798, and it is probable that those in 1803, had to be submitted to the Castle functionaries, and subjected to revision before publication. The report of Robert Emmet's speech in "The Hibernian Magazine" of 1803 is more

simple, and equally correct, as far as it goes; but there are in it likewise many omissions. It was only by submitting the various versions of the speech to the revision of trustworthy persons who were present at the trial, and had a strong recollection of the discourse pronounced by Emmet, and comparing different passages, that a copy could be obtained wherein the omitted matter was supplied, and the additions were struck out, which certainly were not improvements of Judge Johnstone, Watty Cox, and others. I feel justified in stating that the report of the speech of Robert Emmet which I have laid before my readers is the most correct version that exists of the address delivered by him on that occasion. I have taken no common pains on this subject to ascertain what was said, and what was not said by him.

CHAPTER VIII

DEATH OF ROBERT EMMET

THE trial of Robert Emmet lasted thirteen hours. It commenced at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, 1803, and lasted till half-past ten o'clock at night of the same day. During these thirteen hours of mortal anxiety, of exertion, of attention constantly engaged, he had no interval of repose, no refreshment. He was brought to Newgate at near eleven o'clock at night, sentenced to be hanged the next day, and at the expiration of two hours he was informed he would be taken back to Kilmainham a little later; and accordingly he was brought back to his former place of confinement.

In the month of August, 1859, I accompanied Mr. Patten to Kilmainham gaol, to have the cell pointed out to me where Robert Emmet passed his last night in this world; and on entering the vestibule of the prison, Mr. Patten without any hesitation or inquiry stepped up to a door, the first on entering, on the left-hand side, and recognized that room rather than cell—for it was not ordinarily used as a cell; though Mr. Patten

Castlebar

After an Old Pen and Ink Drawing by an Unknown Artist, now in Possession of Mr. V. F. O'Reilly

had been placed in confinement in it, and actually slept in the bed of Robert Emmet the night following his execution.

A philosopher might have contemplated with interest the scene that occurred when the governor of the prison ushered me and my old, venerable, grey-headed friend, John Patten, the friend of Robert Emmet, the brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet, into that chamber where the young man of a great name and memory passed his last night.

You seem to remember this room, sir.

Oh, yes; I was confined in it for some months, and for some years in other rooms in the prison.

You must have suffered a great deal during this long imprisonment?

My mind was pretty much the same when I was in confinement as it was when I was at large.

Many of the state prisoners complained bitterly of the officials of the prison, and long after their liberation gave expression to angry feelings.

The tempers of many people become irritable in confinement; they form exaggerated notions of their privations, and their wrongs, too. I had many acts of kindness to be grateful for in Kilmainham gaol. Arbitrary measures in those times of terror must be expected at the hands of an arbitrary government. In some cases, no doubt, innocent persons have suffered long imprisonment as well as the guilty.

Had you no apprehension, sir, at any time, of even a worse fate than imprisonment?

No—I never had any apprehension at all, and very little care what they might do to me.

The governor of Kilmainham gaol looked on the pale, unimpassioned, calm, and imperturbable features of the venerable old man who was the friend of Robert Emmet, and seemed to peruse that face as if he was trying to think "what manner of men" those prisoners were half a century ago, who might have looked after the fashion of this old gentleman.

In that room where the conversation above referred to took place, in the way of "espials," Counsellor Leonard M'Nally—the rebels' advocate, the friend of Curran—ministered to poor Robert Emmet the morning of the last day of his existence, and picked the brains of the prisoner, whom he had defended, for Secretary Marsden and his master.

On Tuesday, the 20th of September, the day of the execution of Robert Emmet, he was visited by Mr. Leonard M'Nally, the barrister, at ten o'clock in the morning, who, on entering the room where Emmet had the indulgence of remaining all that morning in the company of the Rev. Dr. Gamble, the ordinary of Newgate, found him reading the litany of the service of the Church of England. Permission was given to him to retire with M'Nally into an adjoining room, and on entering it his first inquiry was after his mother, whose health had been in a de-

clining state, and had wholly broken down under the recent afflictions which had fallen on her. M'Nally hesitating to answer the inquiry, Robert Emmet repeated the question, "How is my mother?" M'Nally, without replying directly, said, "I know, Robert, you would like to see your mother." The answer was, "Oh! what would I not give to see her?" M'Nally, pointing upwards, said, "Then, Robert, you will see her this day!" and then gave him an account of his mother's death, which had taken place several days previously—not the day before, as has been erroneously stated.[1] Emmet made no reply; he stood motionless and silent for some moments, and said, "It is better so." He was evidently struggling hard with his feelings, and endeavouring to suppress them. He made no further allusion to the subject but by expressing "a confident hope that he and his mother would meet in heaven." The preceding particulars, with the exception of the reference to the precise date of the death of Mrs. Emmet, were communicated to me by Emmet's early friend, who was then an inmate of Kilmainham gaol, Mr. Patten. An account of this interview with "the friend who

[1] By the Register of Burials of St. Peter's Parish, I find that the remains of Mrs. Emmet were interred in the burying-ground of the parish church in Aungier-street, the 11th of September, 1803. Therefore it may be inferred that she had died at least three days previously—say the 8th of September, 1803—twelve days before the date of the execution of Robert Emmet.

was permitted to visit him the morning of his execution" (the name of M'Nally is not mentioned) was published in "The London Chronicle," a ministerial paper, September 24-27, 1803. From the peculiar relation in which M'Nally stood to the government (of which he was the secret, pensioned agent, at the time he was acting as the confidential adviser and advocate of the state prisoners—picking the brains of his duped clients for his official employers),[1] the account of this interview must evidently have been published with the sanction of government—probably by its immediate direction, with the view of serving the character of Lord Hardwicke's administration.

The main facts of this account, even by M'Nally of his last interview with Robert Em-

[1] The deception practised on Curran by this gentleman was most strikingly and revoltingly exhibited in January, 1798, at the trial of Patrick Finney. M'Nally had successfully adopted a suggestion of his colleague to speak against time, in order to give time to produce a witness to invalidate the testimony of the witness O'Brien. M'Nally made a speech remarkably able for its inordinate length, and there was sufficient time expended on its delivery to have the witness sought for and brought into court. Curran, in his address to the jury, alluding to the able statement of his friend, giving way to the impulse of his generous feelings, threw his arm over the shoulder of M'Nally, and said with evident emotion: "My old and excellent friend, I have long known and respected the honesty of your heart, but never, until this occasion, was I acquainted with the extent of your abilities; I am not in the habit of paying compliments where they are undeserved." Tears fell from Mr. Curran as he hung over his friend and pronounced those few and simple words.—"Curran's Life," vol. i. p. 397.

met, may be considered as correctly stated, and giving faithfully the opinions of Robert Emmet on the subject of the "one thing needful" at the close of his career, with such modifications of his sentiments on other matters as were thought essential to the objects of government. In this account it is stated that Robert Emmet, after expressing some feelings of annoyance at having been searched in the dock on the preceding evening, as if they suspected him of designing to commit suicide, he reprobated the act of self-destruction as one of an unchristian character. He professed "to hold the tenets of religion as taught by the Established Church." He solemnly declared his hopes of salvation were not on any merits of his, but through the mediation of the Saviour who died an ignominious death on the cross. With these sentiments, he said, it would be absurd to suppose him capable of suicide. What had he to apprehend more than death? And as to the obloquy attached to the mode of death, it could but little affect him when he considered that Sydney and Russell bled on the scaffold in a similar cause.[1] With respect to his

[1] A remarkable confirmation of Robert Emmet's repudiation of the idea of contemplating suicide when he was removed from the dock at the termination of his trial, is given by the venerable judge I have previously referred to as having been present at the trial. Judge —— states, that at the commencement of the trial some person standing near the dock contrived to reach the prisoner some sprigs of lavender which for some time he continued holding, but the attention of the court having been called to the act of the

political sentiments he could only re-assert what he had urged in court—that a separation of this kingdom from Great Britain was his supreme wish; an object which he was conscious could be effected without the aid of France. The measure of connection with France, though urged and adopted by others of the provisional government, he was never a friend to; nor did the plan now accomplished, of having sent an ambassador to France to negotiate for that species of temporary alliance which Dr. Franklin had obtained for America, ever meet his approbation. He observed that, had he not been interrupted by the court in the address he thought it necessary to make, he would have spoken as warm an eulogium on the candour and moderation of the present government in this kingdom, as his conception or language were adequate to. When he left this country it was at a period when a great portion of the public mind, particularly that of the party to whom he attached himself, had been violently exasperated at certain harsh proceedings attributed to the administration then in power, for some time previous to the last rebellion. On his recent arrival in this country, he conceived that the measures of the present government must

person who had handed the lavender to the prisoner, an order was given to take away the lavender lest poison should have been thus introduced, and accordingly the gaoler took the sprigs out of the prisoner's hand. A scornful smile was the only notice taken of this by Robert Emmet.

have been nearly similar, until experience convinced him of his mistake. For the polite concessions afforded him of a private communication with his friend he expressed his thanks, and would retain a grateful sense of it during the few hours destined for him to live. He exulted at the intelligence of his mother's death, an aged lady, who had died since his apprehension without his hearing of that event, and expressed a firm confidence of meeting with her in a state of eternal bliss, where no separation could take place.

A slight discrepancy between the two accounts will be noticed, with respect to the manner that Robert Emmet received the account of his mother's death, and the period likewise of that event. In the first statement no exultation was said to have been expressed by Emmet, and no such ill-timed expression, I am convinced, was made, and no such feeling was entertained by him. The period of his mother's death is said to have been the day preceding the son's execution. In the latter account the event is spoken of as having taken place since his apprehension, from which it may be inferred it had occurred at an earlier period of his imprisonment, though it is not likely the intelligence would not have reached Robert Emmet, through some channel in the prison, previously to M'Nally's visit.

The death of this amiable, exemplary, and high-minded lady, whose understanding was as

vigorous as her maternal feelings were strong and ardent, took place at a country residence of the late Dr. Emmet, on the Donnybrook-road, at the rear of the Hospital of the Society of Friends. She survived her husband about nine months, and evidently, like the mother of the Sheares, was hurried to her grave by the calamity which had fallen on her youngest son; who, it was vainly hoped, was to have occupied one of the vacant places in the house, and in the hearts of his afflicted parents. Vainly had they looked up to Thomas Addis Emmet to supply that place which had been left a void by the death of their eldest and most gifted son, Christopher Temple Emmet. And when Thomas Addis was taken away from them and banished, to whom had they to look but to that younger son; and of that last life-hope of theirs they might have spoken with the feelings which animated the Lacedemonian mother, when one of her sons had fallen fighting for his country, and looking on the last of them then living she said, *"Ejus locum expleat frater."* And that son was taken from them, incarcerated for four years, and doomed to civil death. Thomas Addis Emmet was then a proscribed man in exile. The father had sunk under the trial, although he was a man of courage and equanimity of mind; but the mother's last hope in her youngest son sustained in some degree her broken strength and spirit; and that one hope

was dashed down never to rise again, when her favourite child, the prop of her old age was taken from her, and the terrible idea of his frightful fate became her one fixed thought—from the instant the dreadful tidings of his apprehension reached her till the approaching term of the crowning catastrophe, when, in mercy to her, she was taken away from her great misery.

There is one circumstance which is not referred to in the preceding account in "The London Chronicle," which perhaps was too indicative of the hopelessness of the attempt, by any degree of suffering or of terror, "to bow down the mind of the prisoner to the ignominy of the scaffold." When M'Nally entered the cell with Robert Emmet, where he had slept the preceding night, on their retiring from the chamber above referred to, M'Nally observed a scrap of paper on the table, on which Emmet had sketched a human head, represented as if it had been newly severed from the body.

He wrote some letters the morning of the day of execution; he addressed one to Richard Curran, which was written about twelve o'clock. He had spent part of the preceding night in writing letters, two of which were committed to the care of Dr. Trevor, who had contrived so effectually to deceive poor Emmet as to pass for an unwilling agent of oppression; and, when he was leaving the gaol to go to execution, he was folded in the

embrace of the Kilmainham inquisitor.[1] The profanation of that person's touch, young Emmet—the purest-minded of human beings—had he known the man, would have shrunk from coming in contact with, as from that of a person labouring under some pestilential malady. But he knew him not; he believed him to have feelings of humanity and honour; and he confided to his care two letters, one of which was addressed to the chief secretary, the other to his brother then in Paris. The transmission of the latter, Robert Emmet attached the greatest importance to, as containing the details of his plan and preparations; and furnishing, as he thought, the only means of enabling his brother to judge justly of his attempt. Trevor promised faithfully to transmit it; broke the solemn obligation of his promise to a man at the point of death; he delivered the letter into the hands of Mr. Marsden; and, it is needless to say, T. A. Emmet never received it. But a few years before his death, its contents were conveyed to him through the press. The work of Mr. W. H. Curran, published in 1819, conveyed them to him in the document published in the appendix of the second volume of his work, entitled "The Plan of the

[1] An abstract of the trials of 1803 was published in 1803; the publication was attributed to Mr. Marsden. There is an account in it of the two letters committed to Dr. Trevor, and also of the embracing scene above referred to.

Insurrection in Dublin, and the Causes of its Failure."

That singular document, wanting the concluding page, was discovered at the Castle by a gentleman who held a high legal situation under the Irish government. A friend of that gentleman, no less distinguished for his worth than his talents, pursued his inquiries in London, respecting the missing portion of the document, and the identical missing page was found there, in the Home Office.

It was about half-past one o'clock when Robert Emmet was brought forth from his prison and placed in a carriage, accompanied by two clergymen of the Church of England, the Rev. Dr. Gamble, and a Rev. Mr. Grant, to be conveyed to the place of execution in Thomas-street, at the end of Bridgefoot-street, and nearly opposite St. Catherine's church.

The carriage, preceded and followed by a strong guard both of cavalry and infantry, moved slowly along the streets. The melancholy cortege might have been mistaken for a military funeral, and the young man at the window, who occasionally recognized a friend in the crowd or stationed on the steps of a door, for some one connected with the person whose obsequies were about to be performed. His demeanour, in his progress and at the place of execution, displayed,

to use the language of Mr. Curran, the most complete "unostentatious fortitude." It was in keeping with his former conduct; there was no affectation of indifference, but there was that which astonished every person who witnessed his end (and I am acquainted with some—still living —who were present at his execution), an evident ignorance of fear, and the fullest conviction that the cause for which he died was one which it was a high privilege to die for. In proof of this assertion, it may be observed that, in reply to some observations of Mr. St. John Mason, with whom he was permitted to exchange a few words at the door of the cell of the latter, when he was going to trial, his last words were *"Utrumque paratus."* When he was brought back to Kilmainham, after condemnation, in passing John Hickson's cell, he walked close to the door, and directing his voice towards the grating said, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by Hickson, "I shall be hanged to-morrow." My authority in each instance is the gentleman to whom the words referred to were addressed. The vile, memory-murdering press of that day, in both countries, represented Emmet's conduct as light, frivolous, impious, and indecorous. In "The London Chronicle," one of the accounts cited from the Dublin papers says, "The clergyman endeavoured to win him from his deistical opinions, but without effect!!!" "In short, he behaved with-

out the least symptom of fear, and with all the effrontery and nonchalance which so much distinguished his conduct on his trial yesterday. He seemed to scoff at the dreadful circumstances attendant on him; at the same time, with all the coolness and complacency that can be possibly imagined—though utterly unlike the calmness of Christian fortitude. Even as it was, I never saw a man die like him; and God forbid I should see many with his principles." [1]

The light of truth, I have often had occasion to observe, will break through the densest clouds of falsehood; we see a ray of the former in the words, "Even as it was, I never saw a man die like him."

There were a few personal friends and two or three college companions of Robert Emmet standing within a few feet of the scaffold at his execution. One of his fellow-students, the Rev. Dr. Hayden, was amongst the number; and from that gentleman I received the information on which I place most reliance, or rather entire reliance, respecting the conduct of his friend at his last moments.

The scaffold was a temporary one, formed by laying boards across a number of empty barrels, that were placed for this purpose nearly in the middle of the street. Through this platform rose two posts, twelve or fifteen high, and a trans-

[1] "The London Chronicle," September 24–27, p. 301.

verse beam was placed across them. Underneath this beam, about three feet from the platform, was a single narrow plank, supported on two slight ledges, on which the prisoner was to stand at the moment of being launched into eternity. The platform was about five or six feet from the ground, and was ascended by a ladder.

When Robert Emmet alighted from the carriage, and was led to the foot of the scaffold, his arms being tied, he was assisted to ascend by the executioner, but he mounted quickly and with apparent alacrity. He addressed a few words to the crowd very briefly, in a firm, sonorous voice, the silver tones of which recalled to the recollection of his college friend those accents on which his hearers hung, in his wonderful displays on another theatre, and on occasions of a very different description. In the few words he spoke on the scaffold, he avoided any reference to political matters, or to the events with which his fate was connected: he merely said, "My friends, I die in peace and with sentiments of universal love and kindness towards all men." He then shook hands with some persons on the platform, presented his watch to the executioner, and removed his stock.[1] The immediate preparations for exe-

[1] At the sale of the effects of a person well known in Dublin some thirty-five years ago, Mr. Samuel Rossborough, which took place in December, 1832, in the Northumberland Rooms in Grafton-street, the "hessian boots" which Robert Emmet wore when he was executed, and a black velvet stock, with a lock of hair sewed on the

cution were then carried into effect; he assisted in adjusting the rope round his neck, and was then placed on the plank underneath the beam, and the cap was drawn over his face; but he contrived to raise his hand, partly removed it, and spoke a few words in a low tone to the executioner. The cap was replaced, and he stood with a handkerchief in his hand, the fall of which was to be the signal for the last act of the "finisher of the law." After standing on the plank for a few seconds the executioner said, "Are you ready, sir?" and Mr. Hayden distinctly heard Robert Emmet say in reply, "Not yet." There was another momentary pause; no signal was given; again the executioner repeated the question, "Are you ready, sir?" and again Robert Emmet said, "Not yet." The question was put a third time, and Mr. Hayden heard Emmet pronounce the word, "Not ——" but before he had time to utter another word, the executioner tilted one end of the plank off the ledge, and a human being, young, generous, endowed with precious, natural gifts and acquired excellencies (but in his country, at that period, fatal gifts and acquirements), with genius, patriotism, a love of truth, of freedom, and of justice—was dangling like a dog, writhing in the agonies of the most

inside of the lining, thus marked, "Miss C——," were sold by auction. A schoolfellow of mine, Mr. Blake, was present when they were sold.

revolting and degrading to humanity of all deaths; and God's noblest work was used as if his image was not in it, or its disfigurement and mutilation was a matter of slight moment, and scarce worthy of a passing thought on the part of those "dressed in a little brief authority," whose use of it in Ireland had been such as "might make angels weep." After hanging for a moment motionless, life terminated with a convulsive movement of the body. At the expiration of the usual time the remains were taken down and extended on the scaffold, the head was struck from the body, grasped by the hair, and paraded along the front of the gallows by the hangman, proclaiming to the multitude, "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." When the head was held up, Mr. Hayden says, there was no distortion of the features, but an extraordinary pallor (the result of the flow of blood from the head after decapitation); he never saw a more perfect expression of placidity and composure. He can form no idea what the cause was of the delay which Robert Emmet seemed anxious for at the moment of execution. He might have been in prayer, but it did not strike Mr. Hayden that it was any object connected with his devotions that was the occasion of the words he heard.

My impression is, that Robert Emmet had been made acquainted with a design that was in contemplation to effect his escape at the time and

place appointed for execution. Of that design government appears to have had information, and had taken precautionary measures, which had probably led to its being abandoned. The avowed object of Thomas Russell's going to Dublin, after his failure in the north, was to adopt plans for this purpose. I have not been able to obtain any account of the persons who were parties to it. The body was removed in a shell, in a common cart, first to Newgate and then to Kilmainham, and was deposited for some hours in the vestibule of the prison till the necessary arrangements were made for its interment. A short time after the execution, within an hour or so, Mrs. M'Cready, the daughter of Mr. James Moore, in passing through that part of Thomas-street, observed near the scaffold, where the blood of Robert Emmet had fallen on the pavement from between the planks of the platform, some dogs collected lapping up the blood. She called the attention of the soldiers who were left to guard the scaffold to this appalling sight. The soldiers, who belonged to a highland regiment, manifested their horror at it;[1] the dogs were

[1] It is well worthy of observation, that, of all the king's troops in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, the Scotch invariably behaved with the most humanity towards the people. It is well worthy, too, of recollection, what the difference in the treatment of the state prisoners was, when they were removed to Scotland, and were placed in the charge of that most excellent man, Lieutenant Colonel James Stuart, the lieutenant-governor of Fort George. And it

chased away; and more than one spectator, loitering about the spot, approached the scaffold when the back of the sentinel was turned to it, dipped his handkerchief in the blood and thrust it into his bosom.

Mr. John Fisher, of No. 14, Inn's-quay, to whose recollections of the times of Robert Emmet I have elsewhere owned my many obligations, gives the following account of Robert Emmet's execution:

I saw poor Emmet executed, and immediately before his execution saw him put his hand in his pocket and pull out some silver and some half-pence, which he handed to the executioner, Galvin.[1] Then I saw him take off his cravat with his own hands, hand it to the executioner, and noticed him in the act of addressing Galvin some two or three words. The execution took place at the corner of the lane at St. Catherine's

would be well worthy of the attention of those of my countrymen who, either in their speeches or their writings, indulge in occasional sallies against Scotch settlers and smart sayings about Scotch peculiarities, the estrangement it leads to of those of their own kith and kin, and the sympathy of a brave and freedom-loving people which it tends to deprive us of, and which it should be our especial endeavour to deserve, to preserve, or to procure.

[1] An inquiry in an Irish newspaper recently relative to the identity of the executioner of Robert Emmet, elicited the information from Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, than whom no better authority on the Emmet Family exists, that this individual was unknown. The editor of this edition sent to Dr. Emmet an account published in the Irish papers in August, 1876, of the death of Barney Moran, who confessed to the act, but Dr. Emmet said that to the best of his recollection he discussed this story with Dr. Madden and they both decided that it could not be substantiated.

church in Thomas-street, and he died without a struggle. He was immediately beheaded upon a table lying on the temporary scaffold. The table was then brought down to the market-house, opposite John-street, and left there against the wall, exposed to public view for about two days. It was a deal table, like a common kitchen table.

The government organ of the time, "The Freeman's Journal" of the 22nd of September, 1803, gives an account of the execution of Robert Emmet. It states

That after receiving sentence on Monday evening, the 19th instant, he was sent to the new prison. About one o'clock in the morning he was conveyed from thence to Kilmainham gaol by order of government, from the humane motive to render him more comfortable accommodation the short time he had to live, that he might have an apartment to himself, with fire and candle-light, to make the best use of his time possible for atonement to that God he had so much offended.

"The Freeman" goes on to state that, at Emmet's request, the Rev. Dr. Gamble was sent for, the ordinary of the new prison. That gentleman came the next morning at eight o'clock, and remained with Emmet till he died on the scaffold. Dr. Gamble was also attended by another reverend gentleman, Mr. Grant.

In the gaol (says "The Freeman") he, Robert Emmet, took some pains before these gentlemen to ex-

onerate himself from the imputation that was laid on him from the time of his expulsion from the College, which was that of infidelity. He so satisfied them on this point, and as to his being a Christian with a sincere contrition for his enormities, that they administered to him the sacrament. At near three o'clock, after taking leave of the gaoler, Mr. Dunn, to whom he expressed himself highly grateful for his humanity and attention, he went to the place of execution in a coach, attended by the reverend gentlemen above-mentioned. There he remained but a short time till he was tied up. He previously declared he died in peace with all the world. . . . . He took off his own neck-handkerchief, fixed the noose of the rope about his neck, and placed himself in a position for death, before he was turned off. After hanging until dead, the remaining part of the sentence of the law was executed upon him. His body was afterwards taken in a cart to the new prison.

"The Dublin Journal," of course, makes an infidel of "the young arch-rebel."

It is not enough, in the opinion of Orangedom, to hang a rebel; his character must be mangled. It would not do to let him appear capable of anything virtuous—his faith, morals, and religion must be written down by the scribes of the faction.

They make out Robert Emmet an infidel, and even poor Sarah Curran cannot escape their terrible malignity. They make her out an infuri-

ated woman, of horrid sentiments and savage instincts.

With regard to Emmet's religious opinions, let us see what is to be said:

"Among those traits of character," says Moore, "which adorned him as a member of social life, there is one which, on every account, ought to be brought prominently forward in any professed picture of him, and this was the strong and pure sense which he entertained of religion. So much is it the custom of those who would bring discredit upon freedom of thought in politics, to represent it as connected invariably with lax opinions upon religion, that it is of no small importance to be able to refer to two such instances as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the younger Emmet, in both of whom the freest range of what are called revolutionary principles was combined with a warm belief in the doctrines of Christianity."

Mr. Maxwell, in his "History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798" (Bohn, 4th edition, 1854), in relation to Robert Emmet, makes a statement most injurious to his character as a Christian, and wholly unfounded.

Robert Emmet died in the twenty-fifth year of his age. In stature he was about five feet eight inches; slight in his person, active, and capable of enduring great fatigue: he walked fast,

and was quick in his movements. His features were regular; his forehead high and finely formed; his eyes were small, bright, and full of expression; his nose sharp, remarkably thin and straight; the lower part of his face was slightly pock-pitted; and his complexion sallow. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance except when excited in conversation, and when he spoke in public on any subject that deeply interested him. His countenance then beamed with animation—he no longer seemed the same person—every feature became expressive of his emotions —his gesture, his action, everything about him seemed subservient to the impulses of generous feelings and harmonized with his passing thoughts.

In 1836, I sent Leonard, the old gardener of Dr. Emmet, to George Dunn, the gaoler of Kilmainham, to ascertain how the remains of Emmet had been disposed of after their removal from the place of execution. George Dunn sent me word that the body was conveyed to the gaol, and placed in the outer entry of the prison, with orders, if not claimed immediately by the friends of Emmet, to have it interred in "Bully's Acre," the burying-ground, also called the Hospital Fields, where the remains of paupers and executed criminals were commonly interred, but where, in ancient times, those of illustrious chiefs and warriors were buried. Dunn stated that

notwithstanding his orders he kept the body for several hours, expecting it would be claimed by the friends of the deceased. The only surviving friends who were connections of Robert Emmet were then in gaol, with the exception of one, Dr. Powell, who was married to a cousin of Emmet, a young lady of the name of Landon. His associates or acquaintances who had fortunately escaped being involved in the general ruin which had fallen on so many of his friends, were afraid at that time to let it be known they had any acquaintance with Emmet—consequently none came forward, and the remains were at length buried beside the grave of Felix Rourke, near the right-hand corner of the burying-ground, next the avenue of the Royal Hospital, close to the wall, and at no great distance from the former entrance, which is now built up. While the body lay at the gaol, a gentleman from Dublin, whose name Dunn did not mention, came there and asked permission to take a plaster cast of the face of the deceased, which was granted. That gentleman, circumstances will show, was Petrie the artist.

Dunn further stated, what I was already aware of—that the remains of Robert Emmet, soon after their interment at Bully's Acre, were removed with great privacy and buried in Dublin. Dr. Gamble was said to have been present, or to have assisted in carrying into effect the removal.

But where they were removed to, no positive information is to be obtained. Mr. Patten remembers to have seen the man who removed the body from Kilmainham; and the impression on his mind is, that the re-interment took place in Michan's churchyard, where the Sheares were interred.

Mr. Patten, in reply to an inquiry of mine in 1846, respecting the place of burial of Robert Emmet, wrote to me as follows:

> When I was liberated from Kilmainham gaol, I could not find out where he was buried, but I have heard that his remains were brought to Michan's church vaults from Bully's Acre, where they were first interred.

In August, 1859, I applied to Mr. Patten for further information about the burial-place of Robert Emmet, when he gave me the following account of all the circumstances he could remember, which had been brought to his knowledge.

Mr. Patten says he was arrested some weeks previously to the death of Robert Emmet, and was confined at first in the house of one of "the state messengers," named James Poyle, in Great Ship-street. At the expiration of some weeks he was removed to Kilmainham gaol, the day after the execution of Robert Emmet, and was allotted the room called the guard-room, in which poor Robert had passed the last night of his existence. He remained confined in that room

for several weeks, and was removed from it to a cell in the upper part of the prison. It was no time for asking questions of the gaol officials about executed persons. He learned nothing from them about the disposal of the remains of Robert; but the morning of the day after the execution, while he was yet at the house of the messenger, in Great Ship-street, Mrs. Patten (his mother) came to him and told him that the porter of Mr. William Colville (his uncle) and himself (Mr. Patten), for they were then in partnership, carrying on business at the Bachelor's-walk, told her that he had buried Robert's remains—that he had taken them from the prison in Kilmainham, where they had been taken after the execution, and had buried them in Bully's Acre, which place was also called the Hospital Fields. The porter's name was Lynam. He was a very trustworthy and truthful person; he left two sons (boys) when he died. Subsequently Mr. Patten heard the body was removed to St. Michan's.

Leonard had the same impression, and some information has been given me, corroborative of it, from a very old man, a tailor, John Scott, residing at No. 4, Mitre-alley, near Patrick-street, who made Robert Emmet's uniform and that of some others of the leaders. This man informed Leonard that Emmet was buried in Michan's churchyard, and that soon after a very

large stone without any writing on it was laid over the grave.

On the other hand, it has been stated in a small publication entitled "A Memoir of Robert Emmet," by Kinsella, that the remains were brought to St. Anne's churchyard, and buried in the same grave where his parents were interred.[1] I visited the churchyard of St. Michan in consequence of Leonard's information, and there discovered the stone in question—at least the only one answering the description I had received of it. About midway, on the left-hand side of the walk leading from the church to the wall at the extremity of the grave-yard, there is a very large slab, of remarkable thickness, placed horizontally over a grave, without any inscription. The stone is one of the largest dimensions, and the only uninscribed one in the churchyard.

Is this the tomb that was not to be inscribed till other times and other men could do justice to the memory of the person whose grave had been the subject of my inquiries? If this be the spot, many a pilgrim will yet visit it, and read perchance in after times the name of

[1] The latter part of the statement is untrue; the parents of Robert Emmet were not buried in St. Anne's churchyard: moreover, there is no entry in the burial records of that church of any interment in the year 1803 of a person of the name of Robert Emmet.

on that stone that is now without a word, or a letter. If the remains of Robert Emmet be laid in that tomb, those who knew the man and loved him, or who honoured him for his name's sake, or prized him for the reputation of his virtues and his talents, and pitied him for his melancholy fate, may now seek this grave, and standing beside it may ponder on the past—on the history of one of the dead whose eventful days and mournful doom are connected with it; and enshrine the name in their hearts that may not yet be written on stone.

I have presented my reader with all the information that much labour and assiduity have enabled me to collect respecting the career of Robert Emmet, and of some of the most remarkable of his associates. Of Emmet's character, the details I have furnished are, I trust, sufficient for the formation of a just opinion of it.

It only remains for me to recall to the reader's attention, very briefly, the observations that have been made in the preceding pages, and the leading facts that have been stated which bear on the subject in question.

From them it is evident, that the character of Robert Emmet had appeared to the author to have been ill appreciated by many, even of liberal

politics, who have treated of him and of his times. Robert Emmet was gifted with great talent, and endowed with excellent qualities of heart as well as mind—with generous feelings, and literary and scientific tastes highly cultivated. He was remarkable even at college for the propriety of his conduct, and was looked up to by his youthful companions on account of the purity of his morals and the inflexibility and integrity of his principles. Had it pleased Providence to have given him length of days, it might reasonably be expected his maturer years would have realized the promise of his early life, and caused his career to have been a counterpart of the memorable course of his illustrious brother, Temple Emmet. I neither attempt to justify his plans in 1803, nor do I regret their failure. Far from it; I believe their accomplishment would have been a calamity. My experience is not favourable to the results of revolutions effected by the sword, and I have seen the results of many. But the motives of Robert Emmet, I have no hesitation in saying, it has been my aim to justify; and if I have failed in doing so, I have not fulfilled my purpose, nor the duty I owed to truth. No motive of Robert Emmet could be impure, selfish, sordid, or ambitious; his enthusiasm was extreme —it was the enthusiasm of a very young man of exalted intellectual powers and worldly inexperience; matured habits of reflection were all that

was wanting to exercise over it a necessary and a wholesome control.

Young Emmet loved his country with all the fervour of an enthusiast, and like others no less ill-fated, "not wisely but too well." Had he succeeded, the world would have said he loved it both well and wisely. However he loved it, his devotion to it was a passion that had taken entire possession of his soul, that blinded him to the impediments that stood in the way of the accomplishment of his designs. He pursued his object, as if he believed that the champions of liberty fought, at all hazards, at all times, under the protection of a sacred tutelary power; while those of despotism, less highly favoured, however they might seem to prosper for a time, were doomed eventually to fall, and to contribute to their defeat by their own efforts to avert their doom. To use the glowing language attributed to Emmet, in explanation of his opinions—

> Liberty was the child of oppression, and the birth of the offspring was the death of the parent; while tyranny, like the poetical desert bird, was consumed in flames ignited by itself, and its whole existence was spent in providing the means of self-destruction. [1]

The question of the legal guilt of engaging, under any circumstances, or with any motives, however pure, in such an enterprise as that of

[1] "Robert Emmet and his Cotemporaries." *Dublin and London Magazine*, 1825.

1803, it is needless to descant upon.—The question of the moral guilt of embarking in any similar enterprise for the redress of wrongs, which the majority of a people deemed insupportable, by resistance and an appeal to the sword, is one which the defenders of the revolution of 1688 treat as a problem, the solution of which depends on the consideration of the probability and ultimate advantage of success, the sufficiency of the means for its attainment, the extent of popular support, and the amount of suffering that may be occasioned by the struggle. Whenever rebellion has been unsuccessful, a *prima facie* case of moral guilt is established. Had Washington failed it would never have been conceded that he was justified in resisting oppression. The chances, however, of success or failure do not determine the question of moral guilt or justification. In Emmet's case, it is evident that he was the victim of deception—that he was deluded, misled, and sacrificed by designing men, whose machinations, his youth, his inexperience, his confiding nature, were unfit to cope with. Meshed as he was in the toils of villany, what possibility of success was there for his plans had they been carried into execution in the capital? Had the representations made to him of extensive co-operation been realised, were these plans of his adequate to the accomplishment of his object? Could that object have been attained without the

shedding of much blood? Had his plans been carried into successful operation in the capital, the probability is that Kildare, Wicklow, Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny would have immediately risen, and that in one week from the outbreak six counties at least would have been in rebellion. His plans necessarily depended for success on the realisation of the assurances he received of co-operation in the provinces. They were perhaps adequate to the proposed object, provided treachery was not stalking behind each attempt to put them in operation, and treading in his footsteps at every movement in advance. The men of '98 were six years organizing the country; the more they organized, the more they were betrayed; where they organized least, in the county of Wexford, there their cause was best served.—Robert Emmet evidently traced the failure of 1798 to this system of wide spread and long pursued organization. He let the people alone, he counted on them whenever they were wanted, and all his organization was of his plans in the capital, and all his preparations consisted in providing weapons, ammunition, and warlike contrivances for his adherents. Four months were spent in the preparations of the men of 1803; six years were spent in those of the men of 1798. The latter counted half-a-million of enrolled members, the former counted on the rising of the people whenever they should be called

on. There was no swearing in of members in 1803, consequently no perjured traitors. Lord Edward Fitzgerald expected 300,000 men of the half million would take the field. Robert Emmet expected the great body of the people would be with him, once his plans in Dublin were successful: they failed, and he found himself at the head of eighty men, on the 23rd of July, when he sallied forth to attack the Castle; but then the meditated attack supervened on disconcerted plans, drunkenness among his followers, treachery on the part of his agents, a false alarm, a panic and desperation, and it terminated in confusion, plunder, murder, and a disgraceful rout. What would have been the result if his attempt had been made under different circumstances? A result attended with more real peril to the government than any that had environed it in the course of the former rebellion, with the exception of the danger that was involved in the proposition of the sergeants of several of the regiments then garrisoning the capital, made to the chief leaders assembled in council, at Sweetman's in Francis-street, when their proposal of delivering up the Castle and other important places to the United Irishmen was the subject of discussion.

The question of the possibility of obtaining the object sought by Robert Emmet without much bloodshed, is one that requires some consideration to answer.

In European countries where revolutions have taken place without much effusion of blood, they have invariably been commenced in the capital. When attempts to revolt have been begun in the provinces, the amount of blood shed has generally been in a ratio with the distance from the capital. The reasons of this result are too obvious to require observation. I believe one of the chief reasons for Robert Emmet's determination to strike the first blow in the capital, and to paralyze the action of government at its source, was to avoid as much as possible the effusion of blood.

His conduct after the failure of his plans in Dublin, is a proof of the disposition of mind that led to his determination. When Lord Kilwarden's murder was made known to him, he felt like B. B. Harvey at the sight of the smouldering ashes of the barn of Scullabogue, when he said, "Our hopes of liberty are now at an end." Emmet was pressed to make the signal of the second and third rocket for the advance of the men in reserve, who were stationed at the Barley-fields, at the canal, and at other appointed places; he refused to do so—there was no hope of success, and he would not be the means of unnecessarily shedding blood. It was then he recommended his followers to disperse, and, accompanied by some of his friends, abandoned his enterprise. At the subsequent meeting with Dwyer and some of the Wicklow and Kildare men in the moun-

tains, they pressed him to consent to the rising of the people in those counties, and commencing an immediate attack on the chief towns; he refused to do so. He saw the hopelessness of a renewal of the struggle after the failure of the first attempt; and let it be remembered, the men who were pressing this advice upon him were of a very different stamp from many of those by whom he was surrounded in the streets of Dublin.

In some things there were traits of mind exhibited by Robert Emmet that had more to do with a youthful imagination than matured reflection. There was a romantic turn of thought displayed in those stratagems for eluding detection, of which I have previously spoken, as practised at Miltown, Harold's-cross, and Patrick-street—trap-doors, subterranean cavities, secret passages and chambers. We have seen the inefficiency of such means of safety at Harold's-cross. In Patrick-street, on the other hand, the result of such contrivances was fortunate for the time being. Still, the dependence on such stratagems, and not only on the fidelity, but likewise on the discretion of upwards of forty men, not for a short period, but for upwards of four months, is an evidence of that turn of mind to which I have referred, and of little experience of the world. He was deceived from the beginning and deserted at the end, by many who made

large professions of support when there was a mere possibility, but not a reasonable expectation of success, and who were found wanting when danger and the doubtfulness of the issue presented themselves to their view. There is another matter of more important consideration than any other connected with his enterprise—the question of the origin, in Ireland, of those preparations for insurrection which Robert Emmet was sent over from France, by some of the United Irish leaders there, to inquire into the nature of. Did these preparations originate with the friends or the enemies of their cause? Were they commenced or suggested by parties of the old ascendancy faction, who, finding their consequence diminished, their power restrained, their former means cut off of maintaining a position in society, independently of industrious pursuits or their own legitimate resources, had become weary of a return, or an approach even to a return, of an administration of government of a mild and constitutional character; and who were desirous of a pretext for going back to the old *regime* of "sword law" under which they flourished, and of which for the time being they had been recognised as useful and necessary agents? Some of these parties, when the reign of terror ceased, were unable to settle down to the honest occupations which they had relinquished for military pursuits in 1797 and 1798,

violated the laws, and expiated their crimes on the scaffold or in penal settlements. Messrs. Crawley, Coates, and Fleming, convicted of felony, had been members of yeomanry corps. O'Brien was not a military man, but one of all work—a right-hand man of the redoubted major. His fall, however, was attributed to the cause above referred to. But others, whose circumstances were less desperate, and were not driven by their indigence or their headstrong passions to the commission of similar crimes, feeling their insignificance in tranquil times, remembered their importance in troubled ones, and not only longed for their return but contrived in secret to effect it.

This is a very important question, and I feel bound to state that the result of my inquiries leads me to the conclusion that such was the origin of those views which were communicated, in 1802, to certain of the leaders of the United Irishmen in Paris. I have already shown that the authorities were not ignorant of the preparations that were making in Dublin for an insurrection in the summer of 1803. The full extent of them, they probably did not know at the commencement; but the general objects, and the principal parties engaged in them, there is little doubt they were acquainted with. Lord Hardwicke was incapable of lending his countenance or sanction to the originating of the designs of

the parties I have alluded to; but when they were so far matured and successful as to render the existence of a dangerous conspiracy no longer doubtful—when it was represented to Secretaries Wickham and Marsden that the best way of defeating it (having a clue to its objects and the means of disconcerting its plans) was to allow it to proceed and to expend itself without detriment to the government, but with certain ruin to its own agents—there is reason to believe the course of action suggested was submitted to, and sanctioned by that evil influence in the councils of the British government of two former secretaries of Irish viceroys, Lords Castlereagh and Pelham, then members of the English ministry—but that course, though successfully acted on, was attended with the most imminent danger to the state. The parliamentary record of the dispatches between the government and the general can leave little doubt of the fact. These matters are still subjects for grave inquiry, and they have a very important bearing on the judgment that is to be formed of the plans and projects of Robert Emmet, and of his character in relation to them.

All I have said, or have to say on this subject may be summed up in a few words.

The means at the disposal of Robert Emmet were not adequate to the object he expected to accomplish.

The time appointed for its accomplishment was inopportune.

A people recently crushed by its opponents, was not in a condition to renew a struggle that had been utterly defeated, and abandoned in despair.

The circumstances of the country were unfavourable to any efforts to excite the people to a renewal of the struggle. The strength and spirit of the nation were beaten down; the power of their rulers was unbroken. They were at peace with France when this conspiracy was organised in 1802. Orangeism was restrained; the government was conducted with an apparent design of exercising its functions in accordance with the interests of justice and humanity.

The administration of Lord Hardwicke was lenient, and formed a contrast that could not be ignored by the people, when compared with the systematic savagery, and rampant Orangeism, allied with the government of Lord Camden's long reign of terror in Ireland.

The chances of failure were far greater than those of success, for the conspiracy of 1803. The whole project of the insurrection was at the mercy of upwards of forty individuals employed in the several depots, and several hundreds of persons in Dublin and three adjoining counties, Wicklow, Kildare, and Wexford, who were cognizant of that project and the preparations that were mak-

ing for its execution; and the treachery of a single individual in the secret of the chief conspirator, must have involved the whole of his plans and preparations in ruin.

The result of the outbreak, on the night of the 23rd of July, clearly proved that there was no retrieval for a single miscarriage and discomfiture; no retreat for chief or followers after a single defeat; no preconcerted measures that were practicable devised for rallying men thrown into confusion, routed in an attack, or seized with panic in any rencontre with the king's troops. There were military theories, indeed, on paper, but no men with practical military ideas to carry them into effect. Everything depended on the success of a *coup de main*—on the seizure of the Castle and the Pigeon-house and some other places; few of which were capable of being defended or held, in the event (that was certain of occurring) of being attacked by the military in such force as the garrison of Dublin had at its disposal.

In the face of these facts, it is impossible to deny the insurrection of July, 1803, had no element of success in its plans and projects; that its attempt terminating in failure could not fail to be ruinous to all engaged in it, injurious to the country—as all abortive insurrections must inevitably be—and the occasion of bloodshed lavished in a hopeless cause. Morality, wisdom, and pa-

triotism can hold but one opinion on the subject of concocting a conspiracy so circumstanced as this was, and attended with such results. It cannot be justified.

Robert Emmet was not the author of it; unfortunately for himself and for his country, he allowed himself to be thrust forward into the prominent position of its leader. He was the dupe and victim of the real authors of it, who remained in the background, and who, unseen and unknown by him, worked on him—and on others of more wisdom and experience, too—through the agency of former political associates who had abandoned their old opinions and betrayed his confidence and that of his friends to a remorseless faction in Ireland.

There were two governments in Ireland in 1803; the all-powerful one of Orangeism, backed by Lord Castlereagh in England, managed by the under-secretary of the civil department of the government, Mr. Marsden; and the government of the viceroy, Lord Hardwicke; ostensibly administered by the chief-secretary, Mr. Wickham, but virtually controlled—shut out from a knowledge of all important facts supposed to be injurious to Orange interests, and guided and led conformably to the latter by Mr. Marsden. Nothing can be more clear, from the official documents and parliamentary papers I have placed before my readers, than that Lord Hardwicke

was kept in total ignorance of the preparations for Robert Emmet's conspiracy till the very evening of the outbreak, on the 23rd of July, and that Mr. Marsden was in possession of all secret knowledge that was necessary to have enabled the government to have seized on Emmet and his associates four months before that outbreak, and to have prevented the insurrection from ever having been attempted at all.

But that result would not have suited the views of Lord Castlereagh. There was a new French invasion apprehended. It was to be anticipated by another prematurely exploded rebellion. Castlereagh's hand was assuredly in the direction given to the Irish government by Mr. Marsden, without the knowledge of the lord lieutenant, who was a just, straightforward, good man, incapable of any act of state villany, such as Castlereagh delighted in secretly performing. The Orangemen, be it remembered, at this period were indignant with Lord Hardwicke for setting his face against the old Camden policy of allying the government with Orangeism, or rather dividing the power of the state with that faction. The Irish government was to be made to feel that Orangeism could not be done without. The old traitors in the camp of the United Irishmen who had not then been discovered were brought into communication with those members of the faction to whom the mysteries of the *haute politique* of

its Machiavellian *regime* were confided, and the result was the concoction of a mass of lying reports, transmitted to the United Irish leaders in France in 1802, purporting to give an exact account of the real state of things in Ireland; and showing it to be most favourable for a renewed attempt on the part of the United Irishmen.

It only remains to say a few words of this baneful *regime* of Orangeism, which for upwards of sixty years has been living on the terrors inspired by reports of plots and conspiracies, and efforts to give shape, form, and consistency to the rumours that emanate from them. I am indebted to J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq., one of the ablest and most enlightened of Irish historical writers of our time, for directing my attention to a masterly article of "The Morning Chronicle," which appeared during the time that Lord Normanby was lord lieutenant of Ireland, in reference to an attempt made in the House of Lords by Lord Roden, the leader of the Orangemen, to establish the existence of a wide-spread Ribbon conspiracy against property in Ireland, and charging Lord Normanby's administration with connivance at that conspiracy. In that singularly able article the Orange system was laid bare and naked before the people of England in all its vileness, imposture, and hypocrisy:

There is one point, and that of no small importance, which we think has been abundantly established by the evidence before the lords' committee on the state of Ireland. We allude to the dread of the great bulk of their fellow-countrymen that haunts the guilty minds of the Orange party. It is this that stuffs their imaginations with phantoms of plots and massacres—it is this that dresses up every paltry combination of ignorant ploughmen or unwashed artificers in the frightful garb of treason against the state. "Conscience makes cowards of us all," and the only sign of conscience that we have ever been able to detect in the behaviour of Lord Roden and his party is the fear of a fierce retaliation, engendered by the recollection of their multitudinous persecutions and oppressions. There is no coward like the deposed tyrant, or the driver without his lash. You cannot convince the conscience-stricken Orangeman that vengeance is not in store for him; he despairs of mercy, having never shown it; he will not believe that the Catholics have forgotten or can forgive the accumulated wrongs of a hundred years. The dangers at which he quakes, are the spectres of the cruelties he has inflicted. His hand was against every man, and he dreams that every man's hand is lifted against him. None have such lively faith in the doctrine of moral retribution as these craven-hearted despots of the Orange sashes—themselves the furious persecutors of conscience—themselves the ruthless scourges of their country—themselves the very spirits of monopoly and the sworn enemies of public liberty. Not unnaturally do they anticipate repayment in their own

iniquitous coin—not unnaturally do they see grim visions of Popish bigotry, and dream dreams of Ribbon outrage. The party whose chiefs, whose very clergy called aloud within our own recollection for "the extermination of the bloody Popish rebels"—the party which not two years since solemnly commemorated and held up to admiration and imitation the most sanguinary and diabolical of its almost countless aggressions upon the lives and fortunes of their Catholic fellow-subjects—such a party, we say, not unnaturally apprehends the raising of a war-whoop against themselves. They think it probable that amongst the Catholic priesthood may be found some M—k B——d, and amongst the Catholic gentry some likeness of a Colonel Verner. Capable themselves of drinking the memory of the Diamond massacre, they believe the Catholics no less capable of filling to the toast of Scullabogue. This is the explanation of the horrible Ribbon chimera which rides the distempered fancy of Lord Roden, as a nightmare bestrides a surfeited and snoring bishop. The monster is nothing but Orangeism dressed in green—the Protestant ascendancy with a cardinal's hat instead of a prelate's mitre, and a pike in the desperado's hand in place of the sword of state or a yeoman's musket. Deck an Orange colonel in green favours, and you behold a Ribbonman; trick out Lord Roden in knots and favours of the same plebeian hue, and straightway the head of the Ribbon directory stands before you. Every atrocity charged against the Catholics has an Orange precedent; every wicked design they are suspected of, has been either actually executed or daringly attempted by their false

accusers. Not a solitary feature of the imaginary Ribbon conspiracy that is not a faithful copy from the terrible realities of the Orange lodges: the unlawful oaths—the blasphemous rites—the mysterious signs—the obscure pass-words—the traitorous designs—the illegal meetings—the secret possession and murderous use of arms. None but Orangemen could have forged such a horrid fiction of the Ribbon plot. It is the exact reflection of their own treasonable and sanguinary confederacy. Ribbonism is a romance by an Orange novelist, founded upon the revolting history of his own detested party.

The moral smashing, observes Mr. O'Callaghan, given to the faction in this admirable *exposé* of "The Chronicle" is as complete in its way, as that which the Italian poet represents to have been inflicted on the robbers in their den by the large table which his hero, Orlando, dashes down amongst them:

> "Wondrous to tell! this weight Orlando threw,
> Where, throng'd together, press'd th' ungodly crew;
> The shatter'd limb, crush'd head, and gory breast,
> And crackling bone, the thund'ring mass confess'd."

So much for the nature and the evils of Orangeism.

Four years had not elapsed since the suppression of the rebellion of 1798; two years had not elapsed since the extinction of Irish national independence, when Robert Emmet arrived in Ireland on his fatal mission.

Volcanic eruptions of signal magnitude burn

out in periods of weeks and months, and then long intervals of repose may be expected. The formation of new elements, and their action on inflammable substances must be the work of time. The same generation of men seldom witness the terrible phenomena of two volcanoes on a grand scale of activity in the same region. It is the same with great rebellions and revolutions when they have burned out; the smouldering ashes are not to be rekindled, nor their spent force revived by any efforts of the original agents to reproduce combustion.

The elements for it are not to be found even in such inflammable materials as the speeches in the Irish Parliament, in 1799 and 1800, of Plunket, Saurin, Parsons, Bushe, and Gratton. If it were possible for words to make resistance to a government not only legitimate but a sacred duty, their words assuredly were calculated to make rebels of their hearers. Robert Emmet was, for some time in 1798 and the beginning of 1799, one of the assiduous attendants on the debates on the Union. He, like hundreds of his countrymen, listened with admiration to those eloquent harangues, and believed the patriot orators were in earnest, that they meant what they said, and never would have spoken as they did speak, if their principles and opinions were not intended as well as calculated to inspire their hearers with kindred sentiments to their own. In this con-

clusion Emmet and his cotemporaries were no doubt lamentably mistaken; but, before we condemn their judgments utterly, a few extracts from those harangues, which will be found more extensively dealt with in the appendix, may be read with advantage, and enable the reader to judge of the effect these speeches were likely to make on young and ardent minds.

Mr. William Conyngham Plunket, subsequently a chancellor and a lord, spoke these words —Robert Emmet acted on them and was hanged:

Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a mere nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately. I repeat it. I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws and not legislatures. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them. You are appointed to act under the constitution, and not to alter it; and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the government—you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you. Sir, I state doctrines that are not merely founded on the immutable laws of truth and reason; I state not merely the opinions of the ablest and wisest men who have written on the science of government; but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era

of the revolution; and I state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne.

For me, I do not hesitate to declare that if the madness of the revolutionists were to tell me, "You must sacrifice British connection," I would adhere to that connection in preference to the independence of my country. But I have as little hesitation in saying that if the wanton ambition of a minister should assail the freedom of Ireland, and compel me to the alternative, I would fling the connection to the winds, and clasp the independence of my country to my heart.

Mr. Bushe, subsequently lord chief justice of Ireland, spoke these words—Robert Emmet acted on them and was hanged:

I strip this formidable measure of all its pretensions and all its aggravations; I look on it nakedly and abstractedly, and I see nothing in it but one question—will you give up the country? I forget for a moment the unprincipled means by which it has been promoted; I pass by for a moment the unseasonable time at which it has been introduced, and the contempt of parliament upon which it is bottomed, and I look upon it simply as England reclaiming in a moment of your weakness that dominion which you extorted from her in a moment of your virtue—a dominion which she uniformly abused, which invariably oppressed and impoverished you, and from the cessation of which you date all your prosperity. . . .

Odious as this measure is in my eyes, and disgusting to my feelings, if I see it is carried by the free and uninfluenced sense of the Irish parliament, I shall

not only defer and submit, but I will cheerfully obey. It will be the first duty of every good subject. But fraud, and oppression, and unconstitutional practice may possibly be another question. If this be factious language, Lord Somers was factious, the founders of the revolution were factious, William III. was an usurper, and the revolution was a rebellion.

Mr. Saurin, subsequently a privy councillor and an attorney-general, spoke these words—Robert Emmet acted on them and was hanged:

You may make the union binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory on conscience. It will be obeyed so long as England is strong—but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty; and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere question of prudence.

Mr. Grattan, subsequently so honoured in the British senate as to have his remains deemed worthy of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, and in close proximity with the remains of Pitt and Castlereagh, spoke these words in the Irish House of Commons—Robert Emmet acted on them and was hanged:

The right hon. gentleman (Mr. J. Corry) says I fled from the country after exciting the rebellion, and that I have returned to raise another. . . . .

Many honourable gentlemen thought differently from me. I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now as I thought then, that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the

people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister. . . . .

The cry of the connection (the Union measure) will not in the end avail against the principles of liberty. . . . .

The cry of disaffection will not in the end avail against the principle of liberty. . . . .

Yet I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet is crimson on thy lips and in thy cheeks, and death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Grattan, in a letter to Fox, dated 12th December, 1803, referring to the suppression of Emmet's insurrection and Lord Hardwicke's administration, observes:

Mr. Pitt had never been able to raise a rebellion by his measure if he had not been assisted by the gross manners of his partizans. Therefore what you say is extremely just. Legislative provisions alone won't do. The general spirit of the executive government must be looked to. It was against the hostility of that general spirit that the people, notwithstanding their legal acquisitions, revolted—a revolt very criminal, very senseless, but deriving its cause from the government, which was guilty not only of its own crimes but of the crimes of the people.

I am the more fully convinced that the system caused the rebellion, and that allegiance—permanent,

active allegiance—is only to be secured by its removal, when I consider the good effects that have attended its abatement.

Without any alteration in the legal condition of this country, and merely by a temperate exercise of the existing laws, the present chief governor of Ireland has more advanced the strength of government and its credit than could have been well conceived. A rebellion broke out in the capital: in a few days, without the TORTURE, he discovered, I believe, 2,000 pikes; and in a very few weeks had more yeomen than Lord Camden in the whole of his government; and without a single act of violence, put down I think completely for the present, the insurrection; or rather he set up the laws and made them put down the rebellion; withdrawing the credit of government at the same time from religious and political controversy. From the manner in which this last rebellion was put down, I incline to think that if Lord Hardwicke had been viceroy, and Lord Redesdale chancellor, in '98, the former rebellion had never existed; but how far either have powers to effect that radical change, and to plant loyalty—permanent, unfeigned loyalty—in this country, I have great fears; rather, no hopes that I shall live to see that executive or legislative philanthropy that shall make the two countries act as one, not merely from the dread of France or the apprehension of plunder from their own populace, but from the love of one another. Should such an event take place, I shall feel much joy, and you will feel much comfort in the consciousness of being the principal cause.[1]

[1] "Life and Times of H. Grattan," vol. v. p. 241.

Mr. Grattan plainly states that the system of Camden's government caused the rebellion of 1798. The Orangeism that predominated in it, finding the restraint imposed on it by Lord Hardwicke's administration, in 1803, intolerable, allied itself with the secret-service agency of men who still enjoyed the confidence of the expatriated United Irishmen, figured as patriots in public, and slunk in private communications and correspondence in the characters of spies and informers. By this alliance Orangeism was enabled to dally with sedition with the view once more of regaining power and pre-eminence, and rising in troubled times on the ruin of those who had been duped by its truculent allies, or driven to desperate courses by its designs.

The conspiracy of 1803 was the work of Orangeism in alliance with traitors in the ranks of the United Irishmen, with spies and informers of the broadcloth class, countenanced by that part of the Irish government over which the influence of Lord Castlereagh, then a member of the English government, was exerted in England.

We find in the pages of "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Cornwallis" a notable corroboration of the fact that United Irishmen who figured as flaming patriots were secret-service money recipients. We find some of those double-faced gentlemen associated with Robert

Emmet since the period of his return to Ireland in October, 1802. We find one of the northern state prisoners—who had been confined, and who had incurred the suspicion there of his fellow-prisoners of communicating secretly with the English government—in April, 1803, in communication with one of the northern leaders and notabilities, on the subject of Emmet's enterprise; and in answer to it we find the person addressed—Mr. Henry Haslitt of Belfast, Tone's early friend and political associate—clearly referring to this early intimation of the conspiracy, at a period when preparations for the intended insurrection had not long commenced. Where is this important letter, addressed to Mr. Robert Hunter, to be found? Why, in the collection of Major Sirr's original letters from the spies and informers of his time. We are not to suppose the important secret, couched in allegorical terms in this letter, remained undivulged by the officious, treason-unravelling, traitor-hunting major. Of course he communicated it to Mr. Secretary Wickham, or, in his absence, to Mr. Under-Secretary Marsden. If so, why was this conspiracy suffered to go on? If Castlereagh's ghost could be raised, and would be questioned, we should be told, it was thus dealt with so as to cause it to explode prematurely.

Be it observed, Henry Haslitt was an old Belfast United Irishman of the first society—one of

the principal leaders of that town; a red-hot republican and patriot at the time there was no actual danger of being hanged for political opinion; a skulker from them and his associates when danger environed both; whose patriotic fervour, like that of the northern leaders in general, had marvellously cooled down when the reign of terror came. Haslitt's courage had oozed out of him at his fingers' ends in 1798 and 1799; it was beginning to show itself cautiously and slyly in 1800, and down to 1803. Mr. Robert Hunter, on the other hand, had been a United Irish leader of some note; he had been imprisoned in Fort George, and had incurred the suspicion of his associates of betraying their confidence to the British government, in secret and clandestine communications from that place. He, however, had made his peace with government in 1802 or beginning of 1803; "had made the atonement" (which Castlereagh spoke of in the case of the repentance of Mr. Thomas Reynolds); and having "done the state some service," of all the state prisoners he had alone the especial grace conferred on him of an early absolution of the sins of his youth against government accorded to him, and permission given him to return to his native land. The use he made of that permission, we have some evidence of in the communication to Haslitt, respecting R. Emmet, and in Major Sirr's possession of Haslitt's letter to

Mr. Hunter. The important letter I refer to, in the Sirr papers, clearly shows that, three months before the outbreak of Robert Emmet's insurrection, on the 23rd of July, 1803, the authorities had evidence in their hands of preparations for an insurrection being then in progress, as we find by the letter from Mr. H. Haslitt of Belfast, addressed to Mr. Robert Hunter, Dublin, dated the 20th April, 1803, in reply to a previous letter of Mr. Hunter, in the guise of a mercantile letter treating of an important commercial speculation, about to be entered into by a young man of high character and extensive connections both at home and abroad, for the success of which so much was to be desired.

We find, in the revelations of Lord Cornwallis's Correspondence, how patriots like the Dublin barrister, Mr. Leonard M'Nally, the friend and advocate of Robert Emmet; the Belfast attorney, Mr. James M'Gucken; and divers others who were not then found out, were employed in rendering secret services to government. And in the papers of Major Sirr we find other evidence of gentlemen of the stamp of Mr. Robert Hunter rendering similar secret service. Thus we find "ministered to by good espials," a man whose memory will be held entitled to the sympathy of all generous people, be they Whig or Tory, Protestant or Catholic; when the names of Messrs. M'Nally, Hunter,

M'Gucken, &c., will recall only revolting reminiscences, and excite feelings of repugnance and disgust.

Of a certainty, no such feeling will be connected with the name or memory of

ROBERT EMMET.